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MEMOIRS

OF THE

COUNTESS DE GENLIS.

VOL. III.

23324

MEMOIRS

OF THE

COUNTESS DE GENLIS,

ILLUSTRATIVE OF

THE HISTORY OF THE

EIGHTEENTH AND NINETEENTH CENTURIES.

WRITTEN BY HERSELF.

23324

VOL. III.

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MEMOIRS

OF

MADAME DE GENLIS.

The time I passed at the Palais Royal, was at once the most brilliant and the most unhappy part of my life; I was in the zenith of my talents, and at the age when a woman joins to the freshness and the graces of youth all the accomplishments which habits of intercourse with the world can bestow. I was admired, praised, flattered, and courted; I found means of passing a large part of my time at home; I had concerts every Saturday. Gluck came to these regularly, his conversation was as agreeable as his talents were admirable: I was delighted at being applauded by him, and his praises carried my passion for music to its height; all the most celebrated performers of the day came to my concerts with an eagerness which never abated: I set apart another day for conversation parties. Every Tuesday, a very

pleasant circle of acquaintance met at my house: in short, I was constantly occupied, either in reading, or in forming plans of works, which I have since completed. I was generally beloved in the great world—so much for the brilliant side of my situation. But the malignity and the hypocrisy of several persons belonging to the Palais Royal—the constantly renewed vexations—the unlooked-for calumnies, and the pretended reconciliations of which I have been so frequently the dupe—the injustice and the slanders—all caused me the bitterest grief, which I was forced to conceal, for my situation obliged me to appear continually in society, and to do the honours of the Palais Royal when I was overwhelmed with melancholy, or overcome with indignation, and endowed with a disposition, of which the frankness went even to naïveté. I gained at least in this way the power of self-command, and acquired an empire over my passions, which I have always preserved since. No one has ever better succeeded in concealing secret griefs. There was another thing particularly disagreeable to me; on the days when we received company at the Palais Royal, one of the ladies of the Duchess of Chartres was obliged to remain after supper in the saloon as long as one or more ladies were present, who were strangers; we had all agreed to divide equally among ourselves these *forced watches;* the princess left the room exactly at mid-

night, the ladies who were not to watch followed her; but the lady who had to remain, staid till the play was finished, which lasted sometimes till three or four in the morning. For my part, I always left the card-table between eleven and twelve; so that I sometimes remained a mere spectator for whole hours. This kind of fatigue was insupportable to me; and if I quitted the table to think and reflect a little at a distance, the gallantry of my countrymen would never allow me to be alone, even for a quarter of an hour; so that, in order to relieve myself from the *insipid*, and to avoid those who were not so, I was compelled to return again to the card-table. I recollect however, that once I was more fortunate; the company was playing at *trente* and *quarante;* and on this evening, all the players were great gamesters, except the Prince de Ligne, one of the most amiable persons I have ever known, and who paid me particular attention, when he saw how much his conversation pleased me; he played high, though his play did not prevent him from saying a thousand gay things to me. As he lost a great deal, and with great indifference, I told him that I brought him ill-luck, and in spite of all his efforts to detain me, I left the card-table, declaring that I wished to think at my ease, and that I forbade him to follow or interrupt me: I then went and sat in a corner of the saloon, where I gave myself up to a profound reverie, and it

was in a real fit of despondency, that I composed the verses beginning thus:

Secret ennui, sombre langueur,
Dégoût du monde et de la vie;
Poison qu'une main ennemie
Semble répandre dans mon cœur, &c.

I wrote these verses before going to bed, and showed them the next day to M. de Sauvigny, who was charmed with them, and who told me, that he knew no lines so expressive of the state of mind which I had endeavoured to paint; I preserved the verses, and placed them afterwards in the *Knights of the Swan:* they are the verses which the knights find written on the lost tablets of the Duchess of Cleves.

The Duke of Chartres eagerly desired to succeed to the place of grand-admiral, then held by his father-in-law, the Duke of Penthièvre; in this hope, he insisted on making a cruise at sea, a thing which his father-in-law had never done; he was to embark at Toulon, and I persuaded the Duchess of Chartres to make a journey so far, and I even succeeded in inspiring her with a wish to see Italy. Some months previously Madame de Blot, though I had many subjects of complaint against her, came to intreat me *to join my interest to hers,* to obtain the place of lady of honour for her niece, Mademoiselle de Chauvigny, who was only fifteen, who was not married, and of whom that place would secure the

establishment. Without alluding to the past, I promised to do what she desired; and although many objections were made to the youth of the lady, I persisted so strongly in my solicitations, that I obtained the place. The young lady was immediately married, and entered on the service of the Palais Royal. She interested me by her infantine air, and she was equally amiable in face and disposition. Our journey was announced, but it was said only to be through the southern provinces; no mention was made of Italy. It was agreed between Madame de Potocka and me, that before leaving France, she should go into the southern provinces, which was not her way for returning to Poland, that she should wait for our arrival at Bordeaux, and that there we should separate. Two evenings before her departure, she supped at my house, and in talking over all I had showed her, M. de Genlis remarked, that she had not yet seen a very curious thing, the *guinguette*;* and proposed to take us next day, after supper, to the sign of the *Conqueror*, the best guinguette of the Porcherons; we accepted the offer, and it was agreed that we should all go disguised, Madame de Potocka and I as cooks, M. de Maisonneuve, a chamberlain of the king of Poland, and M. de Genlis, in livery. The

* The *guinguettes* are little taverns, a little way from town, where persons of the lower classes go to dance, drink, and take refreshments on holidays.—(*Translator.*)

next day, Madame de Potocka and I supped at the Palais Royal; Madame de Potocka was that evening splendidly dressed, wearing a robe of gold, with an enormous quantity of diamonds: at eleven M. de Genlis approached her, and reminded her very gravely that it was time to go to the Porcherons; this invitation made me burst out into laughing, addressed, as it was, to one of the most majestic figures I have ever seen in my life. We went up stairs into my room to dress, but as my mother who was in bed, wished to see our disguises, we went to dress in her chamber. The grand and noble figure of Madame de Potocka was somewhat stout, and required the advantage of dress; it lost all its dignity in disguise; and when she had put on her boddice, her red handkerchief, her checked apron, and round cap, she had really the appearance of a cook; while I, on the contrary, in the same dress, lost nothing of the elegance and gentility of my air, which was even more remarkable in this dress than in one more splendid. M. de Maisonneuve had sent an excuse in the morning; but as we wanted two gentlemen, we replaced him by M. Gillier, and we all four set out in a hackney-coach at half-past eleven. I made many conquests at the *Conqueror*, where we found a very numerous assembly; among others, that of the courier of M. de Brancas, who, in serving his master, though he must have seen me twenty times at table,

did not at all recognize me. The dress which made Madame de Potocka look older, made me look ten or twelve years younger; and we played our parts so well, that no one had any notion that we were in disguise. I began by dancing a minuet with the courier, with all the awkwardness of a peasant girl; and afterwards I danced a country dance. During this time M. Gillier ordered a sallad and pigeons *for our refreshment*. We sat down at a little table, where the gaiety and gallantry of M. de Genlis, equally divided between Madame de Potocka and me, kept us in continual laughter; there was in his gaiety something so original and agreeable, and at the same time so witty, that it could not have failed to amuse persons the most morose. An unexpected scene put the climax to our gaiety. It was customary to enter the guinguette singing, and suddenly we heard sung in the loudest tone the song—

Lison dormoit dans un bocage,
Un bras par-ci, une bras par là, etc.

On looking towards the door we saw two persons enter singing and dancing; the one drest as a maid-servant, and the other in our own livery. I recognized them immediately, and ran to embrace the maid-servant; it was my mother, who was leaning on M. de Maisonneuve's arm: she had agreed upon the party with him, and this was the reason why he did

not accompany us. Our joy and gratitude were extreme; and there was in reality a great deal of goodness and condescension in this piece of pleasantry from a person of my mother's age. She sat down at our table with her companion; she and M. de Genlis were the life of that evening, one of the gayest and most delightful I have ever spent in my life. From the time I passed at Genlis and Silleri, I had never laughed so heartily. We did not leave the Conqueror till three o'clock in the morning. M. de Brostocki was already gone into Poland. Some months afterwards his father and mother wrote to me to ask for their son the *hand* of my eldest daughter, who was not yet twelve years old: but M. de Brostocki, not having succeeded in realizing forty thousand francs a-year, which I had exacted as a condition, was obliged to give up the projected match.

The Duchess of Chartres, in going to Italy, took with her only the young Countess of Rully,* M. de Genlis, an esquire, and myself; two waiting maids, a valet, and three footmen. We passed through all the southern provinces, only stopping to attend the charming fêtes which were every where given to the prince and princess. The most brilliant were at Bordeaux, of which M. de Clugny, my relative, was the intendant. His sister-in-law, the Baroness de

* Now Duchess d'Aumont, wife of the first gentleman of the King's chamber.—*(Note by the Author.)*

Clugny, was one of the handsomest women I have ever seen; she had, among other beauties, a head of hair quite wonderful for its thickness, its colour, its beauty, and its length. I have seen her, when wearing a gown with a long train, such as was then worn, stand up, and untie her hair, which covered her entirely from head to foot, and extended half a foot beyond the train of her gown. She was neither tall nor short. Madame de Potocka accompanied us to Bordeaux. The Duke of Chartres laid the first stone of the theatre of that town, which was built by M. Louis, and is one of the handsomest in France. This ceremony was performed in the night; we were present at it. All the freemasons, of whom M. de Chartres was the grand-master, were also present. We had music and an illumination. We also saw at Bordeaux its fine port illuminated, and at sea a vessel was beautifully lighted up; all the ropes and yards seemed to be drawn in lines of light. It would have been impossible to have paid more honours to the King and Queen, than were paid to the Duke and Duchess of Chartres on this excursion,—for example, on our arrival at Bordeaux, to which we went by sea, all the vessels in the port hung out their flags, and the Mayor of Bordeaux, in his full dress, followed by all the municipal body, came to receive and make a speech to the Duke of Chartres. An immense crowd stood on the banks of the river, and

by their acclamations testified the love they bore to the family of their King.

The town of Bordeaux was at that time the only one I believe which had a Mayor, and this Mayor was always a person belonging to the court. The Viscount de Noé, who had been attached to the Palais Royal, was Mayor at this period. I was much amused also at Aix, Montpellier, and Marseilles, where we received many attentions. At Marseilles I saw, for the first time, the gallies; vessels which offer melancholy ideas of slavery to the mind, but which are very elegant in appearance. We next arrived at Toulon, where the fêtes recommenced, and lasted ten days. The most brilliant of these was that given by the naval officers. We saw, on this occasion among other things, a very beautiful sight— that of a mock sea fight. In short, the excursion was a scene of continual enchantment. What must have been the thoughts, seventeen or eighteen years after, of this very prince, when he traversed the same route, fallen from his dignity, despoiled of his wealth, a prisoner, and a proscript! . . . . The Duke of Chartres embarked to make his cruize, and we followed our project, concerted with him, of going into Italy without asking permission of the court. The Duchess of Chartres, when we were at Antibes, wrote a letter of excuse to the King, assuring him that this journey had not been premeditated, and assigning as a reason

her wish to visit her grandfather, the Duke of Modena. We met at Antibes with some very agreeable rencontres. We there found M. de Rouffignac; we had already met him at Angers, where he had a house. I had sent a courier to them to say that we should pass through the town between eleven and twelve at night; that we should stop at his door a few moments, and that we hoped he would have the *chivalrous and romantic* gallantry to give each of us a bason of good soup—a thing which would please me so much the more, as that method of paying court to the *lady of his thoughts* was not a common one. In fact, at the same time that he did what I desired, he found means of doing a very extraordinary thing: he kept a domesticated bear at his house; he had heard that nothing was so good as soup made of bear's flesh—so he had his bear killed, and soup made of it, which he gave us *en passant*. The soup was very red; but I have never tasted any thing so good. I felt much obliged to him for the sacrifice of his bear, and for having renewed on my account the story of the *Falcon* of La Fontaine. We were delighted to meet him at Antibes; and by a singular chance we met at the same place the Marquis of Clermont d'Amboise, the brother of Madame de la Vaupaliere, who having been appointed ambassador to Naples, was going into Italy from Antibes to Genoa. I knew M. de Clermont well: he was a wit,

a friend of the arts, and full of talents; he was an excellent musician, sang well, and had an admirable bass voice. Two very amiable young men accompanied him as secretaries to the embassy; the one was M. de Nidisdale, and the other M. de Moustiers; the latter declared himself my cicisbeo; the former that of Madame de Rully. We wished to go to Nice, and the ambassador determined on accompanying us to Genoa. We were detained ten days at Antibes waiting for favourable winds; but we did not get tired of the place. I had brought my harp with me; it was carried, not upon my women's carriage but my own; every night it was brought into my room, and I played upon it before going to bed. I do not think I omitted this more than two or three times. We had concerts every evening, which lasted two or three hours: or we conversed, and made the time pass very agreeably. At length we embarked for Nice, with the escort of a felucca, which carried a whole regiment to preserve us from the pirates; this precaution, which announced some danger, and the risk of combats and captivities, delighted my romantic imagination; and I *improvised* from it a romance, which amused my companions exceedingly. Nice is a delicious spot; we passed six days there, a great part of which I spent in walks on the flowery and perfumed mountains which surround it, or by the sea shore. Hearing that we could go to Genoa by land, in a kind

of palanquin, we suddenly determined on making this perilous voyage, which is really a terrible one.

I sent for the man of whom we hired the mules, (for the ambassador, M. de Genlis, &c.) in order to interrogate him relative to the dangers of the road. Madame de Rully was present at this conversation.

The man, after listening to me attentively, replied in these precise words: "I am not uneasy about you, ladies; but, to tell you the truth, I am somewhat afraid of my mules, for last year I lost two of them, which were killed by huge pieces of rocks that fell upon them, of which fragments often detach themselves from the mountains." This method of tranquillizing us was not very encouraging; however it made us laugh, and we set out. Before quitting Nice, I ought to mention, that the fashion of sending thither persons whose lungs are affected is a pernicious one. The air of Nice, indeed, is very pure, but it is so sharp, that it does not agree with them. Consumption is the only disorder common there, and in such cases, physicians hasten to send their patients to the neighbourhood of Lyons.

We sent our women and baggage by sea; M. de Clermont performed the journey along with us; he, Messieurs de Moustiers and de Nidisdale, and M. de Genlis were upon mules, and we in sedan-chairs. At a small distance from Nice, at a place called *La Turbie*, we found a charming arbour, all covered with wreaths of flowers, in which there was an excellent

breakfast; it was a piece of gallantry paid to the Duchess of Chartres, who travelled under the name of Madame de Joinville, on the part of the commandant of Nice. As you quit Nice, you reach the old castle of Montalban, taken by the French in 1744; two leagues farther, you see the tower of Eze overlooking the ocean; its position is admirable: in an hour we resumed our march. The name of the *cornice*, which is given to this road, is perfectly well merited; it is in fact a real *cornice*, and in many places so narrow, that a single person can hardly pass; on one side enormous rocks form a kind of wall which seems to rise to the clouds, and on the other, you see beneath a precipice of five hundred feet deep, at the foot of which, the sea, chafing against the rocks, produces a sound as melancholy as it is fearful. At all the passes which were really dangerous, we got down upon our feet, and walked on, our guides holding us by the arm. From Monaco to Manton, the road is very fine. The latter town is very agreeable; it is situated on the sea side, and is surrounded with a quantity of citron and orange trees which embalm the air. After you pass Manton, the road becomes really dreadful; however, we began to be accustomed to it, and the view of a prodigious number of fine cascades, made us almost forget the precipices we had passed. On arriving at Bourdeguierre, a little town where there are many superb palm trees, scattered through ruins with very great effect, we could not help stopping

once more to enjoy the most ravishing point of view which our eyes had yet encountered. At length, at seven o'clock, the closing evening obliged us to stop and sleep at l'Hospitaletta, the most horrible place where hospitality was ever afforded, which is only ten leagues from Nice. We all three slept in the same room; we made up for the Duchess of Chartres a kind of bed formed of the cloths of the mules and branches of trees; in the same room were two large heaps of corn, upon which, the master of the house assured us, we should sleep extremely well, and our cavaliers gave us their cloaks, to cover these heaps of grain. We were forced to sleep in a singular attitude, that is to say, almost in a standing posture; and we passed the night in a constant agitation, caused by the sliding and rustling of the heaps of corn. The daylight was an agreeable sight to all of us, and as we were already dressed, our toilettes did not interfere with our departure. The next day our journey was very fatiguing, though we only travelled five leagues and a half. But the roads were so bad that I was obliged to perform almost the whole journey on foot, still, as on the preceding evening, overlooking the sea, sometimes on the edge of a precipice, and sometimes on a narrow road covered with rough pebbles. In addition to all this, our road lay through a sterile and uninviting country, and our bearers were the the ugliest people in the world, who understood neither French nor Italian, but spoke an unintelligible jargon, and

got drunk, swore, and quarrelled continually. It was impossible not to feel interested in their disputes, when we saw them, as they carried us along the borders of a precipice, suddenly tremble with rage, and move from side to side supporting the sedan-chair with one hand only, in order to be able to make threatening gestures with the other. They suspend the chairs to their shoulders by straps of leather, but it is still necessary to hold the poles which support them. These sedan-chairs in no way resemble the ordinary chairs carried by bearers. They are a sort of long and narrow seats, and the part on which you sit is covered by a waxed cloth, to preserve you from the rain. The legs are stretched out, but you have not an opportunity of extending them; my feet passed over the seat. We were very well lodged at Saint Maurice, a little sea-port town.

The road from Saint Maurice to Albenga, is full of dangerous passes; but the road affords some admirable points of view—among others, that at the top of the mountain, which overlooks the town of Languella. The descent from the mountain is pointed with rocks and very dangerous. We descended on foot—I might almost say barefoot: for the rocks over which we had been walking for the last three days, had so worn and damaged our shoes, that the soles had almost entirely given way; and not foreseeing that we should have so much occasion to walk, we had not taken the precaution to provide ourselves

with several pairs. At ten in the morning, we caused our bearers to stop on the summit of a mountain from whence we descried the town of Albenga, in the midst of a delicious plain, which is a singularity on that coast, all the other towns being situated on the heights. At the foot of a mountain lay a wide and fertile plain, surrounded with high rocks and majestic mountains, of which the summits were covered with ice. The sterility of the rocks, and the imposing aspect of the mountains, formed a singular contrast with the beauty and fertility of the plain; the meadows are enamelled with hearts-ease and lilies; the laurel-rose grows without culture; the fields are all encircled with long arbours of grapes; and through this beautiful open work, you discover the verdure, fruits and flowers, inclosed within these light fences, of which every arch is adorned with garlands of ivy, which yield and move to every breath of wind; it seems as if, in this delicious abode, the earth were not cultivated for the wants of man, but only for his delight. Every object which meets the eye is agreeable. There you see the real shepherds; all the young girls wear their hair with a bouquet of real flowers placed on the left side of the head. They are almost all pretty, and particularly remarkable for the elegance of their shape.

To avoid passing a mountain which was excessively dangerous, we embarked at Pictra, and sailed three leagues and a half by sea. At Nori we resumed our

sedan-chairs. From the heights of the mountain which overlook the towns of Anvaye and Savona, the eye commands one of the most splendid views in the world; it is one of the most remarkable after Albenga. Savona is a handsome town, very agreeably situated at only twelve leagues from Genoa. At the village of Abbessola, a short league from Savona, you see the palaces of Rovero and Durazzo, both of which are extremely magnificent; the gardens are extensive but in bad taste. I remarked there a thing somewhat singular; that none of the natural plants of the soil grow there, except the orange-tree, but the box-tree is cultivated there with the utmost care, and the superb vases which adorn the terraces are full of it. This hideous box-tree is placed in these beautiful vases, only because it is more expensive and rarer than the myrtle, the jasmine and the laurel-rose.

Our journey, which is one of the most dangerous, though, at the same time curious, which can be undertaken, passed off gaily and without any accident; we took six days to go forty leagues. The dread of the precipices made me walk more than three-quarters of the way on foot, over pebbles and broken rocks. I arrived at Genoa with my feet swelled and blistered, but in excellent health. We have had so many journeys in Italy, that I shall not detail ours at length; I shall only speak of our personal adventures. The ambassador accompanied us to Reggio, where we passed eight days. We were then in the do-

minions of the Duke of Modena, grandfather of the Duchess of Chartres. The aspect of Lombardy is gay and agreeable; the trees are not lofty, but their verdure is very bright, and they are all connected by beautiful garlands of ivy. The whole view was so enchanting that the Duchess of Chartres cried out in an ecstacy, that *her grandfather was too complaisant!* She thought at first sight, that the ornaments we admired so much, were part of a fête which he intended to give her. The Duke of Modena received the Duchess of Chartres, with much joy and tenderness. This good prince was then eighty years of age; he was blind and had a very singular countenance. He wore red and white paint, and painted his eye-brows; his nose was of prodigious length; I never saw a face like his. The court was composed of his two sisters, much younger than he. These two princesses had never been married; they were good, obliging, and pious.* The hereditary prince, son of the duke, was very affable, but his gallantry was far from delicate. His daughter was the Archduchess Mary, a princess extremely distinguished for her education and her disposition. The Archduke Ferdinand, her husband, had a handsome face; he was very like the

* Some time after, one of these princesses died of a decline, preserving her senses to the last moment. A few days before her death, she distributed with her own hands the legacies she left by will to her friends; her jewels and snuff-boxes, of which she had a fine collection, and used for herself a snuff-box of horn.—*(Note by the Author.)*

Duchess of Polignac, and his hair was of remarkable beauty. I shall now relate an adventure which will illustrate the manners of these little courts, of which the princes were always the best in all respects. The person who had the best place at the court, was the Count de Lascaris; he was about forty; he was short and stout; and his face was as ignoble as his size. I had the honour of making his conquest at first sight. He was superintendent of the palace, and assigned the apartments; he took care to place M. de Genlis in the palace of Modena at an immense distance from me; he gave me superb apartments, all fitted up with glasses, even the roof. One evening that, according to custom, I had gone to my room after supper, to write my journal, before going to bed, as I was sitting at my little portable table, I heard near me some noise, and lifting my eyes, I saw with great astonishment a glass pannel, which I had not supposed to be a door, move, and open gently, and in a moment M. de Lascaris appeared, and threw himself at my feet with an air of triumph. I rose up—my table fell—the candle went out—and we were in complete darkness. I called loudly for my chambermaid, who ran into the room with a candle in her hand. M. de Lascaris rose in fury, returned to his glass pannel, and disappeared. Unfortunately, in the confusion, M. de Lascaris had received a terrible wound on the cheek. The adventure was speedily known through the indiscretion of my servant, and partly through mine.

Every body asked M. de Lascaris what was the matter with his cheek; and this caused in him a mingled embarrassment and anger which were quite risible. From this time, he was much less gallant to me, and I was much more gay with him. Our stay at the court was spent in continual fêtes. I have related in my *Souvenirs* the story of the mad woman who endeavoured to strangle me at Reggio—a danger from which I so valorously preserved myself by giving the only blow with my fist I have ever given in my life.

The following was the circumstance I refer to; two days after my arrival at Modena, I passed part of the night at a ball given by the court; next morning my servant, who had received orders not to wake me till noon, went down stairs early, leaving me alone in my apartments, which occupied the whole of the floor. At nine o'clock I heard a door open, and saw a tall and stout woman advance towards my bed; I called to her in Italian, that I did not wish to be awoke yet; but she burst into immoderate laughter, and running towards my bed, she seized a pillow and put it over my face. I then guessed that my visitor was a mad woman. The danger in which I was, gave me supernatural courage; there was no bell at the bed's head; besides, my servant had gone down stairs, and I was the only person on that floor. I slipped out of bed from the opposite side, with the intention of reaching the door, which the mad woman had fortunately left open; but she ran towards me as if to seize me, barring my passage. As

I walked very awkwardly without shoes, and barefooted, I saw that I could not avoid the mad woman, who stretched out two horribly robust arms to catch me.... Her walk, however, was uncertain, like that of a drunken person, and she laughed continually aloud. I thought of trying to throw her down, while her convulsive laughter prevented her from using her strength, and I waited for her, if not with perfect firmness, at least with decision. When she came quite near me, I gave her on the breast the first blow with the fist I have ever applied in my life; she fell on the floor with a sound which made the whole room echo. After this brilliant victory, I flew out of the room and ran down stairs, calling loudly for assistance. My own servant, two footmen, and a valet-de-chambre of Madame de Chartres came to my aid. I sent them to seize the mad woman, and remained on the stair wrapped in my maid's gown. They found the woman lying on the floor still laughing; but her extraordinary gaiety ceased when they wished to remove her; she fought most furiously, and kicked and scratched prodigiously. However, after a violent struggle, they succeeded in removing her. The woman, who was twenty-eight years old, and had been a servant in the palace for more than ten years, had lost her reason only two or three days previously, and none of her comrades were yet aware of it. However, one of our companions, the young Countess de Rully, might have told us of it, but she did not, in consequence of a naïveté, of which I

must here quote an instance. Madame de Rully was then fifteen, but she was much younger than her years, and though she had naturally a good understanding, her ignorance and her simplicity were extreme. In the early part of our journey all the customs that were different from ours, caused in her a surprise, which often degenerated into mockery. I often lectured her upon this, but at length my arguments had an effect which infinitely surpassed my expectations. The evening before my adventure, the servant, who was already mad, came into her room: Madame de Rully was dressing for the ball, when the servant took up a water-jug, and threw it over her head. Madame de Rully, who was now accustomed to strange manners, fancied it was the custom of the servants of Reggio to practise this manœuvre. Her servant got angry, but her mistress checked her, saying, that it was wrong to offend foreigners by blaming their habits. She went and shut herself in a room dry herself, never saying a word to any of us relative to the accident: but she told us all after my exploit, when the servant was proved to be insane.

The Neapolitan ambassador parted from us at Reggio, in order, as he said, to go to Naples, to provide lodgings for us. The Duchess of Chartres at this court, as throughout Italy, met with the utmost admiration, and was generally admired for the dignity of her manners, her air, her sweetness, her affability, the intelligence of her questions, and the justness of

her observations and her answers. We were to go from Modena to Mantua, which belonged to the Archduke Ferdinand. He consulted me privately on the manner in which he ought to receive her; he intended to go beforehand to prepare every thing for her reception; I dissuaded him from it, and gave him to understand that the most desirable thing for a fatigued traveller, who was only to remain two days, was not to be forced to dress; the prince completely comprehended me. We arrived at Mantua towards the night; the moats about the town were filled with the fire-flies which I had before seen on the cornice of Genoa; but in these moats, the enormous number and their constant motion produced a beautiful effect, lighting all the herbage round them. One was caught, which was put into the carriage, and when wrapt in a piece of paper, it gave so much light, that a note might be read by it when placed near it. We resided at Mantua, in the fine palace of the archduke; there was no one there but the servants, but they served us with all the zeal imaginable. All the apartments were so lighted up, that one could see the pictures as if at full noon. A magnificent supper was served, during which music was played in the adjoining apartment. The pleasure of enjoying all this without the fatigue of ceremony, dresses, and compliments, delighted us all. M. de Genlis, who was always so agreeable from his sallies, and his gaiety, was particularly so at Mantua; and in

mockery of the pedantic and affected travellers who visited the place, he pretended to think only of Virgil. He quoted a thousand passages from the Æneid, and every moment he cried out, " Oh Virgil, oh swan of Mantua!" . . . . and all this with a tone and manner which made us burst with laughter.

There was a very handsome theatre within the palace. The following day, an opera was performed for the princess, the theatre was filled with the people of the town; we sat in the archduke's boxes, and went to take ices between the acts in the anti-room of the box. We had occasion to admire at this opera, a spectacle which was really magical, formed by hollow crystal pillars, in which were placed burning torches.

The towns which struck me the most in Italy, were the following; Venice, of which the first view did not seem to me so surprising as I had been prepared to expect; Rotterdam, amidst its waters, with its draw-bridges hung on chains, its trees, and its forest of masts, appeared to me much more singular and more handsome; but all the *details* of Venice are astonishing. The buildings, which are almost all planned by Palladio, though in a beautiful taste of architecture, are blackened by time; Venice has a very melancholy aspect; the canals are black from their depth; the gondolas are painted black, and resemble coffins floating upon waves of ink. As there are few foot passengers, you neither hear the sounds of the streets,

nor the noise of a coach; every thing is sad and silent, and you would suppose yourself in a city enchanted by an evil fairy. If you let any thing fall out of the window, it is lost for ever, as it happened to me one morning. I thus lost a beautiful seal. We resided with the Baron de Zugmantel, born in Switzerland, and our ambassador at Venice, an excellent man, who spared no pains to render our residence at Venice agreeable; but here, the public orders of the senate did not allow any noble Venetian to visit the ambassador; so that the whole *corps diplomatique* were reduced to the society of their own members. Each ambassador's lady had, besides her residence at Venice, what was called her Casino. This was a pretty little suite of rooms on the Piazza di San Marco. The wife of the Spanish ambassador was extremely amiable; we enjoyed a great many parties, musical and others at the Casino. The harp was unknown in Venice and throughout Italy. I excited great admiration through my talent for that instrument. We saw all that Venice contains of curiosities. I kept three journals at once—that of the Duchess of Chartres, which she recopied by degrees; and that of Madame de Rully, which she copied in the same manner. I did not give them mine to copy, because it was filled with reflections and details, which concerned myself only, and which they would have been obliged to extract also. I found it amusing

to write that of Madame de Rully, writing it in an infantile style, which I had very nicely seized, and which rendered it very original. I had become attached from my heart to this young person, who called me her *little mother,* and of whom I really was the Mentor in all respects. On our journeys we always slept in the same room, and as our attendants never arrived till after us, (for we took always the best horses,) I took care of her as my own child. Her health was very delicate, and she had a blister on her arm, which I used to dress. I looked to her diet, and she supported admirably well the fatigues of the journey. Besides this, I dictated her letters to her family, which were much praised, and contributed greatly to establish her in the favour of her mother-in-law. Madame de Rully was as amiable as a young woman of fifteen can be who has received a very indifferent education; she was clever, gay, frank, docile, and full of feeling.

We witnessed at Venice the famous entertainment of the Bucentaur, which had been retarded on account of the bad weather. It was so called, because this was the name of the superb gilt vessel in which the doge, accompanied by the senate in their robes of ceremony, was to wed the Adriatic. The doge and the senate went first to the church of Saint George to hear divine service; they then embarked in the Bucentaur, where they were distinctly seen

through the windows of the vessel. The whole of the population of Venice in their gondolas followed. The gondolas of the ambassadors alone were painted and decorated. After sailing about for a short time, the doge opened a little glass window, and drawing from his finger a gold ring, he dropped it into the sea, saying, with a loud voice, that he *espoused it*. Besides the time of the carnival, there were several periods when no one at Venice went out without masks; we happened to be there at one of these epochs, at which Madame de Rully was particularly delighted.

The gondoliers of Venice were very remarkable for their musical taste. They had admissions to the opera from father to son, and such a taste for music and poetry, that they sung by ear the *Jerusalem Delivered;* and among these compositions there were always found some so pretty, that every year they were engraved under the title of *Barcaroles*. Many went to hear them sing in the evenings. They sung either in chorus, or by turns, replying to each other; and always with infinite elegance. I fear I cannot flatter myself with the hope, that our hackney coachmen will some day set to music and sing the odes of Rousseau.

As may be supposed, the city which I saw with most enthusiasm was Rome. The Cardinal de Bernis, to whom I had communicated the arrival of the Duchess of Orleans, sent his nephew, the Che-

valier de Bernis, to meet her, as far as Terni, with two carriages, the one, which was magnificent, to carry her to Rome, and the other loaded with an excellent dinner. We had stopped at Terni, to see the grand and famous cascade, which falls five hundred feet; we were there when the chevalier arrived; he joined us, and we all went together to the inn to eat his excellent dinner. On leaving table we set out for Rome, which we entered by the Gate of the People; my emotion was so great, that in my enthusiasm, I embraced all in the carriage, and without perceiving it, my face was bathed in tears. The pleasantries of M. de Genlis altogether changed my disposition; and I began to say a hundred lively things, for I really felt as if my head was affected. The cardinal received us with a kindness of which nothing can give an idea. He was then sixty-six, in excellent health, with a fresh coloured complexion, and in his manner there was a mixture of goodness and archness, of dignity and simplicity, which rendered him one of the most interesting persons I ever knew. I never saw any magnificence surpassing his; we resided at his house, with our valets and female attendants; their table was served like his own. He assigned me splendid apartments, and every morning after breakfast an immense tray was brought into my room loaded with ices and little pots of *blanc-manger*, which were renewed three or four times

a-day. At table he always sat between the Duchess of Chartres and me. These dinners, which consisted of every delicacy, brought to his house the best company, and all the illustrious foreigners at Rome. The cardinal did the honours inimitably. I bathed often at Rome, especially in the evenings; and as soon as I was in the bath, the cardinal, accompanied by his nephew, came to talk three quarters of an hour with me. He related an infinite number of charming anecdotes; he told me, that at the age of forty-three he possessed no ecclesiastical dignity, and no fortune, but that he had many debts, and that at forty-five his fortune was made. He told me, that when he was dismissed, he said to his friends, "Do not eulogize my understanding or my talents; your praises would be suspected, and would be useless to me: but you have a right to take the part of my disposition and my heart—defend these." He told me also many interesting traits of Pope Ganganelli; he was a saint, and a man of superior talents. I spoke to him of the morals of the Romans; he said, that they were not good in the higher classes; but that at least even in these ranks, there was no atheism, that there was a solid foundation of religion, to which the mind always sincerely returned when the passions were gone; he added, that among the lower classes, there was great purity of morals, and that adultery was very rare, but that persons of

the lowest rank were terribly violent, which he ascribed to the heat of the climate, for murders, he had remarked, were very frequent during the month of August. Assassinations were committed, not for plunder, nor from premeditated vengeance, but from passion. The streets of Rome were not lighted in the summer; people walked about all night, and it is remarkable, that there were neither murders nor robberies. When I asked the cardinal the reason, he told me that it was a secret; but he was polite enough to say he would communicate it to me. He informed me, that it was generally thought that the cardinals walked by night through the streets, and the people, persuaded that the murder of a priest is the greatest of crimes, did not venture to attack any one, lest they should kill a cardinal in disguise. Besides my excursions with the Duchess of Chartres, I made several others acompanied only by the Chevalier de Bernis, which I could do with perfect propriety, he being then more than fifty. In this manner we visited several ruins by moonlight, and among others the Coliseum, the finest of them all. I expressed a wish to ascend the *scala santa;* this is a staircase, said to be brought from Jerusalem, which tradition assures us was the very stair from which our Saviour descended on the day of his passion. It is entirely covered with copper, and the steps are very high; you are allowed only to ascend them kneeling, but

you are not permitted to walk down. At the top of the stair is a little landing-place, where there is a door, by which you go out; this piece of dovotion is generally performed in the night. I went thither at midnight with the Chevalier de Bernis, and we mounted the *scala santa*. Several indulgences are attached to this act of devotion. I was much edified with the great number of persons, both men and women, who were mounting this stair with an agility which proved that it was habitual to them; but the half-suppressed groans of the Chevalier de Bernis were much less edifying to me; he followed me slowly, always five or six steps behind me; he found infinite difficulty in ascending these lofty steps, all covered with copper; besides he had the gout, and the motion occasioned him very severe pain. On his arrival at the top he was quite lame, which obliged us to abridge our usual nocturnal excursion.

I received moreover several times the benediction of the pope, and I went almost daily to wonder and pray at St. Peter's. I have never in my life seen but two things which surpassed all that my imagination could picture to me beforehand; these are the Ocean, and St. Peter's at Rome. The Cardinal de Bernis gave me a beautiful chaplet of *lapis lazuli*, which I afterwards gave to my pupil, the present Duke of Orleans. We saw at Rome one of the most imposing religious ceremonies—the *Fête Dieu;* and

we also witnessed in returning from Naples the festival of St. Peter: we were in the same balcony with the Duke of Gloucester, who, though a protestant, was strongly affected by the grand and pious ceremony: this prince was full of goodness and affability; he loved the arts, and was a judge of them. On St. Peter's day there were eighteen organs in the church all playing at once, but they produced no more effect than one good organ in a church of ordinary size. It seems as if you had never seen the Deity really honoured, until you have been present at his worship in this admirable temple dedicated to his glory. I am sure even an atheist would be touched, if not converted, on such an occasion.

We were besides witnesses of the entrance into Rome of the Grand Constable Colonna, and of the procession of the *Mare*, which the court of Naples presented to the pope; a numerous assemblage conducted this mare, superbly harnessed, into the church of St. Peter's, where she was presented to the pope; this whimsical ceremony, which had lasted so long, was abolished two years afterwards. In a second journey to Rome, we saw the splendid illumination for the festival of St. Peter, the fireworks of the castle of St. Angelo, and the celebrated illuminations of the grandest cupola in the universe.

The Cardinal de Bernis invited the Duchess of Chartres to magnificent *conversaziones;* that is to

say, to assemblies of two or three thousand persons. He was commonly styled the *king of Rome*, and he was so, in reality, from his liberality and magnificence, and the consideration in which he was held. At Rome I saw the celebrated Winckelmann, who was librarian to the Cardinal Albani, and keeper of his fine cabinet, which we went to see at the *Albani Villa*, as the country-houses are called at Rome. Winckelmann showed me an antique *basso relievo*, representing a female satyr, the only antique monument, he said, on which that figure was to be found. Cardinal Albani, who had the finest collections in Italy, was so passionately fond of antiques, that when their possessors refused to sell them, he stole them. On this subject I heard an extraordinary anecdote, which was told me by the Cardinal de Bernis, ten other persons, and the victim of the act himself, who was the Prince of Palestrina, of the house of Colonna, then seventy-two years old, whom the Cardinal de Bernis had made me take for my *cavalier servente*. The following is the story. The Prince of Palestrina had, in the garden of his country-house, a superb antique obelisk, which he refused to sell to the Cardinal Albani, who was anxious to make the purchase of it, at whatever price it might cost him. A short time afterwards the prince went on a journey, and the cardinal sent four thousand men in the night, who entered the garden by force,

carried off the obelisk, and brought it to the cardinal, who placed it in his garden at the Albani Villa. As the cardinal was exceedingly powerful at Rome, the prince did not dare to bring an action against him, but took the thing in good part, and instead of quarrelling with him, contented himself with congratulating him upon his extraordinary exploit. As we were walking in the Albani gardens, the prince showed me this famous obelisk. The Prince of Palestrina, was father of the Duchess of Cerifalco, who passed nine years in a subterranean cave—an astonishing history, which I have related in *Adèle et Theodore*. The prince gave a fête to the Duchess of Chartres, and the duchess was present through respect to a princess of the house of Bourbon, for she lived in the greatest retirement, being subject, since her misfortune, to epileptic fits; she only remained a quarter of an hour at the entertainment, and I went and placed myself near her, in order to have a good opportunity of seeing her. Though she was but forty-six years old, she looked sixty-six. She had no longer any vestiges of beauty; her appearance struck me, and I drew her portrait afterwards from nature; her head and eyes were inclined towards the ground, and from time to time she had attacks of shuddering. The prince told me the whole story, of which I have put many details into my episode. This unfortunate lady had the mildness

and the piety of an angel. She never knew, nor could any one ever discover, why her barbarous spouse shut her up in the cave. Religion, which is always useful in all things, was the means of saving her life; for the monster, who still preserved some religious sentiments, did not dare to poison her; and when he himself was on his death-bed, he confided to his valet the secret, that for family reasons, he had confined in a subterraneous cavern a woman who was at once mad and criminal. He did not acknowledge that this wife was his own, who was believed to have been dead for nine years. The valet-de-chambre, on receiving the key of the cavern, went to succour the unfortunate woman, who had wanted food for two days; he knocked in vain at the door—she did not come to receive her bread and water,—she had fainted; the servant entered, gave her the necessary assistance to enable her to get up, recognized her, left her nourishment for several days, and left her the key of the cavern; but being obliged to remain with the duke, he sent a courier to Rome to the Prince of Palestrina, with a note from the duchess, who, in four lines and a half, acquainted him with her existence, and demanded his aid. The prince, followed by all the members of his family, went to the king of Naples, and related the melancholy history. The king gave him a regiment to escort him to the château of the duke, in case force

should be found necessary. When the Prince of Palestrina arrived, the duke was still living; he was told, on the part of the prince, that his crime was known, and that his victim was about to be released; the duke expired a few hours afterwards. The prince had preserved most preciously his daughter's note; at my earnest entreaty he showed it me; I gazed a long time at this little bit of paper; the handwriting, the expressions, the words, almost all of which wanted the last syllable—all was precious in my eye.

A singular remark, and which I believe has never been made, is that in cases where the memory has been lost without any change in the reasoning faculties, it is always the last syllables of the words which are forgotten. It was thus that Alexander Selkirk, an English sailor, who was found after a lapse of twenty-five years on a desert island, still spoke English quite well, excepting the last syllables, which he had forgotten. I have remarked the same phenomenon in a person who was young, but blind for fourteen years, to whom, as I shall hereafter relate, I restored the faculty of writing.

Our residence at Naples was as agreeable as that at Rome. In traversing the Pontine Marshes, we met the hermits, whom I have introduced into the story called *The Hermits of the Pontine Marshes.*

When in 1800 I returned from a foreign country into France, I learned that the Dowager Duchess of

Orleans was making interest to return thither, and that the first Consul did not seem disposed to agree to her wishes. It was at that time that I bethought myself of relating an interesting anecdote of her, and of which the close represents her as returning to France, and expressing on the bridge of Beauvoisin, many touching sentiments on the delight of revisiting her native country, even after a short absence. I inserted this little novel, two months after my return, in a newspaper, and afterwards into the *Bibliothéque des Romans*. This novel met with great applause: it was separately printed; but it had not the effect I had hoped for; it displeased the court of that day. The Duchess of Orleans was not *recalled;* but I had the satisfaction of having made an effort, which was not without its attendant risks, in favour of suffering innocence and virtue.

We lodged at Naples in the ambassador's hotel, where he gave splendid fêtes to the Duchess of Chartres. We were presented at court; and while on this subject I shall relate an adventure which will show in what manner the police was organized at Naples. We arrived at noon, and in passing through the Strada di Toledo, a street which is as public as the Rue Saint Honoré, we were robbed of two portmanteaus, which contained our servants' liveries, and the hoops and trains of our court dresses. As our couriers were a good way before us, we did not per-

ceive our loss, and the passengers, apparently thinking such a thing quite common, never gave us the least intimation of it. We were extremely inconvenienced by this robbery, as we wanted our dresses in order to be presented next day. The ambassador borrowed two for us from two ladies of his acquaintance, but the hoops being much larger than ours, shortened our gowns greatly, and gave us a very ridiculous appearance at court. The ambassador related our adventure, which occasioned much laughter. The king* promised the ambassador that our hoops should be restored, and that we were to address ourselves on his part for that purpose to an officer of justice whom he named, desiring him to cause the chief of the band to come before him, and to order him, in the king's name, to give up our hoops. All this was done, and our hoops were given up gratuitously; but as there was no royal order for the restitution of the liveries, we were told, that in order to recover them, we must pay for them, which we did. It is clear from this that the robbers were permitted to exercise their calling by the government, to whom they paid a tribute. When Madame de Rully and I were presented to the king and queen, the ambassador told us, that immediately after our last curtsey, we were to take three steps backwards to avoid kissing the queen's hand, who would without

* This is the prince who died suddenly of apoplexy on the fourth of January, 1825.—*(Note by the Author.)*

this ceremony present it for that purpose—an etiquette to which no Frenchwoman submitted: this seemed to me surprising, the etiquette in France being much more offensive; for you were there obliged to bend almost to the ground, and pulling off your glove, you seized the hem of the queen's gown in order to kiss it. It is true that she was content with that demonstration of your intention, and withdrew her gown before you had time to carry it to the lips. What I thought extraordinary at the court of Naples was, that the king also gave his hand to the ladies to kiss; this is never done in France; but when he proceeded to dinner he made all the ladies pass before him—a piece of gallantry which the French kings do not practise. We dined twice with the king. This princess very much resembled the Queen of France; she was less brilliant and majestic, but her physiognomy expressed mildness, and her manner was full of grace; she was accomplished, her understanding was good, and she had read much; she was fond of music, and sung agreeably in Italian. We saw her several times in her own apartments, giving lessons to the princesses, her daughters. She explained to them history by means of engravings, and extremely well. We saw also the young prince, who was not yet weaned. His nurse was a Calabrian peasant. The queen insisted on her continuing to wear the dress of a peasant, which I thought was in good taste. The child was so much accustomed to

be in his mother's arms, that when she was about to leave the room, he cried; which shows how much time she must have passed among her children.

As M. de Clermont had praised highly my performances on the harp, and as that instrument was not known in Italy, the queen was very desirous of hearing me play. She requested this favour with much grace, saying that *she and I would have some music together*, and that she would sing. This little concert took place in my cabinet; it began with the harp; the queen, in order to witness my performance, sat close to me on my right hand, and was so overcome with enthusiasm, that in her transports she kissed my hand. It was this that made M. de Clermont say in the evening, alluding to my presentation, that though I had refused to kiss the queen's hand, she had kissed mine. At the concert, M. de Clermont sung a duet with the queen; and the king himself sung, through gallantry towards the Duchess of Chartres, a French song, at least a hundred years old. His royal voice did not please me so much as that of the queen. This prince, who was very kind and affable,* had received so careless an education,

* He was so affable, that when he rode out on horseback about Naples, he took a very long time to traverse the town, because he perpetually stopped to give the people opportunities of approaching him, speaking to him, and kissing his hand, which he presented to all that came near him.—*(Note by the Author.)*

that he did not even know Italian well; he spoke the Neapolitan, which was the reason why all the comic operas (a kind of entertainment of which he was particularly fond) were written in that dialect. Let us but imagine an usurper amidst his counsellors, only able to speak a particular jargon of his country's language; such an usurper, were he the most renowned of conquerors and warriors, would appear in such a case insupportably ridiculous; but legitimacy ennobles every thing; and the respect which it inspires, being founded at once upon justice, custom, and opinion, can only be destroyed by vices and bad actions, and not by frivolous defects, which belong neither to the mind nor the disposition. Besides, the King of Naples was then extremely young; and he has since gained by experience, by study, and by his conduct, all that can give personal dignity to a sovereign. The queen desired me to send her a harp-player from Paris, and I sent her the young Hinner, who had a very pretty talent for that instrument.

I witnessed at Naples a thing that interested me much; this was the unrolling of the burnt manuscripts; the inventor of that ingenious and long operation performed it before us; but he had no assistants, and the work advanced but very slowly. He was unrolling at this time a work upon music.

The beauty of the climate of Naples is incomparable, as is that of its bay, its views, and its environs,

so curious in other respects, for so many wonders of nature, all of which we particularly examined. We went frequently to the country-house of the Princess of Francavilla. We found in her garden pine-apples growing in the open air; they were delicious, and M. de Genlis said they were as good as those of India. They were placed in a hollow plate when they were to be cut, and the plate was immediately filled with juice. The Princess of Francavilla, however, was the only one who had them; no other person cultivated them; even the King had none. At Naples I ate the finest and best figs I ever tasted in my life; they were as large as fine pears.

We did not ascend Vesuvius, because at this moment it was throwing out fiery sparks and stones. We saw with admiration the new-discovered antique city of Portici, and the grotto of Posilippo. One of the things which charmed me most was the garlands of vines which throughout the country hung betwixt all the trees. We had already seen the same method of cultivating the vine exemplified in Lombardy; but in the latter country the trees are small, whereas in the environs of Naples they are all very tall and majestic.

In one of our excursions with the ambassador, he played us a trick which alarmed us all. He made us pass along the quay, which is frequented by the lazzaroni, (where women never go,) and where they are

allowed to walk about quite naked, without shirts, vestments, or linen of any kind. All their bodies, as well as their faces, is of a deep red, which gives them the appearance of frightful savages.*

The evening before our departure, we went to visit the celebrated *chartreuse* of Saint Martin, which no woman is permitted to enter. The Duchess of Chartres, however, had a license from the pope to enter it with all her attendants. In this monastery is to be seen the famous *crucifixion* of Michael Angelo, of which the wonderful truth of expression has given rise to a story which has been seriously repeated, that Michael Angelo had the barbarity to paint it from a man whom he had caused to be secretly crucified in his painting-room—a calumny as absurd as atrocious, which at first may have arisen from the exaggeration of his eulogists, and afterwards passed into a popular story; but which the whole life of the artist and the impossibility of the fact conspire to disprove.

We left Naples, enchanted with the town, its environs, the court, and our ambassador, who had given us the most charming entertainments. We resided also at another court—that of Parma. The infant, though a pupil of the celebrated Condillac, the *philosopher*, was, nevertheless, remarkable for his great piety; we were struck with his resemblance to the Duchess

* This practice has long ceased to exist.—*(Note by the Editor.)*

of Chartres, of whom he had also the goodness of heart and amiable disposition. The infanta, a sister of the Queen of France, was a very extraordinary princess; an infinite number of anecdotes are related of her, which I shall here pass over in silence, because they may be either false or greatly exaggerated; but it is certain that she loved nothing so well as hunting, and that a great part of her life was spent in the woods on horseback; she had a great wish to hear me play on the harp, but I refused, alleging as an excuse, that my harp was out of order; but I played at the request of our ambassador's lady, the Countess of Flavigny, who had promised me that there should only be present six of her friends, who would never divulge the secret. We resided at the palace. I had my harp carried to Madame de Flavigny's, and I began to play immediately after supper. I had not played more than ten or twelve minutes, when suddenly the two folding doors of the room were thrown open, and the infanta appeared; this was like a clap of thunder to me. The infanta, with a great deal of grace told us, that we had been *betrayed,* and that she hoped I would not prevent her from profiting by my complaisance for Madame de Flavigny. I made a brief excuse, and thinking that the best thing I could do was to play on the harp as much as she wished, I made the sacrifice with a good grace, appearing only to be occupied with the wish

of pleasing her. Her gratitude was extreme. The next day she spoke of nothing but my harp, and said that her head was so full of it, that in writing to the empress her mother, a whole page of her letter was devoted to my performance.

To conclude the history of the courts of the queen's* sisters, I have broken the thread of my journey, for from Naples we returned to Rome, where we passed a fortnight more. The cardinal on our departure paid a piece of attention to the princess, which threatened to cost us dear: he had caused new wheels to be put to our carriage. These wheels not being proportioned to the carriage, it was impossible to drive quickly over the finest road in the world without overturning—an accident which happened to us at a quarter of a league from Rome; the coach fell towards the Duchess of Chartres's side, and as I believed her to be more than five months gone with child, I was afraid to fall upon her; so I threw myself on the first alarm towards the other side of the coach, broke the window and cut my head; and while they were raising the coach up, we walked on foot to seek shelter in a wretched hedge-alehouse, called La Storta, which was on the road; we sent off a courier to Rome to demand the old wheels, which the Chevalier de Bernis, escorted by a cart which carried them,

* Of France.

brought back to us. We performed all the rest of the journey with these wheels, and without any accident; they were of the manufacture of Simon, so famous in this branch of business. We returned into France by Turin. We remained at that court eight or ten days; where we saw again with great interest Madame Clotilde, the wife of the Prince of Piedmont; that princess, endowed with all the virtues, was united to a prince worthy of her, by his piety, his beneficence, and his exemplary life. We passed Mount Cenis, which at that time was covered with flowers, intersected by cascades and torrents; it is impossible to give any idea of this enchanting view; at that time no one could cross this mountain but in a sedan-chair carried by men, and the road, difficult and dangerous as it was, immortalized the king who had commanded its construction. We read the inscription, which it bore, that this prince "had opened this free road of commerce to the nations." In this respect, we owe much greater praise to Napoleon, who has converted this very passage into a real and superb road, which may be passed in a carriage. I have not mentioned Florence, where the court was not, nor several other towns in which we passed some time; but as an amateur of music, I owe a separate article to Italian operas. A singular chance enabled us to see in this way an extraordinary exhibition: there lived in the little town of Forli a private individual

very rich and passionately fond of music, who had erected at his own expense a vast theatre of wood, and who determined to profit by the summer season, when all the great musical performers are at liberty and on their excursions, to assemble them at Forli, and to make them act operas. Not only the actors were the most famous of the day, but the orchestra was composed of all the great musicians of Italy; such a novelty had attracted so large a number of strangers, that the town was surrounded with tents on purpose to accommodate a part of them. We arrived the evening before one of these performances; we had much trouble in securing a miserable lodging, which was given up to us, and we remained to see the representation, as the master of the entertainment had allowed the princess to occupy his box. *Artaxerxes* was the opera. The celebrated Pacherotti played and sung the principal parts divinely; he was then twenty-five, and had a charming face. I never saw any thing so perfect as this performance; as many of the airs were *encored* it lasted till midnight. We were present at another representation of this admirable performance, at which there was delightfully performed a very fine ballet pantomime by Novère. The subject was Orpheus and Eurydice. We had seen several fine operas at the Duke of Modena's, but the execution was very inferior to that of Forli. In Italy we saw for the first time horses on

the stage, and priests and monks in the theatre at Rome, but the women's parts were played by that sort of singers who are victims of the cupidity of their parents and the rage for music. The divine beauty of these voices is incomparable; still it is inconceivable that, in a Christian country, the operation which produces them should be tolerated.

On our arrival in France, we passed by Lyons, where we stopped to see the manufactories. We went to Châlons, where we slept at the house of Madame de Rully's mother. We there saw an extraordinary thing; we dined at this house with an abbess of canonesses, (who had taken the vows,) who had been married, and had children. Being a widow, and having had the misfortune to kill a gamekeeper involuntarily in hunting, she had made herself a canoness. There was at the same dinner-party, a priest of the family of Tressan, who, in his youth had served in the army, and merited the cross of Saint Louis, which he wore; he had been married, and his two children were present at the dinner.

All our letters from Paris assured us that the princess would be exiled on her return, for having undertaken this journey without permission. I was so fond of Italy, that I should have been charmed to suffer a little persecution for its sake; but no exile

took place. We went immediately to court. The Duchess of Orleans was received very coldly, but all the royal displeasure was confined to this; and in a very short time after nothing was said about our frolic. In the course of a month I had an inflammatory fever, caused by the little precaution I had used against the burning sun of Italy. I was bled, however, and soon recovered.

The cruize of the Duke of Chartres lasted two months, when he returned with the unanimous approbation of the public. The Duke of Chartres made another cruize, in which there was some fighting; he conducted himself with the greatest courage. On his return, the Duchess of Chartres went as far as Mortagne to meet him. I accompanied her, as did the Marchioness de Fleury, and this journey was in fact a triumph. No words can give an idea of the enthusiasm with which the prince was hailed on his road, and this lasted even on his arrival at Paris. The same feeling manifested itself at the theatres in a most passionate manner; but this triumph was speedily sullied by envy and calumny; and these brilliant days ended by sullying the whole of his future existence. At this lofty moment his soul was awakened—it unfolded itself to every generous and elevated sentiment; but the envy, the calumny, and the injustice of the world sickened, and wounded him

deeply. He felt that glory required encouragement and happiness, and the want of these led him to disdain and renounce it. This fatal disappointment had the most melancholy influence on his disposition and his destiny! If the public had been just towards him he never would have stained a name and a renown so dear to France. Madame de Montesson in this affair behaved with great perfidy towards him; he could not help knowing it, but he forgave her most generously at the death of his father.

I return to my narrative, which I dropped at our return from Italy. The Duchess of Chartres was not with child, as I had supposed in Italy, but she became so immediately after the return of the Duke of Chartres. She had already two sons; the eldest was called the Duke of Valois. I had in vain represented to her that the name was unfortunate; my superstition did not prevent her from giving him that name. I suggested the pretty name of Nemours, but this was rejected. I trust that the misfortunes of the public have exhausted all his: he possesses all that can render a man solidly happy, in a virtuous family.

I forgot to mention an excursion we made to the waters of Forges. I shall here repair that omission, and at the same time relate a trait of

superstition, to which the most singular concurrence of circumstances gave all the appearance of a miracle. Two or three days before my departure for Forges, the Countess of Mérode, who was not yet a widow, and whose husband was in perfectly good health, wrote to me to beg that I would go and consult a celebrated conjuror at Paris relative to her destiny. This person, so celebrated at Brussels, (but of whose very existence we were ignorant at Paris,) was called *L'Eveillé*, and lived in the Fauxbourg Saint Marceau. As I have an equal contempt and aversion for conjurors, I was by no means tempted to fulfil this commission; but in order not to disoblige my friend I adopted a plan, which appeared to me a pleasant one. I wrote to her that I had been to the celebrated L'Eveillé, to present her horoscope, and that I forwarded her his reply, which was expressed in these words:—"The person who desires to know her destiny must cause a ring of lead to be made, which she will wear for three days on the little finger of the left hand; she will then put the said ring into a glass of clear water, which she will expose three nights to the moonlight, and at the end of that time she will have a prophetic dream, which will announce to her her future fate." I sent off this splendid performance, which looked

very oracular; and the whole was punctually executed. The next day after the ring was taken out of the water Madame de Mérode had a dream, in which she saw herself in deep mourning, in a large room hung with grey. As she looked upon the melancholy show, she suddenly saw a door open, and the Count de Lannoy appear, who came to throw himself at her feet to solicit her pardon; she had not spoken to him for two years!. . . .At this moment she awoke. The same day she wrote me an account of her dream, which I showed to five or six persons who had seen *my magical orders*. It is easy to conceive how the imagination, once raised, may have produced this dream; but what is most marvellous in the story is, that eight days after, M. de Mérode, who was then in perfect health, went to hunt, got heated, and while in that state drank cold water, which brought on a fluxion of the chest, of which he died the seventh day. When I afterwards saw Madame de Lannoy re-married, and talking to me in private with admiration of the miraculous prediction of L'Eveillé, I was strongly tempted to declare the truth to her; but I saw that it would evidently be useless to try to convince her of the fact. I have always reproached myself with this piece of pleasantry; my intention was to have opened her eyes to the folly

of superstition, and instead of this, I confirmed her in that very folly.

Our journey to Forges took place before the birth of M. de Valois. We there saw Madame de Damas, the mother of Madame de Simiane; she was no longer young; she was then thirty-seven or thirty-eight years of age, but she had preserved all the gaiety of her youth. As both of us were extremely frank, we conceived a strong friendship for each other, and this friendship lasted in all its force during our residence at Forges; but it ceased, without any quarrel, at Paris, and then only because our society was different. It was at Forges that I found the subject of my *Solitaires de Normandie*, which met with so much success both in the Veillées du Château and on the stage; for on that anecdote was founded a vaudeville, which was repeated a prodigious number of times. As we were riding through the forest in an open carriage, we saw a hut so low, that an infant five years old could scarcely stand upright in it; and to our great astonishment, we soon after saw a woman crawl out of it on her knees, followed by several little children. The Duchess of Chartres made the carriage stop, and questioned the woman, who told us that in the hut lay her husband, who was paralytic, and that this was their dwelling.

We asked why the hut was built so low? She replied that her husband, who was not then paralytic, had built it so, along with her, in order not to fatigue their arms by raising them higher, and because they never considered that it would be impossible to stand upright in it. All her answers were equally simple; they lived on wild fruits, brown bread, and potatoes, which they received from the abbey of Bolbec, near the spot, where the wife went for these things every Sunday. I crawled into the hut on my knees, where I saw the husband lying on a bed of leaves. The piety, patience, and goodnature of this couple equalled their simplicity; their children, who were almost naked, were handsome and healthy. The princess gave the woman a louis; she looked at it and said that she was not acquainted with that sort of money, and that she would rather have a sou. The Duchess of Chartres immediately promised to cause a house to be built for them, and charged me with the execution of that charitable action. I begged her to allow me to clothe, from my own purse, the woman and the children, whom I sent for to Forges; from that day they were clothed, fed, and lodged at our expense, and I placed the husband in the hands of the physician of the place. In the mean time their house was built; when it was finished

all the workmen unanimously refused any kind of payment, not one of them would take a farthing; this action of theirs is above all praise. This took place eighteen years before the revolution. We furnished the house and planted the garden beautifully; we gave them eight fowls, a goat, and a sheep, and we saw them lodged in their new habitation the evening before our departure. What pleased the woman most was to find in a cupboard all kinds of house linen, and an enormous provision of lint for spinning. Up to the revolution these honest people sent every year a sheep to their benefactress.

I now resume my narrative. I recommenced my little performances with the same success as ever; my children played again in the old pieces, and in one or two new ones.

An adventure which made a great noise happened to me about the same time. One evening Mademoiselle Victoire, my servant, who had a great deal of courage, came to me in great emotion, and told me that a tall gentleman, about fifty-six years old, decorated with the cross of St. Louis, begged me to allow him an audience of five minutes; that she had refused, and upon this he had confessed to her that he would be arrested and put in prison if he did not find an asylum for a

few days in the Palais Royal. This story seemed to me strange, yet it touched me, and I determined on seeing this unknown person in the presence of my maid. This gentleman turned out to be the Chevalier de Queissat, the eldest of the brothers: he entered, and his noble aspect touched me deeply: he related to me in a few words his unfortunate affair with Damade, a merchant of Bordeaux. It must be allowed that the military in the country towns were at this period excessively insolent towards the merchants, which was not the case under the military and victorious government which we have seen; the reason of this was that all the military were, or pretended to be, *gentlemen by birth*, and affected the utmost contempt for the low birth of the merchants, who, on their side, proud of their riches, displayed great disdain for the poverty of the country gentlemen and soldiers who had no fortune; but in other respects these gentlemen were obliging and affable to the lower orders in the towns where they were garrisoned, and were in general much loved and esteemed. Besides, in the affair of Messieurs de Queissat, which every body knows, (it having been publicly heard before the parliament,) the Chevalier de Queissat the elder, whom I have mentioned, was not at all to blame, and yet, by a crying piece

of injustice, he was condemned along with his brothers. The following is the case, in a few words. Monsieur Damade, a merchant, was passing through the street in which the Messieurs de Queissat lived; two of the brothers were standing at the door. M. Damade, who had long hated them, said something very abusive as he passed, and a long dispute ensued. One of the brothers ran into the house, fetched a pistol, fired at M. Damade, and broke his arm: this unworthy action is inexcusable, but it was but the crime of one. The people assembled in crowds, and the Chevalier de Queissat, who had not yet appeared, hearing a noise, came out, made his brothers go into the house, and shut the door. This is all the share he had in this disturbance, as every body allows; besides he had served as a soldier with the highest honour to himself, and had even performed several distinguished actions; his conduct was irreproachable, and he was generally esteemed. I could only offer him the half of one of my servants' rooms, where he lay concealed two days and two nights; he then went out in the night to conceal himself in the house of a friend, where he remained till sentence was passed. He had chosen for an advocate the honourable and virtuous Gerbier, who came to my house to relate the whole

affair to me; he wrote out a memorial, which he read to me as it was finished. I charged myself with soliciting the judges, which I did with all possible zeal; but as soon as the procedure was commenced, the three brothers were imprisoned at Fort l'Evêque, and obliged to remain there until the decision of the process.

I went to visit them from time to time in prison, and to carry them pastry and sweetmeats; all my interest was directed towards the eldest, who deserved it in every respect. In one of these visits I met in the prison with Messieurs de Queissat, a young man afterwards justly celebrated—M. de Garat. As he belonged to the same part of the country, and knew the family personally, he took a lively interest in their fate; and he paid me many compliments on what I did for them. His face was mild and intelligent, and left on my memory an agreeable impression of his person and conversation; and a short time afterwards I read with singular pleasure his first *éloge*, which was I think that of the *Chancellor de l' Hôpital*. This discourse met with great applause, and deserved it.

Messieurs de Queissat, while in prison, paid me so graceful a piece of attention, that I cannot omit the mention of it: they learned, I do not know how, that my Christian name was Felicité; and

they conceived the singular idea of learning to make flowers on purpose to present me a bouquet. In fact, two months after, the tenth of July, they gave me a large and superb bouquet, which I was much affected at receiving, when I reflected that the hands of warriors had not disdained to be employed so many hours in so frivolous a work.

After much time was past, and many solicitations employed, Messieurs de Queissat were sentenced, all the three, to pay in the shape of damages to M. Damade, the sum of seventy-five thousand francs, or to remain in prison for the rest of their lives. As neither of them possessed any thing but a very small property, of which three-quarters were consumed, and as they would have been unable to make up among them all even ten thousand francs, perpetual imprisonment seemed inevitable. We appealed to the council. Gerbier, who was very unwell, and much fatigued at this moment, made me write almost the whole of the memorial, with which he was so much pleased, that he said I understood the affair as well as an advocate. Nevertheless, in spite of my *eloquent* memorial, the decision of the parliament was confirmed by the council, and consequently the cause was lost without farther appeal. My distress was extreme, for I had become sincerely attached to the Chevalier de

Queissat. I had received a few days previous a letter, in the name of the town of Castillon, where the chevalier was born. This letter, which was signed by more than two hundred persons, thanked me in the most honourable terms for the lively interest in the Chevalier de Queissat, of which I had given so many proofs for the last five months. Gerbier, who had the most generous heart in the world, was in the deepest affliction; he suddenly conceived an idea, which he instantly communicated to me. He had been present at several representations of my little pieces, and had been charmed by them; and he proposed to me to print these pieces, announcing in the newspapers that the profits were for the benefit of Messieurs de Queissat, and to form part of the sum they had been condemned to pay. For this purpose I had to ask the permission of M. de Genlis, which he gave me; he even undertook the editorship of the work, which was printed by M. Panckoucke. All the pieces I had written up to this time, when collected, formed a large volume in octavo. A great number of impressions were taken off; and though I did not give away a single copy, the whole were sold in five or six days. The money was deposited as it was received with the notary of M. Gerbier. The royal family honoured the publication of the

work with a munificence which it has always exemplified in the case of all actions which had a benevolent tendency.

The Duke and Duchess of Chartres gave a hundred louis for two copies, and the Prince of Condé gave fifty louis for his; the Baron de Vioménil paid three hundred francs for his copy. No officer paid merely the regular price. I cannot overlook a Russian, called the Count de Jardini, with whom I was quite unacquainted, but who came to see me on this subject, and paid me three thousand francs for a copy. After having thanked him with all my heart, I sent him to M. Gerbier's notary, to whom he immediately paid that sum. In short, after all expenses were paid, which by the way amounted to eleven thousand francs, the clear profits were forty-six thousand. Upon this M. Gerbier negociated with M. Damade, who consented to receive that sum, and gave an agreement to that effect, which restored to the Messieurs de Queissat their liberty. All this affair, the process, the judgment, the appeal, and the printing of my work, together with the arrangement with M. Damade, lasted more than eighteen months.

During this time, the following is a narrative of what passed at the Palais Royal, and the changes which took place in my situation. The

Duchess of Chartres was brought to bed of female twins. It had long been agreed on between us, that if she had a daughter, I should be her governess, and that instead of undertaking the charge of her at the age of fourteen or fifteen, I should educate her from the cradle. Up to this period, the princesses of the blood had been educated in their infancy only by an under-governess. I did not wish to lose a time so precious in the education of a child, for first impressions form the basis of all the good that can be done in the end. I was also determined not to bring up the princess at the Palais Royal, but to place myself in a convent along with her. This sacrifice was a great one at my age. I was so much attached to the Duke and Duchess of Chartres; I was so much disgusted with the world, that is to say, with the Palais Royal, where I had experienced so much injustice, ingratitude, and wickedness, and I had so great a taste for the culture of the arts and sciences, that this resolution cost me nothing. All these projects were secrets between the Duchess of Chartres and myself. Our separation occasioned her much pain, but she felt all the advantages of it. She determined to come and pass with me a part of every day. She was very desirous of having a daughter, and she confessed to me that

she had prayed for one in all the churches in Italy; so that her joy was extreme when she was confined with these two little princesses. I was very uneasy about them for the first few days of their existence, as they were very weakly. There was a singular appearance about them: they were both born with the feet black, as if bruised, and smelling very ill; this lasted several days, but by degrees this appearance of putrefaction wore off. They were intrusted to the care of Madame de Rochambeau, and they remained at the Palais Royal till the time when I was to take charge of them, without its being known publicly that I was to do so. During this time the pavilion of Belle Chasse was building. I fulfilled my duties as usual, and received company at my apartments every Saturday. Once a fortnight I had a concert, to which several amateurs came to play or sing; amongst others M. d'Adhémar. He was much in fashion, and in high favour at court. He had passed all his early youth in the country, where he had met with great success in society, which had given him an air of provincial coxcombry, of which he never could divest himself. He had an agreeable face, with a great confidence in his wit, which was very middling; and in his talents, which were all very ordinary. I have never been able to conceive how

he came to succeed at court. He sung, accompanying himself on the harp. The Marchioness of Bethizy and her husband came also to my concerts. Madame de Bethizy had a fine voice; M. de Bethizy was amiable, witty, and gay, and danced perfectly well. This husband and wife, who were both endowed with every social quality, lived together in a union which was cited as a model. I also saw frequently the Princess of Craon, whose frankness and natural manners particularly pleased me. I still saw very frequently my old friends, Mesdames d'Harville and de Jumilhac, the Marchioness of Fleury and my cousins, or rather those of M. de Genlis, Mesdames de Crussol and de Faudoas. The Count de Custines, M. de Monville, the Chevalier de Chastellux and the Count d'Albaret, M. Donnézan, the Chevaliers de Durfort and de Bouffleurs, the Viscount de la Tour du Pin, and the Count de Schomberg, came constantly to my house. I have never had any thing to complain of in any of these persons, except in Mesdames de Jumilhac and de Craon, who since the Revolution, without either pretext or reason, have ceased to visit me. When I published my first volume of the *Théatre d'Education*,—that volume which gave liberty to Messieurs de Queis-

sat, there was every where felt for me a sort of general enthusiasm. Letters and verses multiplied upon me. An infinite number of persons sought my acquaintance, and among others M. de la Harpe. All the journalists without exception praised my work excessively, and without any mixture of severity. The work was immediately translated into all the European languages. The Empress of Russia had a version of it made with the Russian text opposite the French. Yet I had never offered the book to her; nor have I ever presented my works to princes, unless they have thought proper to demand them. The Electress of Saxony did me the honour to write to *demand my friendship*—these were her very words. Her letter was signed *your friend Amelia*. When I went to pay my court at Versailles, the queen and all the princesses said obliging things to me on my work. In short, no one ever entered on a literary career with more glory and honour. At this brilliant period I went to Saint Cloud, where my aunt and the Duke of Orleans then were, and was very ill received. My aunt, in spite of her natural dissimulation, could not conceal her vexation; she pretended to talk to me of my *success*, but it was in a tone of irony and spite which was visible to every

one. The Chevalier de Chastellux, who was present on this occasion, was indignant at the exhibition.

I now went daily to pass an hour in the apartment of the little princesses, whom I already loved passionately. I cultivated my understanding, my memory, and my talents, with new ardour, when I reflected that all these things would be useful to them as well as to my own daughters. At last the moment came that I was to separate myself from the world and enter into a convent; I was then thirty-one, (1777,) my health was excellent, and with the face I possessed I might easily have given myself a few years less. For a year back I had not worn rouge; it is singular that though I had always possessed religious sentiments, all the sacrifices *of a devotee* which I have made have not been inspired by religion, and this is a reflection which afflicts me. The following is the manner in which I left off wearing rouge at thirty years of age. When at Villers Coterets in my youth, at the age of twenty-one or twenty-two, the conversation turned upon old women who wore rouge, and they were ridiculed; I said I could not conceive how the giving up of rouge was a sacrifice, and every one appeared to think I did not mean what I said; I was piqued, and said that as for

me, I was determined to leave off rouge at thirty. Every one exclaimed at this, and especially the Duke of Chartres; when I offered to bet a *discretion** that I should renounce rouge on the 25th of January 1776, and I kept my word. This singular wager was not forgotten, because it was spoken of several times in the space of ten years. A fortnight before I attained my thirtieth year I told the Duke of Chartres that I begged him to remember my *discretion*, and on the 25th of January I found in my cabinet a doll as large as life, sitting at my desk, with a pen in its hand, and a head-dress of millions of quills; on one side of my desk was a ream of superb writing paper, and on the other thirty-two blank octavo books, bound in green morocco, and twenty-four very small ones in red; at the feet of the doll lay a portfolio filled with note papers, cover of letters, sealing wax, gold and silver powder, a penknife, scissors, rule, compass, &c. &c. This present delighted me; I have never worn rouge since.

I must here do honour to the beneficence of the Baron de Vioménil; he interested himself deeply for the Chevalier de Queissat, and as on leaving

* A *discretion* is a bet in which neither party names the kind of thing he wagers, nor the amount of the bet. (*Translator.*)

prison he and his brothers were unemployed, he placed them according to their rank in his regiment, which was in Corsica, and gave twelve thousand francs to defray their journey and equipment; and he had the kindness to charge me with announcing this news to them when I went to deliver them from prison. But I made M. Gerbier a partner in my pleasure, as in all the affair he had a great deal more to do than I, who merely consented to the printing of the volume; and when after all expenses were paid, the collection produced forty-seven thousand francs, I wished from that sum to pay M. Gerbier his fees, or at least the money he had paid out of his own pocket; but all this he refused with a generosity which was very uncommon. He may thus be regarded as the chief benefactor of Messieurs de Queissat.

The evening before I was to go to Belle Chasse, I supped at the Palais Royal; it was one of the private days. Madame de Barbantane was present, and my entrance into the convent was mentioned, when Madame de Barbantane observed that I ought to expect to experience a very deep emotion, when the grate closed upon me, and that she had experienced a like feeling at Panthemont. The Duchess of Bourbon was fifteen when she took charge of her, consequently she had only three or

four years to remain in the convent. I was much offended by the comparison, and replied that she really frightened me, for that if the impression was proportioned to the sacrifice, I should certainly faint, my princess being only eleven months old.

At last, on the very day of my entrance to Belle Chasse, I had the inexpressible pleasure of going with Gerbier to take the Messieurs de Queissat from prison, and to announce to them, at the same time, all that M. de Vioménil had done for them. I have never seen any thing so noble and touching as the gratitude of the chevalier, and the happiness of all three. They had a fourth brother, who had not interfered in this unfortunate affair, and whom I had seen very often, to charge him with commissions for them; he was present at this scene. I conducted them all to Gerbier's, from whence they went to thank the Baron de Vioménil, and I invited all the four, as well as Gerbier, to dine at Belle Chasse the same day.

I entered Belle Chasse at noon. The charming pavilion, built in the middle of the garden, was on my own plan; it communicated with the convent by a long arbour covered with wax cloth, and loaded with vines. All the house, conducted by the prioress, came to receive my little princesses at the grand gate of the convent; we conducted them

to the church, from whence we went to fix ourselves in our charming pavilion. I experienced nothing of the emotion of which Madame de Barbantane had spoken; I felt nothing but joy at entering this peaceful abode where I was to exercise an empire so sweet; I thought that there I might give myself up to my real tastes, and that I should be no longer a mark for the malignity which had caused me so many griefs! I was not very much at ease for the first few days, because curiosity attracted all the persons belonging to the Palais Royal to Belle Chasse, as well as my own acquaintance. Every one was enchanted with my establishment, which was really charming. I had in my bed-room a large alcove, of which my bed occupied only the half; there was in it a passage which led into the room of the princesses, which was beside mine, and from which I was only separated by a glass door, without either staining or curtain, so that I could see from my bed all that passed in their room. One of the rooms held, in glass cases, all my cabinet of natural history; I had brought nothing from the Palais Royal but that and my writing desk. I was the first lady who had such a desk; it was very much remarked on at first, but afterwards every lady had one. M. de Genlis, who gave it me, had

placed it in my cabinet, under a large looking glass; and my brother composed on the occasion some pretty verses, which he wrote out and had framed, and hung them up under the glass.

My apartments at the Palais Royal were still kept for me, because they were destined for my eldest daughter, to whom a place had been promised on her marriage; they were magnificently furnished, carpeted with blue damask, and beautifully striped with gilt streaks; they contained more than eighteen thousand francs worth of mirrors; I removed nothing of this. My furniture at Belle Chasse was extremely simple, because, according to the custom of the house, the furniture, when the education of the child was finished, belonged to the governess. The salary of the governess was six thousand francs; but as I took the princesses when very young, the Duke of Chartres offered me twelve thousand. I refused this, and contented myself with six thousand, not wishing to give any one an opportunity of charging me with having taken the princesses so young from motives of interest. The Duke of Chartres has been often charged with being niggardly, but unjustly; I have twice seen him pay, without grumbling, the debts of the Duchess of Chartres; and he gave her money most liberally for her

journeys to Holland and Italy, and for the education of her children. I have seen him do many generous private actions; I shall mention only three instances of this kind, though I could cite several others. The Chevalier de Barbantane, with whom he was not at all acquainted, was attached in Germany to the Duke of Deux Ponts; when this prince died the chevalier found himself without either fortune or place; the Duke of Chartres saw that I was afflicted at his situation, and of his own accord, without any solicitation on my part, he desired me to write to him to beg that he would receive from him a pension of four thousand francs; the chevalier had the delicacy to refuse this offer, as having no title to it; but as such delicacy was far from common, the Duke of Chartres certainly did not expect a refusal. I was at the Palais Royal when the Duke of Chartres had the misfortune to wound, in hunting, one of his running footmen, and without any fault of his own. The man was stooping down in a ditch, which the duke was not aware of; a partridge rose from this ditch, and the Duke of Chartres fired at the very moment when the man got up; he received the wound in his head, and though the gun was only charged with small shot, he was grievously wounded. The Duke of

Chartres in despair took him in his arms, bore him to his carriage, and carried him to one of the best surgeons in Paris; the man was cured, and even resumed his occupation, but his health was evidently ruined, and he died in eight months. The Duke of Chartres gave his widow a pension for life of fifteen hundred francs, with a reversion to her only daughter, who was twelve or thirteen years of age; but as the woman's conduct turned out very bad, he took the girl, who was very pretty, out of her hands, placed her in a convent, and paid her board, over and above the fifteen hundred francs. She remained five years at the convent; after this the Duke of Chartres gave her away in marriage, with an outfit and a dowry in ready money.

One day at the Palais Royal, the Duke of Chartres desired I would find him a good gardener for Mousseaux, who might be willing to marry a young dairy-maid. I thought instantly of Rose, the daughter of the dairy-maid of Genlis. I calculated that she must be then about eighteen; I wrote to her mother, Madame Foret, who told me that she was not married. I sent for her, brought her to Paris and placed her under Madame Adam, the most famous dairy maid there; she learnt while with her to make excellent cream cheese,

and all that belonged to her business; she remained three months with her. In the mean time I was looking out for a gardener, and found one who was very celebrated in his art; he was a German, and his name was Etickausen. Rose was pretty and perfectly virtuous, and my gardener immediately became enamoured of her; I gave her an outfit, married her to the gardener, and led her myself into church. Afterwards I had the pleasure of carrying her to Mousseaux, to a pretty little house which the Duke of Chartres had caused to be built for them in the form of an elegant dairy, completely furnished, with presses full of household linen, dishes, pans, &c. and twelve silver forks and spoons. The Duke of Chartres, on my account, gave them three thousand francs a year of wages; and Etickausen, to complete the happiness of his wife, bethought himself of a charming scheme: he made Rose's mother be brought from Genlis unknown to her, so that she found her in her house without expecting such a pleasure. I alone was in the confidence of Etickausen, who, in order to procure Rose so agreeable a surprise, did not wish the mother to be present at the marriage. He always kept this honest woman in his house, paid her all possible attention, and never parted from her but when I afterwards requested

her to come and be our dairy-maid at Saint Leu. I never passed a more agreeable morning than this in my life.

I conducted the mansion of Belle Chasse, and the education of the princesses, and the princes their brothers, with an economy so remarkable as to have been often cited. My first principle was to have an eye to every thing; to settle the accounts daily, and to know the prices of the articles, and especially the *quantities* of eatables given out every day to the cook for the various repasts. The quantities never vary; and it is in this respect that people are generally cheated, and that you are plundered when you do not pay attention to it. I therefore learnt how much vermicelli or rice was required for soup for four, eight, twelve persons, &c.; and for this it is sufficient to know what is requisite for one or two. I had made the same calculation with regard to sugar for the jellies, creams, &c. for the oil, the butter, the milk, &c. I sent secretly to the market once a week a man of whom I well knew the scrupulous and delicate honesty; he learnt the current price of all the articles, and brought me the details in writing. To save himself however from the redoubtable enmity of the cooks, he made me promise the most profound secrecy, which I so faithfully kept, that no one ever

suspected our correspondence in this way. This man, whose name was Horain, was a valet of Mademoiselle. I think it right to name him, because it is to him I owe, in a very great measure, the economy which has been so much praised at Belle Chasse, and my reputation of a *good housewife*—a kind of praise so reluctantly accorded to those women who love reading, and cultivate literature and the arts.

I enter into this minute detail, first, because it occupies so small a place in these memoirs; and second, because it is my duty to omit nothing of the kind; and as I was entrusted with the household expences, probity alone (if no higher motive) obliged me to neglect no means that might be found of conducting the establishment properly. I never charged myself with the payment of the money, a steward paid the bills when signed by me; this was another rule I established. We read with pleasure in the letters and memoirs of Madame de Maintenon, *the household maxims* which she is constantly giving to her brother and young sister-in-law, telling them what they ought to have put on their table, instructing them in the prices of various articles, &c. This attention to little things, is pleasing in a person who lived in the very highest circles; and in whom it was not a duty.

I therefore hope I shall be excused for this little digression. My second principle was to teach my pupils to entertain magnificently on all occasions, but to pay only as private persons did; and my third, not to take any articles for my own use from any of their merchants or purveyors. The Duke of Chartres was pleased with my system of economy, but he did not insist upon the practice of it; and when I proposed to him, for the advantage of my pupils, any unusual expenses, he always acceded to them not merely without opposition, but heartily and with pleasure: as for example, the purchase of all instructive games, such as palaces of architecture, which could be taken to pieces, and which cost so dear, with many other things of the same kind. He even made the purchase of the fine estate of Saint Leu, and that of the chateau of La Motte, merely to instruct his children relative to the sea, the roads, various parts of France, &c. I tried to render every thing useful to my plan of education, even to the furniture of Belle Chasse. The tapestry of the princesses' room was painted in oil, and on a blue ground were represented in rough sketches, from medals, busts of the seven kings of Rome and the emperors and empresses down to Constantine the Great. Over the doors were painted particular scenes from

the same history, and over the medallions were the dates and the names of the personages represented. Two large fire-screens represented the kings of France; the hand-screens, &c. and the tops of the dining-room doors were all covered with mythological pictures. The staircase was entirely covered with maps, which could be taken down for the lessons; the maps of the south were at the foot of the stair, and those of the north at the top. I have detailed all these things in *Adèle and Theodore;* I also had engraved in letters of gold, over the grate which closed us in, these words of Addison, taken from the Spectator; "*True happiness is of a retired nature and an enemy to pomp and noise.*"

Monsieur de Schomberg came often to see me, and brought with him D'Alembert, to whom I had naturally a dislike. His vulgar expression of face, and his shrill and sharp voice were disagreeable to me. In conversation he was bitter, full of buffoonery, burlesque, and caustic; and I only received his visits through complaisance to M. de Schomberg.

I published successively, during the first eighteen months of my residence at Belle Chasse, the other volumes of my *Theatre of Education,* of which all the journals spoke in the same terms of eulogy.

In speaking of some of the pieces taken from the sacred writings, D'Alembert, in the presence of M. de Schomberg, told me, *by way of friendship*, that he advised me not to talk about religion now, for that *it was quite out of fashion;* that I ought to employ *my fine imagination* upon subjects *entirely moral* (I was then engaged upon *Adèle and Theodore*) and that I should be sure in that case to have the most brilliant success; that he, for example, would propose to the academy to create four female members, in order to put me at their head; and that he was sure of obtaining that favour, which would cover me with glory, for the public would easily guess that the other three would not have been named, had it not been for the sake of having the right of electing me, and diminishing, in some degree, the envy which such a choice would occasion. I enquired who were to be my three comrades. He mentioned the names of Mesdames de Montesson, d'Angevilliers, and d'Houdetot. I replied, that it was impossible for me to separate religion from morality, and that I should have no kind of talent left me, if I removed such a basis of it; that not only I should continue to speak of religion, but that I would combat with all my feeble means, that false philosophy which attacks and calumniates it. He

replied with anger and scorn that I would repent of it; and added in a tone of great bitterness and irony, that *grace* might be on my side, but that *strength* was not. I replied, that we were always strong when we had reason, conscience, and perseverance on our side. The dispute became warm on both sides, in spite of all the efforts of M. de Schomberg to soften and conciliate us. D'Alembert departed in a rage with me; and from that time I never saw him again. Such was the commencement of my disputes with the philosophers.

I forgot to say, that among the numberless letters of compliments I received at the Palais Royal, on the appearance of the first volume of the *Theatre of Education*, I had one from Madame d'Epinay, with whom I was not at all acquainted. She was then a woman of fifty, very infirm, and remained constantly at home; she earnestly begged me to go and see her. Her letter was prettily written, and I determined to pay her a visit; and she received me so well, that I promised to return. M. Grimm resided in her house, and he made always a third person in our conversations. I had already seen him at Venice, and without esteeming him amiable, I was pleased with his conversation, for he had travelled a great deal, and replied readily to all my enquiries. Madame

d'Epinay could never have been pretty, and her manners were entirely destitute of elegance; there was a good deal of gossip in her conversation, but she was frank and obliging, and without pedantry; her understanding seemed to me very ordinary, and her reading very limited.* I met Madame d'Houdetot, her sister-in-law, at her house, who was a much cleverer person; I regarded her with some curiosity, because I had read in the *Confessions* of J. J. Rousseau, that he had been passionately enamoured of her; yet she squinted extremely, and her features were not handsome. She made me many advances, and gave me many invitations to visit her; she called on me, and I returned her visit at the hour when I knew I should find all her assemblage of *beaux esprits* collected in her drawing-room. I there saw for the first time M. de

* I should have judged her still more unfavourably had I then known the existence of the memoirs which have been since published under her name. I suppose the author, who was quite unprincipled, made no scruple of disguising or altering all the facts; she had some reason to complain of Duclos and Rousseau; but I am convinced she greatly exaggerated their differences with her.

We must not judge of the morals of her time by the hideous picture of them which she exhibits; Madame d'Epinay only describes a very limited circle, composed of the worst society—for her behaviour in her youth prevented her from being received into good company.—*(Note by the Author.)*

Saint Lambert; and I remained an hour and a half perfectly silent and only occupied in listening. The conversation wanted ease, for every one was occupied only with a desire to shine. It was the second *bureau d'esprit*, which I had seen, and I did not find it any more amusing than that of Madame Geoffrin: at Belle Chasse I saw a third which pleased me more. Madame du Deffant was a relative of Messieurs de Genlis; but as she had practised in her youth and in her riper years, a conduct extremely *philosophical*, Madame de Puisieux had forbidden me to visit her; this was on her part but rancour arising from forgotten scandal, which the eighty-four years of the former ought to have removed. Madame du Deffant wrote me the prettiest possible notes to request me to visit her; and at last I obtained Madame de Puisieux's permission to do so.

I had not the slightest desire to be acquainted with Madame du Deffant. I thought I should find her stiff, affected, and pedantic; and I dreaded the thought of finding myself in a circle of philosophers. I imagined, that being in such force they would speak and dissert in the emphatic tone which they assume in their writings, and I felt that I should make a strange figure in that assembly, over which a sibyl presided, who was an en-

thusiast about all such declamations, and whom it was impossible openly to contradict, doubly protected as she was by old age and misfortune. At last, I took the courageous resolution of visiting her, and the same evening I went to the house of Madame du Deffant at Saint Joseph. There was a considerable number of persons with her, among whom I was glad to recognise several of my own acquaintance. Madame du Deffant received me with open arms, and I was agreeably surprised to find in her a great deal of frankness and an air of great good nature. She was a little woman, pale, thin, and sallow, who could never have been handsome, because her head was too big, and her features too large for her person. Yet she did not appear so old as she really was. When she was not animated by conversation, an expression of melancholy and sadness was visible on her face; at the same time, there appeared on her physiognomy, and in all her person a kind of immobility which was very striking. When she was pleased with any one, she was very kind, even affectionate in her manner of receiving him. Those persons who are incapable of loving, cannot see the infinite difference which exists between good will and friendship; a taste is to them an attachment, and they fancy they love, when they only desire

to please those who amuse them in return. This error, which degrades some in their youth, gives them in advanced years all the appearances of falsehood and affectation. It is true, that such demonstrations of tenderness mean nothing of what they seem to express, but they are almost always lavished upon you all with the appearance of sincerity.

At Madame du Deffant's no one spoke of philosophy nor even of literature; the company was composed of persons of different pursuits; the *beaux esprits* were but a small number, and those who go into society are generally agreeable when they do not rule their circle. Madame du Deffant conversed agreeably, and (very differently from the idea I had formed of her) she made no pretensions to great talents, it would have been impossible to be less decided in tone. As she had thought but little, she was entirely governed by habit; but she had followed a system (without having any system) in her youth, which is said to have been *very philosophical.* The world was then so little enlightened that Madame du Deffant was for a long time, if not banished from society, at least treated with a coldness which ought to have induced her to exile herself from it. Thirty years after, when light began to dawn on the world, Madame du Deffant thought that she could justify her former

conduct by adopting the principles which led to it. Her philosophy saved her the humiliation of blushing for the past; it was agreeable to be able to look back, not only without shame and without regret, but with satisfaction and a sort of exultation; and, instead of confessing that she had behaved with great imprudence and levity to be able to boast of having been by lucky anticipation the disciple of philosophers yet to be; and it was a fine thing to have it in her power to say to all the great and celebrated moralists of the day,—What you now preach I have practised before you unfolded your plan to the universe!

As Madame du Deffant had never in the whole course of her life, *thought*, she had in point of fact no opinions; she was not even an infidel. To doubt, to hesitate, it is necessary to have at least superficially compared, and to have in some measure examined; but this was a kind of trouble she had never given herself. She described herself admirably, when she said that she suffered her mind to float in the void. This is a melancholy situation at any age, but far more so at eighty! .... This indolence of mind, and this recklessness gave her in conversation all the graces of mildness. She never disputed; and she was so little wedded to the sentiment she put forth, that she seemed to

support it merely in a fit of absence. It was almost impossible to contradict her: she either did not listen, or appeared to yield, and then hastened to change the subject. She made me promise to return to see her at the hour when she was always alone and finishing her toilette after getting up, that is to say, at three or four in the afternoon; for she had been long unable to sleep at nights. Some one read to her all night, and she did not close her eyes till day-break. I returned to her house two days after, and found her in her arm-chair, with a valet-de-chambre seated beside her, who was reading a romance aloud to her. The book wearied her, and she appeared to be glad of my visit; I remained two or three hours with her, listening to her almost constantly. She spoke to me of old times, of the court, of the Duchess of Maine, of Chaulien, of the Marquis de la Fare, of the ingenious Lamothe, and of Madame de Stael, whose vivacity I so much admire, and promised some other time to shew me several little manuscripts, and many letters from the Empress of Russia. Madame du Deffant, by means of a small and very simple machine, wrote extremely well, and contrived to do without a secretary; her handwriting was heavy but very legible. The following days, she made her valet-de-chambre read to me se-

veral little pieces of her composition, chiefly allegories and portraits, in the taste of the last century among the clever persons who mingled in society. These portraits being all done with the intention of pleasing and flattering, were sufficiently insipid; the prettiest Madame du Deffant made, is that of Madame de Mirépoix, which has also been executed in a very agreeable manner, but in verse by the President Hénault. I felt much more curiosity to read the empress's letters, but they only contained allusions and pleasantries of society, the greater part referring to M. Grimm. In order to make me understand them, Madame du Deffant was obliged to stop the reader every moment, to explain the things the empress referred to. These letters were quite surprising, from their length and their extreme frivolity; it would be curious to contrast them with those which the same empress wrote to M. de Buffon, which display so much intellect and such extensive knowledge.

I had been told that Madame du Deffant was malignant—a thing, which I have never observed in her; she was not even given to scandal. There was in her character so much weakness, thoughtlessness and levity, that no lively sentiment could agitate her long; she was as incapable of hating as of loving. She had quarrelled with D'Alem-

bert, but when talking to me of her disputes with him, she alluded to them without any bitterness or resentment; it was a simple narrative, and not a complaint. Her heart had grown old, *philosophy* had altogether withered it, but her understanding had not ripened; that was younger than it ought to have been at the age of twenty-five. She had all her life feared to reflect: this fear which had grown into terror, gave her a decided aversion to every thing that was solid; she was overwhelmed with vapours, and an invincible melancholy, and she mortally dreaded all serious conversation; she even repulsed with coldness any attempt to introduce it, and in order to please her you could speak only on trifles. All that looked like seriousness, she dreaded; and it was an extraordinary thing to see a person of that age, infirm, suffering, and melancholy, exacting from others an eternal gaiety, which she seemed never to partake. The loss of her eye-sight did not at all affect her; she told me she was better pleased to be blind than to be afflicted with a painful rheumatism. When she lost her sight, it was without any violent chagrin, for she entertained for five years the hope of recovering it; and when she had consulted all the quacks in town, and vainly employed all their remedies, she easily made up her mind to her con-

dition, and seemed to bear it with perfect resignation. It was not this which afflicted her; but she drove away all the painful ideas of the future, which age and sufferings bring in their train. One day I ventured to talk to her of the religious death of the President Hénault. She interrupted me in an ironical tone, and said with a forced smile,—"Is that a sermon you are preparing for me?" I began to laugh, assuring her that I loved much better to listen to her than to preach. Though she had no religion she was not an infidel, and in spite of all the strength of long habit, she was not a *philosopher*. Her kind of life, like that of many others, sprung from her acquaintances; it is easy to imagine, that if she had lived with religious persons, she would have been a saint; and her last days, which were consumed by ennui, and poisoned by fears, would have glided away in gentle and peaceful serenity.

M. de la Harpe, who had visited me during the latter part of my residence at the Palais Royal, came also assiduously to Belle Chasse. His air was full of pride, and his manner of pedantry, but I never found either of these defects in his conversation. When he was at his ease, he was even gay, and ridiculed all affectation in an agreeable manner. He became so passionately attached to

me that I was obliged seriously to restrain his enthusiasm. The same thing had happened to me with M. de Sauvigny; after fourteen years of acquaintance and friendship, I was forced to break with him irrevocably, eighteen months before quitting the Palais Royal. Matters did not go quite so far with M. de la Harpe; I was much less surprised at his declaration, because I knew the extent of his conceit and his pretensions. The affair turned out in a romantic manner, and in the *grand style*. M. de la Harpe wrote to me that he was about to make a journey to cure himself, as he said, *of an unhappy passion*. He went to Lyons, where he had apparently some business; from thence he wrote me several sentimental letters, as well as some charming verses on melancholy, which, he said, admirably described the state of his affections and his heart. These verses commenced thus:

"Mes maux et mes plaisirs ne sont connus que d'elle."

But as there was always some coxcombry in all that he did, these verses ended by a thought which expressed a *hope;* upon this I replied that I hoped that the desire which turned

"Vers un bonheur lointain qui toujours semble fuir,"

only referred to friendship. He returned from Lyons pretty reasonable, and our acquaintance subsisted up to the publication of *Adèle and Theodore*. He continued to write me pretty verses. The most agreeable of them are the lines which he addressed to me on sending me a small edition of the *Maxims* of Rochefoucault, and some others on two little pictures which I had painted, representing *Abeone and Adeone*, the goddesses who presided over the departure and return of travellers.

ON THE DEPARTURE.

Ah! dans un long adieu dont la douleur s'irrite,
Le cœur s'échappe en vain vers l'objet que l'on quitte ;
On s'éloigne à pas lents, les bras en vain tendus,
Et l'œil le suit encor quand on ne le voit plus.

ON THE RETURN.

O bonheur, il revient! le retour a des ailes!
Quel plaisir de conter les souvenirs fidèles!
Que de pleurs! ce moment va donc les essuyer!
Que d'ennuis! ce moment les fait tous oublier!

He also wrote some charming lines for two other figures (Truth and Virtue) drawn by my daughters. These lines ended thus.

Et cette double image, à tous les cœurs si chère,
N'est parfaite qu'en vos écrits.

I have quoted these pretty lines in several of my writings.

M. de la Harpe wrote also at Bercey some agreeable verses for my birth-day. M. de Genlis had given my mother my bust in marble, and M. de la Harpe praised extremely the verses of M. de Sauvigny which were inscribed beneath the bust. M. de la Harpe added this inscription :—

"She possesses all the charm of small things, and all the sublimity of great ones."

I only refer to these details here, because it is curious to see how easily people pass from such an excess of exaggerated admiration and eulogy to an excess of detraction.

I saw moreover at Belle Chasse, in the beginning of my stay there, two men of letters whom I sincerely esteemed, and of whom I have never had to complain. These were M. Gaillard, the justly celebrated historian, and the Abbé de Vauxelles :* the latter is well known by several elegantly written discourses, and by an agreeable *eloge* of Madame de Sévigné; he had the manners of a gentleman, the purest sentiments, and was very agreeable in conversation. On my return to France I found him the same as he had always

* Preacher to the King.—*(Note by the Editor.)*

been to me; but I had the misfortune to lose him two years afterwards. M. Gaillard was established at Chantilly when I returned from my exile. I learned with joy that he was sincerely converted; he died a few months after my return. His philosophy had been always very mild and moderate; he was even indignant at the impieties of Voltaire; and though there are many reprehensible passages in his writings, it is easy to see that he always respected religion, and his extreme love of truth obliged him to acknowledge that there was something miraculous in the history of Joan of Arc. This history is one of the finest pieces on the rivalry between France and England. He there ingenuously avows that all his historical researches have tended to convince him that there was something supernatural in the life and the exploits of that heroic girl. The philosophers never pardoned this avowal. As for M. de la Harpe, I was not at all surprised at his conversion, which I had predicted to him; he had adopted philosophism only to flatter Voltaire, to get a seat in the Academy, and to avoid having for his enemies all the powerful names in literature. He has confessed to me a thousand times that religion appeared to him a divine thing. He never attacked it but with moderation, and his understanding was too good not

to return to a belief of it. I frequently saw M. de Rulhières, who in my opinion was never any thing but a middling poet, and an unfaithful and superficial historian, but who had the manners of a gentleman, and in society was piquant and amiable. His disposition has been very much calumniated; he was satirical and fond of scandal, but he had many excellent qualities, his secrecy in society was inviolable, and he was constant in his friendships. In spite of his philosophism, he declared openly for *Adèle and Theodore,* when that work appeared, and defended it warmly against the numerous enemies which it raised up against me.

About this time also I saw M. de Monthion, Chancellor to Monsieur, Count d'Artois, a man of great abilities, and of the most amiable disposition. He is still living at the moment I am writing, and his conversation, his reading, and his prodigious memory make him certainly one of the most interesting old men of the age.*

I led a delicious life at Belle Chasse. I was relieved by virtue of my place from the mortal ennui of paying visits; the only ones I made were to Madame de Puisieux; these visits were short and

* This was written about the end of 1820: he died a few months after.—*(Note by the Author.)*

rare, because she came very often to see me in the evenings from eight o'clock till ten, the hour when our grate was closed. The grate could only be opened by one of the nuns; we had two who were charged with this duty weekly, and who lived in a small room built for them at the foot of our inner staircase. Men might come into our pavilion —this was a right reserved to the princes of the blood; but they could not enter the garden, and as I have mentioned, they were obliged to leave the pavilion at ten o'clock at the very latest. When any one wished to come in, he rung at the grate, and the nuns, putting down their veils, went to open the door; besides this precaution we had a little tower built beside the grate, in which were laid our letters, our packets, and the dishes for our meals; a bell, communicating with our antichambers, gave a signal to the valets to go and fetch these various articles. The valets, footmen, and domestics remained all day in our antichambers, but they left this part of the house at ten o'clock, to retire to their own rooms, which were situated (as were the offices and kitchens,) in the outer corridor. We had also a parlour, where our women, and where sometimes I myself, received persons on business. In this way, no person of the other sex slept in our pavilion, and

the nuns, in going away, carried off the keys of our grate. If after ten there was any commission to be executed, we rung for the servants, who received their orders from the parlour, and who had the keys of the door leading into the street. If a physician had been required, we could have sent one of our female servants to call up one of the nuns, while the valet was gone to fetch him.

I received every Saturday, all the persons of my acquaintance from six o'clock to half-past nine, and every evening all my intimate friends from eight till ten. M. de Genlis, my brother, my sisters-in-law, the Duke and Duchess of Chartres, and three or four other persons formed that list. The Duke of Penthièvre came five or six times a year to see his grand-daughters; and as soon as they attained an age when they could amuse themselves with playthings, he sent them charming ones. The Duke of Orleans, and Madame de Montesson never entered Belle Chasse, and the Duke of Orleans never once sent a new year's gift to his grand-children. I never visited Madame de Montesson but on the first of the year, when I carried my two daughters with me; our visit was very short, for we were always received with great coldness.

The happiest years of my life were those I passed

at the châteaux of Saint Aubin, of Genlis, and of Sillery, and at Belle Chasse. Those have nothing to complain of in their lot, who can count in their existence more than twenty-five years of happiness. I had obtained permission to have my mother and children with me at Belle Chasse; and the inexpressible satisfaction of attending to my mother's comforts, and preventing even her wishes, was my sweetest occupation. I may here boast of an instance of filial respect, because I may venture to hope that it will prove advantageous to more than one young person. My mother was a woman of superior talent; she was good, full of feeling, and generous; she loved me; her conversation was delightful, but she had a great inequality of humour, and suffered herself to be entirely governed by a waiting-maid, who had lived with her upwards of twenty-two years: this woman, whose name was Madame Dufresne, was artful, false, ill-tempered and malignant to the last degree. My mother thought her an angel, because with her she was flattering, insinuating, and full of attentions. I had given all the servants to understand that I would listen to no complaints against Madame Dufresne, and that I would always support her against the other domestics. The consequence of this arrangement was, that in spite of her ill-natured disposi-

tion, she caused no disputes in the house during the whole time that I was at Belle Chasse, because the servants, who had a great interest in pleasing her, paid her great court, overlooked her tattling and imperious humour, and lived on very good terms with her. In other respects, she was useful to the establishment, and perfectly trust-worthy. To dispose her in my favour, I was continually making her presents; but notwithstanding all my endeavours, I could not avoid falling under her displeasure. There was at Belle Chasse a canoness of twenty-seven or twenty-eight years of age, who was boarded there; her name was the Countess Depin; she was equally charming in point of understanding and face, and I was very intimate with her. Unfortunately she had a dog, which was perpetually fighting with that belonging to Madame Dufresne, and the latter [illegible]ened to be beaten. Madame Dufresne, enraged [illegible]t this, said many severe things to Madame Depin. I took the part of my friend, and Madame Dufresne conceived so violent a rancour against me on this account, that she made bitter complaints against me to my mother, who made me be called, and told me that if I did not immediately make excuses to Madame Dufresne she would quit Belle Chasse; I only replied that I would obey her. I accordingly went,

accompanied by my two daughters, the eldest of whom was thirteen. I told them what my mother exacted of me, and taking them by the hand, I carried them into Madame Dufresne's room, to whom I made my excuses in the frankest manner, and without the least shadow of irony. I even articulated the word *pardon;* I kissed her cordially, and left her, charmed at having had an opportunity of giving my daughters an example of filial obedience. To seal the reconciliation, I gave Madame Dufresne next day a handsome silver cup; she was extremely well satisfied with my behaviour, and my mother thanked me for it in the most touching manner. After that time we always lived on the best terms together.

To avoid all useless expenses, I had determined that none of my friends should dine at Belle Chasse, excepting my husband, my brother, and my two sisters-in-law; but even these dined there very rarely.

The extreme beauty of my eldest daughter, her talents, which were surprising for her age, and her charming disposition, my place as lady of honour, which remained vacant for her, and, finally, a regiment, which was promised to the person whom she should marry, caused her hand to be sought by a great number of persons. I had

no inclination to marry her so young, and I was anxious to complete her education; she was already a good musician, and played in a surprising manner on the harpsichord, and at least as well on the harp, which I had taught her, with the method I invented of exercising the two hands separately, upon passages containing all the difficulties of the instrument. I had begun with her at nine, and at thirteen she played on the harp, in the most brilliant manner, all the most difficult pieces for the harpsichord; she drew figures in a fine style, and from nature; she painted admirably in all styles, in miniature, and in oil; she succeeded equally well in playing on the harp and the harpsichord. I never knew any one who danced so well as she did. Besides these agreeable and brilliant accomplishments, she possessed a solid understanding, and had read much. Afterwards she studied chemistry, and in making some experiments she discovered a salt which bears her name. Her sister, who was full of good qualities, of elegance, cleverness, and wit, had less taste for the arts, except for drawing and painting, in several branches of which she excels; but nature had refused her talents for music. My family was nevertheless very musical; my father, my mother, my aunt, my brother, my husband, my eldest

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daughter, and myself, all possessed a strong taste for music.

I may here say, that in music you can never force nature, unless by means of constant application; I gave my daughter Pulchérie the best masters—Charpentier for the harpsichord, Piccini for singing, and myself for the harp, and besides all this, a private teacher; her masters, during the two last years of her education, cost eighteen louis a month, and I never could give her a taste for music; it is much to be regretted that she should have lost so much time, which might have been better given to the acquirements of solid instruction. However, I did not neglect to give her lessons in history, and the various matters which contribute to the cultivation of the understanding: she learnt also, with ease, English and Italian; but, had I sacrificed the acquisition of music, I might have given her an extraordinary education in point of knowledge.

She inherited from nature, however, what is a thousand times more valuable than the most brilliant talents—a noble and disinterested disposition, and the most touching sensibility. I shall only cite one instance of this in order to give some idea of it. When she was fifteen, we were at Belle Chasse; I knew that she took care of a

poor old woman who lived in our street, but I thought her attention to this poor person only consisted in giving her the greater part of the pocket money or presents which were made her on her birth days, or on new year's days, by her father and uncle. It was winter, and the cold was exceedingly severe. As I had regulated the quantities of every thing used at Belle Chasse, I had desired that there should be only three logs carried into her room to serve for all the morning; but I observed that every day when she came into my room, she appeared to shiver in a way I had never remarked before, trembled with cold, got almost into the fire, and burnt her hands, &c. It was in vain I reprimanded her for this, she made no reply, but continued to behave in the same manner, for more than six weeks; at length my faithful Horain, who had an eye to the interests of the establishment, gave me notice that he had discovered a scullion called Albinori carrying away from Belle Chasse, every morning very early, a certain quantity of wood, and that being taken in the fact, he had insolently refused to give any explanation on the subject; I made Albinori be called, and interrogated him with great severity, but this did not seem at all to alarm him; he told me that he had only acted in pursuance of orders from Made

moiselle de Genlis, (as Madame de Valence was called after her sister's marriage,) who deprived herself of wood on purpose to give it to *her old woman;* Albinori made me this confession with all the pride of an ambassador charged with an honourable commission, but begged me to say nothing of it to Mademoiselle de Genlis, because she had requested him to keep the matter perfectly secret. My readers may judge of the inexpressible pleasure which this discovery caused me! I sent a load of wood to the poor woman, on condition that Pulchérie should keep her three logs. To suffer a personal privation, in order to do good, is a virtue equally rare and touching, and on the first restoration of her logs to her, my daughter used a charming expression. When I asked her if she was not glad to find a fire in her room on awaking, she said she had lost the habit of liking a warm bed-room. She has always preserved these admirable sentiments, and she is the most tender and excellent of mothers; her daughters owe to her care an education which leaves nothing to be wished for; they owe none of it to Madame Campan, under whose care they remained but four months; the education which has formed two persons whom I may venture to call so accomplished in point of cultivated understand-

ing, talents, and knowledge, and so eminent for the purity of their conduct, is entirely the work of of Madame de Valence.

I was the first governess of princes, in France, who adopted the custom practised in foreign countries of teaching children the living languages by means of talking them. I gave my young princesses an English maid-servant, and another who understood Italian thoroughly, so that at the age of five they understood three languages, and spoke English and French perfectly well. In order to perfect them in the former tongue, I bethought myself of placing a young English girl about their own age along with them. I had a little girl brought to me who was living at Paris, but I found her so disagreeable, that I refused to keep her. On this, the Duke of Chartres wrote to London to beg a person whom he knew, Mr. Forth, to send him a pretty little English girl, from five to six years old, after having her inoculated; this affair was somewhat long in being accomplished, Mr. Forth having at first selected a girl, who, after being examined by the physicians, was found to have a strong tendency to scrofula; a month after, he found another, whom he caused to be inoculated, and entrusted her to the care of a horse-dealer, called Saint Denis, whom the Duke

of Chartres had commissioned to purchase for him a fine English horse; he announced the execution of his commission to the Duke of Chartres in these terms:

"I have the honour of sending your serene highness the prettiest little girl, and the handsomest horse in England."

The child was in reality ravishing; and was remarkable for her graceful manners, her mildness, and her beauty. Her face was a handsome likeness of the Duchess of Polignac, but she had a better shape, a finer forehead, and a still more angelic expression; her name was *Nancy Syms:* I called her Pamela; she did not know a word of French, and in playing with the little princesses, she contributed greatly to familiarize them with the English language.

Though my eldest daughter was but fourteen, I at last determined upon marrying her. The choice of M. de Genlis fell upon a Belgian, the Marquis of Becelaer de Lawoestine; he was twenty years of age, his features were as handsome as regular, he was of high birth, and an only son; his father possessed an estate worth sixty thousand francs a-year, near Brussels; and finally, M. de Lawoestine was to inherit the title of grandee, after the death of the Princess of Ghistelle, his

aunt, who was fifty, and had no children. M. de Lawoestine's father was very avaricious, and refused to give any more than six thousand francs, but M. de Genlis gave his son-in-law his place of captain in the guards, and my furnished apartments at the Palais Royal; all which, joined to the place of lady of honour, which my daughter had, and the assurance of being one day very rich, formed a very comfortable establishment for them I gave my daughter, on her marriage, a quantity of splendid dresses in pieces, which I had been collecting for the last ten years with this intention besides, I had a great collection of china, gilt and plate, which I divided equally between my two daughters, without reserving a single cup to myself. I immediately put Pulchérie in possession of her share, which I caused to be carried into her room. I bought myself a collection of earthen ware, and while I remained at Belle Chasse, I never deviated from that simplicity, which I have ascribed to Madame d'Almane in *Adèle et Théodore*. I also gave my eldest daughter all my finest diamonds and jewels; among other things, very elegant bracelets and a diamond butterfly; all the rest I gave to her sister. I was then thirty-three, but I should have made the same sacrifices without hesitation at twenty. A week before the marriage, the Duke and Duchess of Chartres sent me magnificent bracelets

and a superb aigrette of diamonds, as a marriage present to my daughter. These presents were customary at the Palais Royal, but I decidedly refused them, not wishing to receive for my daughter more than I had received for myself; but I accepted a particular mark of favour from the prince and princess, because it was a distinction—they gave the marriage entertainment at the Palais Royal. My daughter was married at noon, in the chapel of the Palais Royal. The Marshal Prince of Soubise, a relation of M. de Lawoestine, on this occasion stood father to the bride. All M. de Lawoestine's relations, those of M. de Genlis, and my own, were invited to the entertainment; there were in all thirty-four persons present. In the evening I gave a little supper at Belle Chasse to my intimate friends, after which the gates of Belle Chasse were closed, and the bridegroom left with me his bride, who remained under my care two years longer. M. de Lawoestine's education had been much neglected, but he had naturally a good understanding, a very amiable disposition, and an excellent heart, and at twenty, every thing may be expected with these qualities; he has always had a sincere friendship for me, and I have preserved the same feeling towards him.

My tranquillity was disturbed by a melancholy event, which caused me a lively affliction. The

eldest of the two little princesses, Mademoiselle d'Orleans, was seized with the measles. As it was necessary to separate her sister from her, I proposed to the Duchess of Chartres, either to take her to Saint Cloud, or to remain at Belle Chasse with the invalid. The Duchess of Chartres, though she had not had the measles, insisted on attending to her sick child; all my arguments could not prevent her; upon this I went to Saint Cloud with the other princess, who was not infected with the disorder: the other was recovering; but on the ninth day M. Barthès, the physician, (M. Tronchin was now dead,) very injudiciously expressed his opinion that the princess might be carried to the Palais Royal: it was then very cold, and the journey brought on a relapse, which caused the child's death in six days; the Duchess of Chartres caught the infection, but it was very mild, and terminated happily. The princess who remained took the name of Orleans; she had hitherto borne that of Chartres; she was then five years old. No words can describe the grief of the child at the death of her sister; and her affliction lasted more than two years, aggravated by every recollection which recalled to her mind her image. Never was the grief of a grown person more lively or more profound; she

constrained herself in my presence, lest she should afflict me by her tears. Often, when in my room, and appearing to play, she turned her back to me and wept. I was obliged to hide all the play-things which had belonged to her sister, and to give her others which did not resemble them. She displayed even at that age, the sensitive heart of which she has since given so many proofs.

The Duke of Chartres, in the mean time, was sedulously engaged in endeavouring to find a tutor for his sons. The eldest, the Duke of Valois, was then about eight years old. They had an under-governor, called the Chevalier de Bonnard, who owed his place to me, and whom I had proposed to the duke at the recommendation of M. de Buffon. The Chevalier de Bonnard was not destitute of wit, and wrote very pretty verses; but having passed his life in the country, and not possessing the good taste which suffices readily to eradicate bad habits, he was somewhat vulgar. He wrote a letter to his son, with this address:—

"To Bonbon, my son, who sent me on my birth-day a bouquet of lilies and roses, with kisses *all above them.*"

This epistle he caused to be printed in his works. He also wrote some verses addressed to

me, on my comedies in the *Theatre of Education*, acted by my daughters, which ended thus :—

Ces drames si beaux, si parfaits,
Ne sont pas ceux de vos ouvrages
Que j'aimerois mieux avoir faits.*

This is neither in good taste nor in good French; and this, combined with a certain *honeyed* manner had rendered him very disagreeable to the Duke of Chartres, who considered these matters as very important. M. Bonnard, though by no means a distinguished writer, has composed some pretty verses. The following have been often quoted, though I think injudiciously, for many finer might have been selected :—

Ne parler jamais qu'à propos
Est un rare et grand avantage;
Le silence est l'esprit des sots,
Et l'une des vertus du sage.

Silence is neither a *virtue* nor a *vice*, for it may be either criminal or virtuous, according to the occasion.

The Duke of Chartres thought, that if a prince had graceful manners, politeness towards women, and an honourable character, he was perfect; the last of these qualities is in fact essential, but the least of the virtues is preferable to mere elegance of manners.

* It ought to have been *le mieux*.—*(Note by the Author.)*

One evening that the Duke of Chartres came, as he generally did to Belle Chasse between eight and nine o'clock, finding me alone, he told me that there was no time to lose in procuring a tutor for his son, for that otherwise his children would have the manners of *shopmen;* he told me also that the Duke of Valois had said to him that very morning, that he had *drummed* at his door a long time; and that in the same conversation he had said in talking of his excursions to Saint Cloud, that he had been much tormented by his *relations,* meaning, by the *ants.** These were the important matters which induced the Duke of Chartres no longer to defer the nomination of a governor. He consulted me on the selection of one: I proposed M. de Schomberg, whom he refused to accept, alleging, that he would render the children pedantic. I then named the Chevalier de Durfort, who he said would give them a tone of bombast. I next spoke of M. de Thiars, but the Duke of Chartres objected to him as being too careless; and said that he would pay no attention at all to the children. I then began to laugh, and said, "Well then, what do you think of me?"

* It is impossible to render more nearly in English the original phrase, preserving the *pun:* the word cousin means at once a *cousin* and a *gnat.—Translator.*

—"Why not," replied he seriously. "I protest that I only said what I have mentioned in jest, and that in all our previous conversations, nothing had occurred that could have led me to expect so singular a determination; but the air and manner of the Duke of Chartres impressed me deeply with the thought of doing something at once glorious to myself, and unprecedented in the history of education, and I earnestly hoped that the plan might be accomplished. I told the duke frankly my thoughts on the subject: the Duke of Chartres appeared delighted, and said, "The thing is decided, you must be *their tutor!*" These were his very words; he then quitted me, saying that he would return early next day: he accordingly came at eight, when we made all the necessary arrangements. It was agreed, that M. de Bonnard should remain, as well as the Abbé Guyot, who had also obtained his place at my recommendation; that these gentleman should bring the princes daily to Belle Chasse at noon, and come to take them away at ten in the evening; that a country-house should be purchased, at which eight months of the year should be passed; and that I should be the absolute mistress of their education. Knowing that I myself was to give them lessons in history, mythology, literature, &c. which the tutors never

did, and which, added to the lessons I gave Mademoiselle d'Orleans, would not leave me an instant unemployed, the Duke of Chartres offered me twenty thousand francs; I replied, that so much time and pains could only be repaid by friendship: he insisted, but in vain; for I decidedly refused. I have thus *gratuitously* educated three princes; a fact universally acknowledged, and which has never been contested. I have asserted it in my *Lessons of a Governess*, printed in the beginning of 1790, under the eyes of the Duke and Duchess of Orleans, who have never denied the fact. The custom of the Palais Royal was to allow twelve thousand francs and their apartments to the tutors, and at the end of their task, the king gave them a blue ribbon. This was the reward given to the Count de Pont, who had only educated a single prince, and who had never given him a single lesson; this is the reason why the Duke of Chartres offered me twenty thousand francs instead of twelve thousand; but I refused the offer, as I did all proposals of payment in money. Besides the great pleasure I felt in giving him this proof of attachment, the confidence he seemed to place in me was so extraordinary and so honourable to me, that it appeared as if the acceptance of money would have effaced all the glory of the thing in my own eyes. The

Duchess of Chartres was excessively delighted at my undertaking the charge of all her children: the Duke of Chartres, before declaring the plan publicly, went to acquaint the king with his intention; it was thought that he would be offended with such a deviation from custom, but he approved it, on the contrary, at once, saying, "You are right, and I think your plan excellent:" upon this the matter was made public. All the persons belonging to the Palais Royal, who expected the situation of tutor to the princes, were enraged at this, except M. de Schomberg, who behaved admirably towards me, and who remained my friend: but the Chevalier de Durfort and M. de Thiars conceived an animosity against me which nothing could ever abate. This event did not cause so much surprise and remark in society as I had believed. I may truly say, that the plan was generally approved of.

About this time I published *Adèle et Théodore*, of which the first edition was bought up in less than a week: this work at once ensured the suffrages of the public, and the irreconcileable hatred of all the so-called philosophers and their partisans. The Chevalier de Bonnard, who owed his situation to me, and who had up to that time displayed the greatest attachment to me, was in despair; he felt that while conioined with me, the honours of the

princes' education would not be accorded to him; that he would be obliged to follow my ideas and not his own; it seemed to him very humiliating to be obliged to obey the directions of a woman; besides, he had been accustomed to pass all the fine part of the year at St. Cloud, where he met all his friends, and he was forced to give up all these pleasures; so that he could neither contain nor conceal his vexation. I have always been so credulous as to count upon the friendship which has been proffered to me; so that I was equally surprised and grieved at his displeasure and discontent. He threatened to give up his place; upon which I replied, that I begged him to think better of it; that if he remained, he would always find a friend in me: that I might eventually become very useful to him, especially as I should think more of the advantage of those who had assisted in the education of the princes than of my own; that I wanted nothing for myself; and that therefore I should have the more right to ask favours for others; but that if he insisted upon giving up his situation, I should make a request for the pension which was generally allowed to the under governors who had entirely completed their charge. He had only been in the situation eighteen months, and the Duke of Valois was but eight years old. M. de Bonnard

left the situation, and obtained the pension I had promised to solicit, which was an unprecedented occurrence. So far from being grateful, he became my most inveterate enemy, and remained so till his death. M. de Buffon, to whom I referred my cause on this occasion, rendered ample justice to my motives, and praised my generous behaviour, which increased his friendship for me. He said, and said publicly, that M. de Bonnard's ingratitude was inexcusable, and that he could not conceive how he should not have preferred being under the command of a female friend, who was the best qualified person possible for directing, than to obey a governor, who had neither talents nor information. The Abbé Guyot remained, but he continued much discontented; and he conceived from this time a secret hatred of me, which he has always shown.

Singular, and even glorious actions are so ill suited to the condition of women, that they risk by performing them, the repose of their whole lives. They are formed for *quiet* happiness; and they are wrong when they complain of such a state, for it is the purest and the most durable.

In M. de Bonnard's place I chose M. Lebrun, who had been for several years the secretary of M. de Genlis; he was a well-behaved and honest man;

he had read little of history or literature, but he was a good mathematician. He had very becoming manners, excellent morals, and a mild and somewhat phlegmatic disposition. The Abbé Guyot was a very superficial person, but he made pretensions to talent which gave him an air of pedantry: he was in the habit of continually repeating the phrase—*If I may so venture to express myself*—when he was about to say the thing the least hazardous, the most common, and the most generally known. A few years previous he had been in Russia, and held the office of *Chargé d'Affaires* for a few months; he attached so much importance to that honour, and appeared to be so much occupied with the discharge of the duties of his office, that the empress in talking of him said, he was not merely *charged*, but *overcharged* with the affairs of his place.

I arranged with M. Lebrun, that every morning at the Palais Royal the princes should rise at seven; should learn their lesson of Latin, and perform their religious duties with the abbé, and take their lesson of arithmetic from M. Lebrun, who was to bring to them Belle Chasse at eleven. The abbé and M. Lebrun remained, or if they chose, went away, and returned to dinner at two o'clock: after dinner they were at perfect liberty. I charged my-

self with the duties of the rest of the evening up to nine o'clock: these gentlemen returned to supper, and took away the princes at ten. I begged M. Lebrun to keep a journal of the princes' morning hours, leaving a blank margin for my remarks. I wrote the first few pages of this journal: these pages contained private instructions for M. Lebrun relative to the education of the princes. M. Lebrun brought me this journal every morning, which I immediately read; and I reprimanded or praised, punished or rewarded the princes, according to its contents. In the course of the day I wrote my observations in the margin, and gave it in the evening to M. Lebrun, who brought it again to me next day. At the end of the year, these manuscripts formed a large volume; I kept all that were written, and the collection formed as many volumes as there were years. Besides this, I kept a private journal of all that passed between the children and myself, to which I added my remarks; and at the close of each day, I read the whole to them, making them all sign the book; so that I could render an account of their education minute by minute. I thought these journals would have been very interesting to the Duke and Duchess of Chartres, but they always refused to read them, saying, that they entirely confided in me. They were continued

with the most scrupulous exactitude up to the end of their education; and they are now in the hands of the Duke of Orleans, to whom I gave them. I have selected many passages from them in my *Letters of a Governess*, which I published as I have stated, while still in France in 1790. The first thing which I did was to remove from my new pupils a music and singing master, the only teacher which M. de Bonnard had thought proper to give them, though they had neither voice nor ear; in other matters they were totally ignorant; and the Duke of Valois, who was eight years old, was unparalleled for want of application. I began by reading history to them: the Duke of Valois, instead of listening, yawned and stretched himself; and I was greatly surprised to find him at our first reading lie down on the sofa on which we were sitting, and place his feet on the table before us. In order to make him sensible of my method, I ordered him into confinement; but at the same time I contrived so to make him feel the propriety of his punishment, that he never felt any resentment against me on account of it: he possessed natural good sense, which displayed itself in the first days of our acquaintance; he was as fond of what was reasonable as other children are of whatever is frivolous. As soon as the *sense* of the thing was

clearly presented to him, he listened with attention; and he became sincerely attached to me, because he always found me consistent and reasonable. I was obliged to cure him of a great many low phrases, and of a number of absurd fancies: he was greatly afraid of dogs, and M. de Bonnard had the *kindness*, in his walks in the Bois de Boulogne, to make two footmen walk before, in order to clear away all the dogs that might happen to be on the road which Monseigneur had to pass over. I had only occasion to employ a single conversation, in order to make the Duke of Valois feel the absurdity of such a weakness; he listened attentively to what I said, kissed me, and begged me to give him a dog, which I did: he thus overcame his repugnance to these animals, which had become a real aversion; and from that day he never evinced the slightest token of dislike to dogs. He had also a dread of the smell of vinegar—a folly of which I as easily cured him, as of his antipathy to dogs. I soon found that he possessed an astonishing memory, and I flatter myself that I succeeded in developing and cultivating in him this valuable gift of nature. I engaged as the second valet-de-chambre at Belle Chasse, a German musician, who played well on the piano, and who was perfectly

well acquainted with the grammar of his own language; he was the person who taught the Duke of Valois German, and the lessons were always given in my room, and under my own eye. I gave him an Italian valet-de-chambre, with strict orders never to talk to the prince or his brother but in that language; and I gave him a teacher of English, of whom he took lessons in my room, as he did all which he took at Belle Chasse, except in the single instance of drawing; the latter he learnt in the drawing-room by candle-light.

The Duke of Montpensier, a prince so interesting from his misfortunes, his virtue, and his talents, has left Memoirs, which date but from the period of the persecutions he experienced during the revolution. The editor of these memoirs says, that I educated the Duke of Montpensier, and the princes, his brothers, *à la Jean Jacques*. There is something so comical in this assertion, that I cannot pass it in silence; I had already published *Adèle et Théodore*, before undertaking the education of the young princes, of whom the eldest was not eight; and I already had for enemies all the partisans of Rousseau's system of education. I gave my pupils teachers of every thing which I could not teach them my-

self, and from their earliest infancy, I never neglected to inspire them with the deepest sentiments of religion. I took care to fortify their bodies by gymnastic exercises proportioned to their strength, none of which I borrowed from the *Emile;* most of the exercises were of my own invention, and have lately been revived publicly, and with success. It is easy to see how far this plan corresponds with that of *Emile!*

A short time after this, my brother lost his angelic wife; she died at Nice, whither she had been taken by my mother and brother. I have before mentioned that, at her death, she left me Busca, an excellent servant, who had been with her from the age of thirteen; she left an only son, called Cæsar, who was five years old, of whom I undertook the charge; he was brought up with the princes, and was one of the finest boys that ever existed.

The Duke of Chartres had purchased St. Leu, a charming residence, where we passed yearly all the fine part of the season, that is to say, eight months in the year. I had a garden laid out, in the fine park belonging to the house, a small garden for each of my pupils, which they planted and dug with their own hands. I engaged a German gar-

dener, who never spoke to them but in German; he accompanied them, along with their German valet-de-chambre, in their morning walks, and on these occasions German was the only language used; in their evening walks they spoke English, as well as at dinner, and *we supped in Italian.* I had taken for our almoner, at the recommendation of M. Doria, the pope's nuncio, the Abbé Maristini, his relation, twenty-eight years of age, who was well educated, and perfectly acquainted with the literature of his own country; he gave daily lessons of Italian to the princes in my room. I moreover attached to their list of teachers an apothecary, named M. Alyon, who was a good botanist and excellent chemist. He accompanied the princes in all their walks, to make them examine plants, and to teach them botany; and every summer he gave us a course of chemistry, at which I was always present; I also gave them a teacher of drawing, (M. Mérys, a Pole,) who had a great talent for working in water colours mixed with gum; I caused him to make a historical magical lantern, which was painted on glass, and designed from my descriptions. He thus painted pictures of sacred, ancient, and Roman history, and the history of China and

Japan; nothing was ever seen more beautiful than that magic lantern, which was exhibited by my pupils, by turns, once a week.

The first year of my residence at Belle Chasse, I brought from Burgundy my niece, Henriette de Sercey, who was an orphan and a Creole; she was educated at Belle Chasse by my mother and myself, and was nine years of age when brought thither.

I invented for my pupils a kind of game which delighted them, and with which I have often been amused myself. I made them put in scenes, and act in the garden the most celebrated voyages, related in M. de la Harpe's abridgment of the Abbé Prévot's collection of travels. Every person in the house took a part in these representations; I played in them myself; we had ponies for the processions, the fine river in the park represented the sea, and a set of pretty little boats formed our fleets; we had also a wardrobe of costumes. The finest of the voyages we played, were those of Vasco de Gama and Snelgrave. I also caused a little portable stage to be erected, which was placed in the great dining-room, upon which we performed historic pictures; I furnished the subjects, and before the curtain drew up, M. Mérys grouped the actors, who were

generally children; those who did not perform were obliged to divine the subject, whether historical or mythological; and thus, in the course of an evening, we had sometimes twelve pictures. The celebrated David, who often came to St. Leu, thought this a charming game, and took great pleasure in grouping himself these fugitive pictures. I had a real theatre built, which was of very fine proportions: the bottom scene opened, and displayed, when you chose, a long walk of the garden, all illuminated, and decorated with garlands of flowers. During the course of the princes' education, we played successively in that theatre all the pieces of my *Théatre d'Education*, and the children played pantomimes in it. There was one of these so remarkable, that I cannot avoid mentioning it. The piece was *Psyche* persecuted by Venus; Madame de Lawoestine, then fifteen, represented Venus, her sister Psyche, and Pamela, Love. Never will there be again seen three faces together so full of beauty, charms, and graces; David was enraptured with that pantomime, which realized, he said, the perfection of the *beau idéal*.

In the winter at Paris, I contrived to make every moment useful: I had a turning-machine put into my anti-chamber, and in the hours of

recreation, all the children, as well as myself, learned to turn. I thus acquired, successively, along with them, a knowledge of all the trades in which strength is not required: that, for instance, of a pocket-book-maker. I made along with them an infinite number of morocco portfolios, which looked as well as those of English manufacture. I excelled as a basket-master; we also made tapes, ribbons, gauze, pasteboard, and plans in relievo; artificial flowers, gratings for libraries in brass wire, marbled paper, gilt frames, all sorts of work in hair, even to wigs; and the boys learnt cabinet-making. The Duke of Valois here surpassed all the rest: with the aid only of the Duke of Montpensier, his brother, he manufactured for the house of a poor peasant woman of St. Leu, of whom he had taken charge, a large press, and a table with drawers, which were as well made as if they had been manufactured by the best carpenter. All these employments took nothing from the hours devoted to study; it was their only kind of amusement, and never were children so happy during the whole period of their education. Beside their palace of the five orders of architecture, which they could build up and take down at pleasure, I made them make in the same proportions, and with the same perfection,

all the tools and utensils which belong to the arts and sciences; the interior of a laboratory, with the retorts, crucibles, alembics, &c.; the interior of a cabinet of natural history, &c.; and all the tools used by workmen they executed in miniature with admirable precision. At the close of their education, these were displayed to the curious in the gallery of the Palais Royal; they have since been placed in the halls of the Louvre, where I have seen them, during the reign of the emperor. I was very proud to see the public admire the playthings I had once invented for my pupils.

At Paris, as I have already stated, all our walks were instructive: we never went out but to see cabinets of pictures, of natural history, philosophy, or curiosities, or else to examine manufactories, of which we had previously read accounts in the Encyclopædia; and this enabled us to discover that the work often gave very inexact and ill-written descriptions of them. During our stay in the workshops, each of my pupils wrote down upon ass-skin whatever he thought most remarkable; I did so also, and afterwards put these notes in order, of which I made a large book; it was filled with remarks on the abuses of apprenticeships, and on the improvements which might be introduced into the system. I have lost this

volume, along with some others; it was one of those which I regret the most. After having examined all the manufactories of Paris, we went to visit those of the provinces. At Paris, at that period, there was only a manufactory of pins; we went to L'Aigle merely to see one of needles; to St. Gobin, to see glass melted, &c.

I shall not here speak of the gymnastics I invented for my pupils; all these details will be found in my work, called *Letters of a Governess*, which it is necessary to read, if any one wishes to have an exact idea of the system of education I adopted with the princes. Every evening, at Paris or in the country, two hours before the lessons in drawing began, they all met in my room, and placed themselves in a semi-circle opposite me; we then commenced reading aloud something relative to history, mythology, literature, or natural history; each child read aloud a quarter of an hour, while I attended to their pronunciation, and interrupted the reader from time to time to make the necessary remarks. When each had finished his quarter of an hour's reading, I read myself to them for the remainder of the two hours; while they were reading, I made artificial flowers, or worked at some other thing of the same kind, which did not interfere with my attention to the

reading. Of all their studies this was the one they always preferred; they were delighted with it, and eagerly longed for the hour which was devoted to it. They made extracts from what they read, which I corrected; and besides this exercise, I gave them every week a subject for original composition, which I also corrected. The Duke of Montpensier excelled all the others in this branch of study; he had in his style a natural elegance which I never witnessed in any other child; but the compositions of the prince, his elder brother, were already distinguished for the spirit of order, the good sense, and upright sentiments which formed the character of his mind. When he had reached the age of twelve, I hired a box at the Théatre Français, in order that my pupils might witness the representations of our finest plays. I carried them thither about once a week, (excepting in Lent), selecting only such pieces as might give them some useful lesson. When the afterpiece was licentious or immoral, we did not remain to see it. Though I was still young, I had given up the theatre; but I thought that if I did not take my pupils there, it would look like an indirect censure of their parents, who had boxes at the theatre and the opera; besides, I had been much alarmed by the fatal consequences of the

rigorous system of education pursued in the case of the Prince de Lamballe, which were so notorious. I felt also that it was right for princes of the blood, who were born for display, and for the protection of the arts, to be sometimes present at theatrical representations, and to be able to judge of their influence on morals and manners; their decision, when they are discerning, is of so much weight, that it always has a beneficial effect upon that department of literature, as on every other. Finally, though I have always despised popular applause, I must confess, that, in this case, the fear of being blamed by the public influenced my judgment.

Every Saturday we received company at Belle Chasse; this was a rule I had established, to form the princes in politeness, and to accustom them to a habit of listening to conversation. I kept a journal of all they had failed in, and remarks on what they ought to have said and done.

When Mademoiselle d'Orleans attained the age of seven, we had concerts and parties every Saturday. At that age, Mademoiselle d'Orleans, whom I had begun to teach the harp at the age of five, played in a manner really surprising. At these concerts we played together, accompanied by a violin, bass, and sometimes a clarionet. I

gave Mademoiselle d'Orleans two harp lessons a day, of which the first took nothing from my time. As soon as I rose, she came into my room with her harp, and played without interruption during my breakfast, my toilette, and while I had my hair dressed; the latter was a long operation, as I wore my thick hair up to the time of the emigration. I read, as was my ancient custom, but this did not prevent me from listening to the harp, from detecting the mistakes of my pupil, or from making her play the passage over again when necessary. At the second lesson, I played along with Mademoiselle d'Orleans, in order to give her the expression and the measure, and this lesson lasted at least an hour and a half. She always took the lessons I gave her with the most decided application, and I can truly say, that I never knew a single defect in Mademoiselle d'Orleans. She was naturally very pious, and she possessed all the virtues. She sometimes committed faults, but, I repeat, she had not a single defect—that is to say, a vicious inclination, or a singular evil quality predominating in her. I have no interest in avowing this truth, for it would have been much more to the gratification of my self-love, and to the credit of my system of education, had nature given her a less perfect disposi-

tion. She had talent, and her talents resembled those of her father; he is ingenious, and ready in conversation, qualities which, joined to prudence, good sense, and good nature, form altogether a person as agreeable in company, as excellent in the more intimate relations of life.

I have already spoken of the disposition of the Duke of Valois; his two brothers had each characters quite different; the Duke of Montpensier was far from communicative; but he had a feeling and generous heart, and, as I have before mentioned, a natural elegance in all his person, and something romantic about his face, his disposition, and his manners; if I had been able to superintend the cultivation of his mind for a longer period, he would have become a distinguished writer; he had a precocious fulness and delicacy in his ideas, which is rarely found in childhood, of which I shall give one example. When I took them to a play, which they saw for the first time, each of them made a note of some part of it, which they brought and read to me next day. One day (the Duke of Montpensier was then twelve) one of my pupils, in reading his paper, and in speaking of two lovers, said, that the princess *declared* her love. The Duke of Montpensier here interrupted him: "That expression

(said he) is improper; a man *declares* his love—a woman *confesses* hers." There is certainly in that distinction a reflective delicacy, very extraordinary at the age of twelve. The study of history, of sciences, and languages, had no attractions for him; but literature had many charms in his eyes, and he was a passionate lover of the arts, especially of painting and drawing, in which he excelled, not merely as an amateur, but as an artist. This talent showed itself from infancy; and as I think we are bound to cultivate all the gifts of nature, I made his lessons in drawing much longer than the others. Besides, as there are many seductions to be found in the circle in which heaven destined him to be born, which are not to be found in any other, it is pleasant to be able to place in the balance against them, along with many virtues, a pure and passionate taste for the fine arts. The last of the three princes, the Count of Beaujolais, who was entrusted to me at the age of three, was equally charming in face, talent, and disposition. Even his faults were amiable—a thing which, though I do not like it to be said, it was impossible not to think of when you saw him. We thought also we discovered in him many traits of resemblance with Henry IV., whom every Frenchman fancies himself to have known.

I shall here quote two traits of the young Count of Beaujolais, which will describe him perfectly. He was asked why he always gave his foster-sister, when she came to see him, his prettiest playthings? "Oh," replied he, "these are those I like the best, and therefore I think they will please her the most." As he often caressed this little girl, some one seemed to be surprised at it, saying that she was very ugly. "Ah," cried he, "if she were but clean, you would see how pretty she is!"

My nephew Cæsar was violent and volatile, but clever, full of feeling, and had a natural tendency to all that was good and generous. Time, his education and misfortunes tempered his vivacity; and there only remained enough of it to render him amiable and brilliant. Cast into the army at the age of fifteen, without either guide or adviser, he performed feats the most surprising for his age; though only a volunteer, he rallied the fugitives, and carried off a standard from the enemy, when not quite sixteen; General Dumouriez demanded his name on the field of battle, called him to him, and told him that he created him a captain; my nephew replied that he was not the age: "That is an additional reason why I should," replied the general; and he was

made captain. I shall hereafter relate other traits of this distinguished young man's noble disposition, whose deplorable death, at the age of twenty-eight, has been one of the greatest afflictions of my life.

To continue the portraits of Belle Chasse, I ought to speak of my niece Henriette and Pamela. Henriette was pretty, and her animated face was pleasing to every one. All her talent then consisted in the goodness of her understanding; she has since displayed it in her conversation, and in her letters. When at Belle Chasse she never said pretty things, but she comprehended all the subjects of conversation, and learned every thing with wonderful facility. I have known her to learn a very difficult dance, the *pas Russe*, by merely being present at the lesson, during which she was engaged in embroidering. This dance was taught by the famous d'Auberval, of the Opera, and danced by Mademoiselle d'Orleans and Pamela. One day Pamela, having a pain in her foot, was unable to dance; Henriette offered to replace her, which made d'Auberval smile; but she rose, began to dance, and performed all the steps as regularly as if she had learned and practised them. D'Aubervalle's surprise was extreme; he said there was not a single opera-dancer who

could do as much. Henriette learned to count with the same facility; she had the best handwriting at Belle Chasse; she drew very prettily, and finished her works with great care; she sung admirably, her voice was beautiful, and she was as clever as a little fairy. The only accomplishment I never could succeed in giving her, was to play on an instrument—she did not play well upon any; though, it must be allowed, that she did not devote enough of time to this branch of study.

Pamela had a beautiful face; candour and sensibility were the basis of her character; she never told a single falsehood, nor employed the slightest deception in the whole course of her education; her cleverness was full of sentiment, and she said many pretty things, which came always from the heart. I was deeply attached to her, but my attachment was an unfortunate one. This child, who was so charming, had the least application I ever saw in any one; she had no memory, and was very volatile, which added to the charms of her face, by giving her an appearance of vivacity, which, joined to the indolence of her disposition, and to great cleverness, rendered her very piquant. Her person was active and light, and she ran like Atalanta; but her mind was lazy to the last de-

gree, and she turned out the least fit person possible for reflecting. Her fate threw her into extraordinary situations; she found herself without an adviser or a guide in a thousand dangerous circumstances; yet she always conducted herself admirably, as long as her husband lived, and, in some cases, in a manner that was truly heroic.

I established rewards for the children, but only in cases which did not encourage their self-love; prizes for application, mildness, goodness, &c.; there was also a prize for drawing, of which M. David was the dispenser. Every year, on the first of January, we displayed in the drawing-room all the works we had executed through the year, which formed pretty little stores, which were afterwards distributed among our friends; the drawings of the children which had obtained prizes, were displayed in handsome frames.

I am not superstitious; but there is, in the idea of the supernatural, something which pleases and strikes persons of lively imaginations; without believing in presages or presentiments, I have never been able to help observing them, and making an application of them. I am going to mention a melancholy omen, which affected me deeply in spite of myself. There was at the upper end of the park of St. Leu, a kind of elevated terrace,

where we had remarked that the vegetation was always finer than elsewhere, the grass more thickly grown, and the wild-flowers infinitely larger; I proposed to myself to plant here as many trees as I had pupils, placing at the foot of each tree the name of the child, and an inscription; persons were immediately engaged to work at this, and in digging, we were much surprised to find in the ground a quantity of human bones; we learned that this spot had formerly been a burying-ground. This discovery struck and saddened me, and I would not allow the trees to be planted. I have since lost four pupils, reckoning my eldest daughter, and all in "the most high and palmy state" of their youth!

Amidst all these engagements, I pursued my private occupations with more ardour than ever; I had already published *Adèle et Théodore*, which occasioned me my first literary vexations; that antiphilosophical work obtained the highest success with the public, and surpassed all my hopes, but it made me numerous and irreconcileable enemies; besides, I had foreseen, as may be proved from the work itself, in reading the letters from M. de Lagaraye to Porphire, in which I predicted and described all I have since experienced. I continued to receive visits from M. de la Harpe,

who still displayed the greatest attachment to me; when my work was about to appear, I asked him if he was going to notice it himself, not concealing from him the fact, that it was *very religious*, and that, consequently, it contained many things against the modern philosophy; he replied, that he would pass over all that very lightly, and that he would speak of the rest of the work with all the impartiality for which I knew him to be remarkable. A few days after, he called on me to say, that he himself would not review it, but that I should lose nothing by the change, as he had entrusted it to the Abbé Remi, for whom he could answer as for himself; that, besides, he (M. de la Harpe) being editor of the *Mercure*, would read the notice before it went to press, and would not leave in it a single word that could be displeasing to me. I answered (which was quite true) that M. Gaillard had offered to write a review of it, but that I had declined his services, saying, that M. de la Harpe had requested me to allow him to do the same thing; and I added, that I should certainly have preferred M. Gaillard to M. Remi, who was quite unknown to me. M de la Harpe repeated to me a thousand times, that I should be perfectly satisfied with the notice, and that he would be particularly careful

of the article. At the time the notice appeared, the first edition of *Adèle et Théodore* was already bought up. What was my surprise on reading the review to find it full of abuse from beginning to end, and charged with the most calumnious and atrocious personalities! As it was the first piece of malignity of this description I had experienced, I was very much affected by it: I wrote immediately to M. de la Harpe, to reproach him with his treachery, and to tell him that I would never see him again in my life. I have since learned that the Abbé Remi was an obscure man of letters, without any talent, and entirely devoted to d'Alembert. The latter was the real author of this libel which displeased every body; the Abbé Remi only put his name to it.

The remarks on society in *Adèle et Théodore* raised me also many enemies, because they were true, piquant, and without exaggeration. All the fringe untwisters* were furious against me: this fashion was so prevalent then, that I must explain the practice. The ladies were in the habit of asking all the gentlemen of their acquaintance for their old gold epaulettes, their gold lace sword-knots, or the laces on their coats, &c. which were thus taken from their servants, and which the

* *Parfileuses.*

ladies then untwisted—that is to say, they separated the gold from the silk, to sell the former afterwards for their own profit. Besides they received as presents on new year's day, bobbins of tinsel, or little things covered with gold, which were first untwisted and then sold. In general an able untwister might gain at this singular trade one hundred louis a year! . . . I had a right to remark upon this practice, for in spite of the universality of the fashion, I had never adopted the practice of untwisting: this fashion of asking men for their gold lace, in order to take away the gold and to sell it, and these presents of gold lace which you received on new year's day, seemed to me the meanest things in the world. For example, I have seen the Maréchale de Luxembourg give Madame de Blot a muslin apron trimmed with gold fringe, and put up in a packet containing, besides its own value, about fifteen or twenty louis' worth of fringes. I have seen Madame de Boufflers receive from the Duke of Lauzun a false harp made of gold fringe, which cost nearly a thousand francs, &c. All this was untwisted, to be sold at half price: it would have been much less expensive to the giver, and less troublesome to the receiver, to have got the money at once. The incident of the gown from which the fringes

were pulled off, which is related in *Adèle et Théodore,* is true: I witnessed the adventure at Rainci; M. de Chartres was the person who played this gay frolic: it is the only personality I have ever allowed myself in my writings, but the fact was witnessed by fifty persons besides myself. The following is the manner in which it is related in *Adèle et Théodore*: "One day before our usual walk, we were all assembled in the saloon, when suddenly Madame de R . . . . remarked that the fringes of my dress would be excellent for untwisting. At the same time a movement of vivacity induced her to cut off one of my fringes; and immediately I was surrounded by ten ladies, who with charming grace and vivacity, tore off my dress, and put all my fringes and laces in their bags." (*Adèle et Théodore,* vol. ii.) It was a bet relative to untwisting that occasioned me finally to gain the heart of the Prince of Condé at Chantilly, when I wagered twenty-four gold bobbins of twelve francs each with the Duke of Coigny that I would mount one of the cascades, like a stair, without falling: I gained the bet, and in the evening in the drawing-room I divided the bobbins among all the ladies, who received them with great goodwill, though they had previously affected to be greatly scandalized when I proposed to mount

the cascade. My remarks on the fashion of untwisting in *Adèle et Théodore* for ever put an end to this disgraceful fashion: and there never was afterwards an instance of a woman who ventured to ask a man for gold lace to untwist. All the enormous sacks of untwisted gold disappeared, and in its stead came embroidery and tapestry, which used so agreeably to occupy our mothers and our grandmothers. *Adèle et Théodore* contributed also to put out of fashion all sentimental affectation, and the rage for making a common note clever: there are few works of which the opinions have had more influence upon the customs of society. *Adèle et Théodore* lost me a friend—the Chevalier de Chastellux, who through attachment to the philosophers, though he neither shared their hatred nor their resentments, ceased to visit me. M. de Rulhierès, and M. Gaillard, though philosophers, remained faithful to me. On my return from Italy, at a supper given by Madame de Meulan, I sat at table between M. de Champfort the wit, and M. de Rulhierès: I told them the story of the Duchess of Cerifalco, and I added that the subject would make a fine novel; they told me that they had a thousand times met in romances with ladies shut up in caverns, and that the story, though very singular, would form but a

middling romance. I replied that the incident might be rendered original by describing the ideas and the feelings which might be supposed to be experienced by any one living for nine years in a cavern; but they asserted that it was impossible for any author to identify himself with such a character in such a situation. When the work appeared, the episode of the duchess met with unisal approbation.* I then reminded M. de Rulhières of what he had said on the subject at Madame de Meulan's: "True, Madam," said he, "but at that time I was not aware that *you* had passed nine years in a cavern." This was the most beautiful compliment I received upon the publication of that story.

While the children were taking their lessons in my room, I was engaged in making extracts for them of what we read; and I composed, when the grate of Belle Chasse was closed, from ten o'clock till two or three in the morning. Such was the course of my life, during the whole of the time I was occupied with the education of the princes.

There was a pleasant mistake with regard to M. de Rulhières about *Adèle et Théodore*. The infamous work of M. de Laclos, entitled *Les Liai-*

* The same story was taken as the subject of an opera in three acts called *Camille, ou le Souterrain.—(Note by the Author.)*

sons Dangereuses, appeared at the same time with *Adèle et Théodore,* but anonymously. M. de Rulhières had a friend in Italy, called M. d'Hericourt: he had promised to send him all the books which appeared, which made any noise; he therefore made up two separate and sealed packets, the one containing *Adèle et Théodore,* the other the *Liaisons Dangereuses.* Wishing to make mine reach his friend first, he took an opportunity which presented itself of forwarding it by a speedy conveyance: but he made a mistake, and thinking he had sent my book, he sent off that of M. de Laclos with a letter which contained only general praise of the work and stated that it was written by me; so that M. d'Hericourt thought for about a fortnight that I was the author of the *Liaisons Dangereuses.* He thereupon wrote to M. de Rulhières to express how great was his surprise, to find that a woman who was still young, and the instructress of the princes of the blood, had the inconceivable effrontery to publish such a work. M. de Rulhières showed me this letter, which affected me deeply; I could not support the thought that a person of understanding should have entertained such an opinion of me, and I was not restored to a state of self-satisfaction until M. de Rulhières brought me a second letter from M. d'Hericourt, which proved that he

was undeceived, and that he had read *Adèle et Théodore.*

There were not wanting persons in society who thought they could furnish a key to *Adèle et Théodore.* It was the first time that a woman who was still young, and had lived in the highest society, had attempted to depict it. A truth of manner (which is assuredly neither to be found in Crébillon nor Marmontel) made every one believe that all the characters were drawn from nature; a thing which was never said of the writers above mentioned. This was a mistake: I have painted pictures, and not portraits; I have collected several features to be found in nature, but I always interdicted myself all personality that could offend; and when I have recalled the remembrance of persons either ridiculous or vicious, I have so disguised the likeness as to conceal the person, or in general I have given the likeness a different sex from the original. The only finished and real likeness I have drawn in *Adèle et Théodore* is that of my eldest daughter Madame de Lawoestine under the name of Madame D'Ostalis, and her's I have certainly not embellished. Two women* claimed the portrait of Madame de Valmont, the wife of a farmer-general, and I can safely say that

* Madame Miller and Madame de la Reynière. *(Author.)*

I neither thought of the one nor the other; they discovered their resentment against me as injudiciously as unjustly, for it seemed strange that they should persist in seeing themselves in a disagreeable portrait which resembled them in nothing, but in the fact of their being the wives of financiers. The portrait was finally fixed on Madame de la Reynière, because she told every body a fact of which I was entirely ignorant—that she had a sister who was an abbess. I was confounded upon learning this fact, which destroyed all faith in my denial: it was an unlucky chance; but it is not the less true, that I, in common with many other persons of Madame de la Reynière's acquaintance, was in a state of complete ignorance as to the matter, and that the discovery of it sincerely afflicted me. It is perfectly clear that if I had ever heard of that religious person, I should have refrained from giving her a farmer-general's wife as a sister; besides, the portrait bore no resemblance to Madame de la Reynière. It is very singular that the same individual should have had an uncle and a brother bishops, and a sister an abbess.

Some time after the publication of *Adèle et Théodore*, M. de la Harpe was desirous of bringing out his tragedy of *Joan of Naples*, but being afraid of a party against his piece, he was mean-

spirited enough, trusting to my generosity, to beg me in writing to solicit the Duchess of Chartres to go in public to the first performance of his play. He knew the princess was so much revered and beloved by the public, that by giving that proof of her interest in the author's success, the audience would hear the piece to the end. I proved how well grounded was M. de la Harpe's confidence in me; for although the Duchess of Chartres felt the utmost repugnance to place herself in the light of publicly taking an interest in an author whom she did not know, and a play which she had not read, I induced her to grant the favour demanded. Her presence, in fact, prevented the piece from being hissed, and it was heard to the end; but it failed completely on its second performance, and was never again played. M. de la Harpe never showed the least gratitude for this instance of friendship; and a little time afterwards I found means to display him rather ludicrously in my *Annals of Virtue*, relative to an old tragedy called *Joan of Naples*, of which I spoke in a note. The whole article, which was very severe on the author of the tragedy applied perfectly to M. de la Harpe; but at the end of it, I gave the name of an author (Magnon) who has really written a bad tragedy under that title: this little piece of ma-

lice had a good deal of effect, as I had said no more than the truth about Magnon and his play. M. de la Harpe, therefore, durst not complain of the note without appearing ridiculous; and the circumstance only rendered him more inveterate against me.

When the eldest of my pupils had attained his twelfth year, as he had previously been but privately christened, he was, agreeably to the etiquette of the princes of the blood, baptized with great ceremony in the chapel of Versailles. It was customary at the baptism of each prince or princess of the blood, for the king to present the governor or governess of the prince or princess with the sum of twelve thousand francs, payable at the royal treasury, to the king's order. The prince had approved of my holding the place of governor, and that I should exercise all his functions, but I could neither enjoy the title nor the rank. I had been once more presented at court, as governess of Mademoiselle d'Orleans; but when I undertook the charge of her brothers, I could not be presented as their *governor:* so that every body thought I should not have the twelve thousand francs which were allowed to the governors at their baptism. It is certain that for my own part I had no wish to have the money, having

never attached the slightest value to it; nevertheless I was anxious to obtain these twelve thousand francs, because it was equally honourable and remarkable to obtain the sum in that capacity. The Duke of Chartres felt no inclination to solicit the favour, and wished to persuade me that such a demand would sound ridiculous; but I would take no denial, and by dint of importunities, I obliged him to ask it of the king, who granted it at once, without any difficulty. I was delighted at receiving that sum, of which I distributed immediately the one-half to the persons under my orders, who had any share in the education of the princes. I received twelve thousand francs in the same capacity, on the baptism of the Duke of Montpensier, which I divided in the same manner; a thing which no governor or governess had done before my time.

About this time the Duke of Orleans died at Saint Assise. The Duke of Chartres then took the name of *Orleans*, and the eldest of my pupils that of *Chartres*. My aunt returned to Paris, and I obtained permission of the Duke of Orleans to carry the prince and Mademoiselle to visit her, though she had never come to see them at Belle Chasse. The Duke of Orleans, in like manner, never came to visit them, nor did he even send

new year's gifts to his grandchildren, while the Duke of Penthièvre sent them constantly charming ones, and came frequently to visit them at Belle Chasse. This prince not only honoured me by several visits, but had also the politeness to signify his intention of paying one to my mother. The Duke of Orleans went to see Madame de Montesson for six days successively, and behaved towards her in the most flattering manner. She received me personally with friendship, and our intimacy lasted from that time up to my departure from France. The king forbade my aunt to wear widow's weeds, or to put her servants in mourning. Upon this she determined to retire into the convent of the Assumption, during the whole year of her widowhood: she never received me but in the parlour, of which she caused the gratings to be gilt—an affectation which was generally ridiculed, and not without reason, for a black grating suited better with her situation than that unprecedented kind of splendour, which was not to be seen in any convent. My aunt had made herself still more ridiculous before the death of the Duke of Orleans; she had caused a comedy of hers to be performed, called the *Countess de Chazelles*; even the title had something ridiculous in it: the piece itself, which was wretched, failed disgracefully in

the third act: and what was worst of all, a great part of the drama was stolen from an infamous work called *Les Liaisons Dangereuses* by M. de Laclos—a book which no woman ought ever to confess having read.

My aunt carried her ambition of being an authoress to excess: she gave M. Lefévre, the author of some tragedies, apartments in her house; she assigned him a pension of six thousand francs, and all this as she said, was done in order that he might give her some literary advice; she then began to write tragedies. People overlooked all these affectations, and all these absurdities: she had an excellent establishment, and more than two hundred thousand francs a year, and her works never excited the envy of any one.

I shall now resume the broken thread of my narrative: M. de Monthion instituted a prize at the academy—a gold medal for that prose work which should have appeared in the course of the year, and should be judged by the Academy *the most useful and best written.* Madame d'Epinay had published five or six years before the first volume of her *Conversations d'Emilie:* the book is written with a great deal of nature, but without elegance or purity, and contains several erroneous notions—for example, the mother in seeing the pupil

stripping the bark from a tree, asks her if she would like to be flayed in the same manner, and endeavours to inspire her with horror at that action, as if it were a cruel one. There are many things in the volume as far from being reasonable, yet nevertheless it is, in general, an agreeable one. Madame d'Epinay wrote a second volume of these *Conversations*, and although I am very much lauded in it under the name of a fairy, I thought it, as it really is, full of errors in the diction, and of vicious and vulgar modes of expression—and besides the ideas in it are all common-place. The same year I published the *Veillées du Château*. M. de Monthion never doubted that I should have the medal, in spite of all the opposition of the Academy, but to his great surprise, and I venture to say to that of every other person, *the prize for the new work published in the course of the year, and esteemed the best written and the most useful* was decreed to the second volume of the *Conversations d'Emilie!* This work, even if it had been faultless, did not qualify its author to stand for the prize, as it was not a *new work*, but only the continuation of a former one. The first edition of the *Veillées du Château* included in the last volume two tales, which have been taken out since and added to my novels, the *Palace of Truth*, and the *Two Repu-*

tations: in the first of these stories the modern philosophy was severely attacked; and in the second I remarked, with great politeness, but in a manner which did not admit of reply, upon the *Tales* miscalled *moral* of M. de Marmontel. I was therefore pretty sure that I should not obtain the medal, but I thought the Academy would not adjudge the prize. The philosophers thought to overwhelm me with grief by giving it to Madame d'Epinay; but acts of injustice so evidently gross, and so judged by the public, are only so many literary titles of honour for the author who is subjected to them. This edition of the *Veillées du Château* was bought up in eight days: and the work was translated in the course of the year into all the European languages. M. Elmsley, a London bookseller, told me he had published, in the course of two years, twenty-two French editions. It is true that in England the largest edition never exceeds one thousand copies;* but in France, each

* It is to be presumed that Madame de Genlis here speaks of *English* editions of foreign works only; even in this she is not quite right, for of popular works in general, larger editions are printed here than in France: if she means to extend the assertion to English editions in general, it is a ludicrous error. *French* editions, indeed, rarely exceed one thousand; and two thousand would be a large impression for France. *(Translator.)*

of my editions extended to three or four thousand, and sometimes to six or seven thousand. Madame d'Epinay was a *philosopher*, and took care not to talk of religion to her Emily.

I have stated that the happiest years of my life were those I passed at Belle Chasse; which is precisely true of the first eight or nine years I lived there. The four or five latter ones, though rendered more brilliant by the superb heritage of the Maréchale d'Etrée, the excellent place which my brother obtained, and the incontestable success of the plan of education which I pursued; these five years, I say, were poisoned to me by the most grievous losses. The first was that of Madame de Puisieux, who died suddenly of apoplexy. I regretted from my soul that beloved benefactress, that second mother, whom I loved equally through inclination and through gratitude. She left me by her will a diamond worth ten thousand francs, as she did to both her nieces; but she distinguished me by the touching title, *the Countess of Genlis, my friend.* I caused a large ring to be made, which I still possess, and which on one side bore her name and a lock of her hair, and on the other, these words, "She honoured me with the title of her *friend.*" There was a singular *fatality* of apoplexy in the Louvois family; the

great Louvois died of it, as did the Archbishop of Rheims, his brother; M. de Courtanvaux, the Marquis of Souvré, brother of Madame de Puisieux, his son M. de Louvois, Madame de Sailly his daughter, and the Maréchale d'Etrée, daughter of Madame de Puisieux, all died of apoplexy.

I was so shocked and afflicted on hearing of her death, (I had seen her the evening before) that I was seized with a fever, which confined me a whole day to bed. Two days after her death, I went to visit Madame d'Etreé, who received me with a tenderness which she had never before exhibited; and she frankly gave me of her own accord an explanation of this change. She had found a small box containing all the letters I had written to her mother, had read them, and saw that I had constantly employed my influence with Madame de Puisieux, to soften her resentment of the little causes of discontent which the maréchale sometimes gave her, and that I had positively refused the gift she proposed to make me of her pretty house at Etioles. According to my habits, in affliction I multiplied my occupations: I had already taken a master of Spanish, and I added to this the study of the Portuguese, a language which you learn in six weeks when you know

Italian and Spanish. I read the Lusiad, which showed me the strange errors into which M. de Marmontel had fallen in attributing to the author of that fine poem, the absurd reveries which are to be found in the preface of M. de Castera, his translator. He ridiculed these, as being in the poem, in which they are not to be found, so that the criticism being entirely founded on error, is false from beginning to end. In general, the men of letters of the last century knew nothing of the living languages. M. de la Harpe, who has made so many remarks on Shakespeare, was ignorant of English: a fact which I forced him to avow. They also speak of the arts in a wretched manner, for want of having the simplest notions about them.

My work upon religion, which I wrote for the first communion of the eldest of my pupils, completed the degree of horror, and added to the implacable hatred, in which I was held by the philosophers; it is the work entitled, "*Religion considered as the only basis of happiness and true philosophy.*" M. de Buffon has introduced several errors into his works, which refer only to systems of science, but he has generously retracted them. I knew him to have a sincere contempt for the philosophers, for their falsehoods, their unfairness,

and their confessed design of overthrowing religion and corrupting morals. In publishing my work, I destined the entire profits of the first edition for the benefit of the poor. Though I had not publicly announced that determination, it was known, and this no doubt contributed to the rapid sale of the edition: there was not a single copy to be procured in four days after the publication. I sent a copy to M. de Buffon, who wrote me in reply a charming letter, which I showed to M. de Schomberg; and as his friendship for me was much more real than his philosophy, he begged me to lend him that letter, in order to show it to two or three persons. Charmed at the thought that he would read it to d'Alembert, I gave it to him; and he not only showed it, but gave copies of it, and to my great surprise, the letter appeared in print. M. de Buffon behaved admirably on this occasion; when I wished to justify myself to him in the matter, he replied, that he was delighted that his opinions should be known publicly; only that if he had thought the letter would ever appear in print, he would have written it with more care and more at length. In the progress of this work, there happened to me a very striking occurrence which I cannot help relating here: while writing the book, I experienced the greatest misfortune of my

life; my eldest daughter died in childbed at the age of twenty-one. After passing five years in the very highest society, without guide or director, possessing extreme beauty, enchanting talents, and great wit, and without having ever given rise to the slightest imputation upon her behaviour, she was as sincerely beloved as if she had been no more than passable in person, and goodnatured in disposition; along with a charming vivacity she had the prudence of a person of forty. She died as she had lived, with the calmness and piety of an angel; I went to sit with her the three last nights of her existence, and she expired in my arms; an hour and a half before her death she had lost all speech and consciousness, yet she still clasped my hand: some one proposed to administer some drops of ether, but she mechanically recollected that I disliked the smell of it, for she pushed away the spoon, looking at the same time in my face. In spite of my grief, which had a cruel effect on my health, I began again three days after my loss, to give lessons to my pupils. Two days after, M. de Lawoestine brought me a little pocket-book, which she constantly carried in her pocket; there were two or three pages in it of her hand-writing, the two last written only a few days before her unfortunate malady. Here is one ex-

tract which will give the reader some idea of her disposition and of the character of her mind, which was naturally gay. She had drawn a column, at the head of which she had written, "*Account of the infidelities of my husband during the five years of our marriage.*" She counted them year by year; she then put the total, which amounted to twenty-one. After this, she says, "Now let us see mine." She had put a cypher after each line, and the column was summed up with these words, "Total, satisfaction." She was truly attached to her husband. There is in this piece of pleasantry, a grace, and a purity, and a true philosophy, which have something sublime in them. She was regretted in society as I never knew any young person to be regretted. I shall never forget that the king* himself was most deeply affected; he put his hands up to his eyes, saying, "It is most melancholy!" It was of her that the queen said, that she had the face of Venus with the shape of Diana. This expression was a happy one, for it perfectly described her. After her death it was discovered that several men who had never dared to discover their sentiments had been passionately in love with her; some of them fell sick with grief, among others, the Viscount de Gand

* The unfortunate Louis XVI.

and M. de Florian, who had drawn her portrait at length charmingly and truly as the heroine of his poem of Numa. As for me, being unable to find any relief from my affliction but in study, I set about finishing my work upon religion; and in looking to the place where I had left off, I found I had stopped at the title of the chapter, "On Christian resignation."

And this chapter was still to be written! . . . . If there is nothing else to be found in it, there ought to be truth of feeling, for before I began to write, the paper was wet with my tears. At this time I used to write in a little portfolio which I carried always about me, reflections on grief; I often addressed myself to the beloved daughter I had lost; of these I can only recollect the following passage; "That chamber door will no longer cause my heart to leap with joy when it opens—it will be no longer opened by thee! . . . I shall no longer see thy angelic figure cross the room to hasten to meet me! Alas! how can time console me for thy loss? In five years or in ten, thy absence will have been but the longer, it will be but so much the longer time since I saw thee!"

We went to Saint Leu, where I passed a great part of every night walking on the corridor, or looking out of the tall windows by moonlight on the garden where I had seen her run so often. I

spoke aloud to her—I held conversations with her, and on returning to my chamber, I wrote a few lines in my little *souvenir*. I carried this little book abroad with me, and brought it back again with me to France. Casimir, to whom I had given it to read, and who was passionately fond of it, begged me to lend it to him; when he went into England, he entrusted it to Madame de Chimery, who lost it. I regretted it because the sentiments in it were touching; and in these cases, whatever is true bears marks of originality. Grief had so great an effect on my health, that my physicians directed me to go to Spa; but I refused, in order not to be separated from my pupils; upon this the Duke and Duchess of Orleans, (whom I thus name, the grandfather of my pupils being now dead,) determined to accompany me thither with all the children. I was touched, as I ought to have been, by this proof of kindness and friendship.

In going to Spa, we lodged at Terlemont, at the Plantin, a handsome inn; but all the good rooms were occupied. We were dreadfully ill lodged. I slept in a child's cradle, which I found too small to admit Mademoiselle. Our couriers and women had remained on the road ..... But the princes, and especially the Duke of Chartres, served us like excellent domestics. The Duke of Chartres, mounted on

ladder, put our room in order, and nailed up coverlids to the windows, which had neither curtains nor shutters. Mademoiselle, Henriette, and Pamela made our beds...! All the children behaved in a charming manner.

This journey to Spa* was very brilliant; I found there again M. de Romansoff, whom we had met with at Venice a few years before, under the care of M. de Grimm. On that occasion we made together a very pleasant excursion on the Brenta. Though he was then but eighteen, he was a very agreeable companion. M. de Grimm related an anecdote of him which deserves repetition. At the commencement of their journey, a valet-de-chambre of M. de Romansoff was suddenly attacked with raving fits of madness, but in these he nevertheless recognized his master, and obeyed his orders. M. de Grimm wished to send him back to Russia, but M. de Romansoff opposed this decidedly. He said that this man had taken care of him during the first years of his life, and that he already discovered equal honesty and attachment to him, and that he would not abandon him, as, in the state in which he was, he preserved over him a sovereign empire; that in short, he could not have the

* July 1787.

cruelty to drive him to despair by separating from him. In fact, M. de Romansoff kept him with him throughout his travels, taking all possible precautions to prevent him from doing harm to any one, attending to him personally, and making him sleep in his own room. At Spa, I asked M. de Romansoff about this person; seven or eight years had passed away; I learned with pleasure that the man was perfectly cured, and that he was still living; and that he was then residing in his own country on a good pension allowed him by his master, to whom he wrote frequently. M. de Romansoff, who had never been in France, spoke and wrote French as if he had lived all his life at Paris. I never knew any one whose conversation was more agreeable; his mind was formed; and he had acquired a great deal of knowledge without losing any of his amiability in company. We one day made a large party to see the Grotto of Rémouchant near Spa, which is full of deep and dangerous holes, which we called horrible precipices. M. de Romansoff was my conductor; and at every step he pretended that it was to his strength and address that I owed *the preservation of my life*. Suddenly the torches of damp straw which lighted our way, went out, and M. de Romansoff, for the hundredth time *my deliverer*, held

me motionless on the *edge of an abyss*, that is to say, over the most terrible hole we had yet seen. While he uttered the most nonsensical yet piquant things on the danger of my situation, and on the *boundless gratitude* which I owed him, other torches arrived, and our guides led us out of this perilous cavern. On our return to Spa, M. de Romansoff, who was in the same carriage with me, requested me to compose a story *impromptu*, and to relate it immediately. I then told a very tragical story of a ghost, with which M. de Romansoff was delighted. In order to hear it again, he made up a supper party at Vauxhall, in a private room; and it was agreed that each of us should tell a story by turns. We were eight in number; and of those present, only M. de Romansoff and another person had heard my story: I was requested to tell it again; I had looked for this, and having had two days more to concoct it, the story met with unbounded success. M. de Romansoff made me give him my word of honour that I would make a romance of it, and dedicate it to him. It was the foundation of *Charlemagne, or the Knights of the Swan*, and the first romance I ever published; for *Adèle et Théodore* is not a romance. I began at Bremgarten, and continued it on the highway, in the inns, and in traversing the magnificent forests (since

cut down) of the country of Clèves. I stopped at the ancient castle of Clèves; and there I found traces of the Knights of the Swan. I passed by the convent of Maryinbaum, &c. and finished the romance in the inn of Altona. The honest bookseller, Fauche, offered me, of his own accord, three hundred gold fredericks for it; at this moment I was so much in want of money that I would have given it for fifty. I dedicated it, agreeably to my promise, to M. de Romansoff; but I only put in the dedication the initial letter of his name. I was proscribed, and knowing the inconvenience resulting from party spirit, I feared to compromise him by naming him. The work met, nevertheless, with great success at court; the Empress Catherine appeared charmed with it, and had bracelets made *à la Duchesse de Clèves*, similar to those I have described in the romance; some jewellers coming from Russia, brought several of these into Hamburg, where they sold them. At the same time, there was invented at the court of Berlin, a new quadrille in which all the personages in the *Knights of the Swan* figured with their devices.

At Spa, I again met Madame de Potocka, and her son Count John Potocka, whom, in the course of a series of pleasantries, I finished by calling *my kitten*. We had had a long correspon-

dence together, and at the foot of each of his letters instead of a signature, he always drew a pretty little cat.

We saw, besides, at Spa, a young and charming Spanish woman, the Countess of Rechteren, married to a man who might have been her father, but whom she really loved, as she proved by the attentions she paid him, and by her spotless behaviour; she was at once clever, ingenuous, pretty, and a fine woman; at Spa she occasioned many unhappy attachments; among others, the Duke of L.... a young and handsome nobleman of the court of France, became desperately in love with her. As it was always very difficult to approach her ear, she being always near her husband, he thought he had found a favourable moment one morning at the breakfast at Vauxhall, as Madame de Rechteren was not, on that occasion, seated by her husband; the Duke of L.... and several other gentlemen who had the gallantry to serve *the ladies* had not sat down to table, and the duke placed himself behind Madame de Rechteren; he entered into conversation with her, but in an under tone, and leaning over her he whispered in her ear in a low voice, a formal declaration of love. Madame de Rechteren, after listening quietly to what he was saying, made

this reply: "My lord duke, I do not understand French very well, so that I have not comprehended a word of what you have been saying: but my friend there (so she always styled her husband) is much better acquainted with it than I; go and tell him all these pretty things, and he will explain them all to me very clearly." The duke, instead of following this advice, withdrew precipitately with a visible air of vexation. The piquant answer of Madame de Rechteren made every body comprehend what the Duke of L.... had revealed to her with an air of so much mystery.

The unfortunate Princess of Monaco* was also on this excursion. She was very amiable, and I became very intimate with her. I had the pleasure of seeing at Spa the pretty Jeannette, daughter of Madame Aglebert, and formerly the conductress of the blind man.

A few years previous, the King of Sweden, from seeing my piece, *The Blind Man of Spa*,

* The Princess of Monaco left France in the beginning of the revolution, but soon returned. She was arrested twice; the second time she escaped, but her asylum was soon discovered; she was given up to the revolutionary tribunal, and condemned to die. She was advised to plead that she was with child, but as she had been separated from her husband for two years, she preferred dea to a confession of infidelity to her husband, and she perished on the scaffold at the age of twenty-six.—*(Note by the Editor.)*

felt curious to see that virtuous family; he gave a dowry to the girl who was afterwards married. This prince did me also the honour to translate into Swedish my piece, called *La Curieuse*, and since that time there has been a drama in imitation of it, which is entitled, I think, *Edward of Scotland.*

I made my pupils give at Spa a grand fête to the Duchess of Orleans; the waters of the Sauvenière having done her much good, her children constructed round that spring a beautiful walk, in a spot which was formerly a wild wood full of rocks and stones. They removed the stones and rocks which were in the way, and marked out the roads; the woods were cleared, and ornamented with seats, bridges were placed over the torrents, and the woods were covered with charming shrubs in flower. At the end of the walk, which was very long, there was a kind of little wood, which had an opening looking out upon a precipice, remarkable for its height, and for being covered with majestic piles of rock, springs, grass, and trees. Beyond that precipice lay a view of great extent and great beauty. In the wood we raised, upon a plot of turf, an altar to Gratitude of white marble, designed by M. de Myris. On the top of the altar were the words, in large letters, *To Gratitude;* and below was this inscription: "The

waters of the Sauvenière having restored the health of the Duchess of Chartres, her children have embellished the neighbourhood of its springs, and have themselves traced the walks, and cleared the woods with more assiduity than the workmen who laboured under their orders."

Beneath this inscription, was the cypher of the four children. As the inscription declared, the children had laboured at the work with the greatest assiduity, especially the Duke of Chartres and his brothers, who were stronger than Mademoiselle. As they were desirous of giving a surprise to the Duchess of Orleans, they worked in secret, rising at five in the morning, walked two leagues to reach the wood, and worked without ceasing for three hours, and this lasted for three weeks. On the day of the fête, I invited all the prettiest persons at Spa, to come to the fountain at one in the afternoon, dressed in white, with white feathers, nosegays, wreaths of wild flowers, and violet ribbons. I left all the gentlemen on the outside, and disposed all the women in groups within, some walking, some seated, &c. The Duchess of Orleans followed us, and found all the gentlemen outside. The music belonging to Vauxhall, which I had also placed at the entrance, began to play when she appeared, and acquainted me with her

arrival. I went immediately to receive her at the entrance of the walk, followed by her four children. The latter carried hoes, to signify that they had just finished the walk which they had devoted to her; a sentiment which the Duke of Chartres expressed with great grace and effect. After this explanation, the children quitted her, and going by the shortest road, entered the forest where the altar was situated. All the alleys were decorated with garlands of heath, of which the soft violet-coloured blossoms contrasted beautifully with the verdant grass. The ground carpeted with the same flowers, which covered the whole of the wood, the profusion of garlands interwoven with the trees, the rivulets which intersected the green turf, of which some rolling over pebbles and falling from the rocks, formed cascades; about thirty pretty women, all uniformly dressed, and scattered through the walks, and the beauty of the sky formed a scene of which it is difficult to conceive an idea. We led the Duchess of Orleans about for near a quarter of an hour. At the end of this time, the music ceased, and we arrived at the forest of the altar. She there saw standing about the altar her four children, who with Henriette and Pamela formed a charming group. The altar and the wood were all hung

with garlands of flowers, and the children held bouquets in their hands, which they placed on the altar. The Duke of Chartres, seated at the foot of it, held a chisel in his hand, with which he seemed to write on the altar the word *Gratitude*. After having left the duchess time enough to admire the group, the children ran to her, and threw themselves into her arms. Every one present burst into tears, which proves that the most lively emotions are often produced by the most simple means.

It was proposed to us to mount to the top of a high hill, upon which stands the ancient castle of Franchimont, from whence we could discover an enchanting view, the gayest, we were told, about Spa; we were told that several people in debt were imprisoned in this castle; upon this the Duke of Chartres exclaimed, that "while there were prisoners in the castle, the view did not seem to him at all *gay*;" and immediately he proposed to make a subscription among ourselves to release them. I highly approved of the idea, and thanks to the attention and the ardent zeal of the Duke of Chartres, the subscription was soon made up, and the prisoners got out of the castle; afterwards we went to the mountain, and on arriving at the top of it, the Duke of Chartres, first casting his eyes on the prison, which was now empty, and

then turning them to the extensive view around, said with the most touching expression: "*Now*, I confess, that view appears to me as *gay* as it is admirable!"

Among the persons whom I met at Spa, belonging to the best company, I particularly remarked Miss Plunkett, a person full of sensibility; I was fortunate enough to be useful to her afterwards; she accompanied us to Sillery. She married M. de Chastellux, and obtained a situation in the Palais Royal.

The Duke of Liancourt, (now Duke of Larochefoucauld Liancourt,) and the Abbé Delille, were at Spa; we saw them every day. The Duke of Liancourt played off a pleasant trick upon the Abbé Delille; he composed, under the title of *Couplets*, for the birthday of the Duchess of Orleans, a song regular enough, as far as the versification went, but the most insipid thing imaginable, and put at the bottom, "the Abbé Delille." He then caused it to be printed, along with a variety of other news, in a paper, which he called *The Leyden Gazette*, of which he had only six copies struck off, which were handed to us when at breakfast at Vauxhall, with the Abbé Delille, as the genuine *Leyden Gazette*, which went through all Europe. The rage of the Abbé Delille was

indescribable; he could not bear the thought that any one at Paris should suspect him of being the author of such verses. His vexation went to such a height, that I wished to undeceive him at once; but I was not allowed to do this, and the author of the joke had the cruelty to let him remain several days in that state of uneasiness.

I met, also, at Spa, the Chevalier de Chastellux, who had fallen in love with an Irish lady,* whom he afterwards married; the lady had nothing, and he had only a life-rent; and the chevalier, though he had quarrelled with me at the time of my publication of *Adèle et Théodore*, came to call on me, and to say, that though I had some right to complain of him, he was confident I would not refuse to serve him in an object on which the happiness of his life depended. This method of addressing me has always been sure of success. I performed with the utmost zeal all he desired, and obtained the promise of a place at court for the lady whom he should marry—a thing which was not obtained without difficulty; for the Duke of Orleans was averse to it, and made great opposition to the proposal. At length, however, I succeeded; and the chevalier, who took the title of marquis, married Miss Plunkett, to the great displeasure of his family.

* Miss Plunkett, before-mentioned.

I undertook the charge of every thing relative to their marriage, purchases for their outfit, and presentations every where. I introduced her into society, where every one was prejudiced against her. Nevertheless, in spite of all the vexations which Madame de Chastellux has occasioned me, I confess, with my usual impartiality, that she was lively and clever, that she even possessed some excellent qualities; that she was a good mother, and rendered the Chevalier de Chastellux happy during the time of their union. The Marquis of Chastellux was very grateful for all my kindness; but he died a few months after his marriage. Madame de Chastellux was constantly engaged in endeavouring to lose me the friendship of the Duchess of Orleans, in order that she might supplant me in her favour. The revolution furnished her with easy means to accomplish her object.

On our journey, we passed three days at Givet, where M. de Valence gave a charming entertainment to the Duchess of Orleans, at which several pretty verses were sung about her and her children. The next day, M. de Valence gave my pupils, with the aid of his regiment, some military entertainments, equally ingenious and magnificent, such as the attack, defence, and burning of a mock fortress placed on the top of a mountain, &c.

After the fort was taken, the officer who commanded the assailants, came to offer to the Duke of Chartres his *victorious* sword. The Duke of Chartres returned it to him, saying, "It is in too good hands already for me to think of changing its possessor." This obliging speech had so much the more success, as it was evidently not dictated to the prince.

From Givet, the Duke and Duchess of Orleans did me the honour to return to Paris by Sillery, where they remained a fortnight, along with many other persons, whom M. de Sillery invited. He gave splendid entertainments to the Duchess of Orleans; he had already greatly embellished Sillery, where he had realized a beautiful invention on the canals, which are finer at Sillery than elsewhere, as the river flows among them. M. de Genlis had placed in the water as many little islands as I had pupils; all of which were connected by pretty bridges, with a large island which bore my name.

The following year the Duke of Orleans bought the estate of La Motte, near the sea, where we went to pass six months. Every morning there were brought to us all the sea shells, and all the fishes which we wished to see alive. My pupils

there acquired all the local knowledge which could be gathered in such a place.

The Duke of Orleans has been most unjustly accused of avarice; yet he purchased this estate for the sum of two or three hundred thousand francs, solely that his children might acquire a knowledge of shells, fishes and sea-plants, and that they might have a minute acquaintance with vessels. I shall afterwards cite many other traits of the extreme generosity of this prince, who, in this respect, and in many others, has been so cruelly calumniated.

Mademoiselle was so pious, so sensible, and so well grounded in religion, that I made her take her first communion at the age of eleven. A short time previous,* we had all gone together to La Trappe. The princesses of the blood had, in right of their birth, and in quality of descendants of Saint Louis, the right of entering all the convents of men, even the most austere; but up to this time, when they had made use of this privilege, they had either all entered the convent together, or if there were none of the ladies with them, they were accompanied by their fathers or husbands;

* In June, 1788.

so that until this period, no private lady had ever entered the precincts of La Trappe. I insisted upon entering, and I succeeded. I represented, that the governess was inseparable from her pupil, unless she gave her up into the hands of her mother; but that as I was alone with Mademoiselle, it would be, in effect, to refuse her, as I could not consent to be separated from her. The chapter assembled to deliberate on the question, and the result was agreeable to my wishes, I was allowed to enter with the young princess, and I was treated with the utmost politeness. First we heard the reading, which took place in the cloister, where all the fathers were seated; it was a kind of French sermon, of which I remember the following passage: "Fly far from us all ye vain and deceitful pleasures! in this place ye are expiated or despised!" The breathless attention of these religious persons had something very striking and touching in it. After the reading was over, we entered a saloon, where we were received by the old and the actual abbé, who remained with us. In three quarters of an hour, we were led to the choir, which was very handsome. All the fathers sung with the piety of angels, and from time to time prostrated themselves on the ground, remaining there in profound silence until the sound

of a hammer gave them the signal to rise; all this, added to the simple majesty of the church, affected me with an inexpressible emotion. After the service, we went out; and were conducted to the bottom of a large staircase, leading to the cells; there we were told to stop, while the abbé, at the foot of the stairs, holding a branch in his hand, blessed one by one the fathers as they marched by him, each bowing profoundly; they afterwards went up stairs to retire to rest. After this ceremony we were reconducted to the saloon, where we supped, and where we remained an hour in conversation with the fathers. We saw in an adjoining room the portrait of M. de Rancé, a fine portrait painted by Rigaud. M. de Rancé was represented in the act of writing. His features were regular, and his physiognomy clever and intelligent; he resembled very strikingly M. de Sillery,* except in not having so fine a complexion. I should never have imagined the founder of La Trappe to have possessed such a face. In the apartment of the Duke of Penthièvre was still to be found a good picture brought by M. de Rancé from Rome, representing the death of Saint Bernard.

* M. de Genlis was then Marquis of Sillery.—*(Note by the Author.)*

The day following, after mass, we went to the refectory to see the fathers dine. There was no cloth on the table, but each had a towel; their dishes were of pewter, and their spoons and forks of box-wood; to each was served a bowl of soup, a plate of vegetables, two or three raw potatoes, a large piece of good bread, a jug of water and another of beer. A reader seated on an elevated chair read to them during the repast. Afterwards, the reader, who was one of the fathers, dined with the domestics; each of the fathers was reader in turn; the fathers were served by others of the fathers, who dined after them, as did the reader. The brothers, who performed the menial offices of the convent, dined at the same time in an adjoining hall, which was only separated from the other by an arcade without a door, which allowed a complete view of the hall of the fathers; these were served by their own brethren.

Here let me be allowed to remark, that the establishment of converse brothers,* which seems so contrary to Christian humility in all cases, is especially so among the austere orders. For example, at La Trappe, where the duties were equally divided amongst all the individuals of the house

* This is the title given to the brethren who act as servants in the convents.—(*Translator.*)

the converse brothers did not serve the fathers; from whence, then, came the distinction of hall and of name? It was not because the brethren were not priests; for the greater part of the fathers did not bear that character. Reason approves of equality —religion commands it; it seemed a strange contradiction to see a monk one moment prostrated in the dust, and the next refusing to eat his brown bread and beans by the side of some of his brethren as virtuous and as pious as he. This institution is very old; the *lay brothers* were established by Saint Gualbert in 1072, but without these haughty distinctions; I do not know the name of him who reduced them to the quality of valets, but it is to be presumed that it was some *gentleman* monk.

From the refectory we went to the library, and from thence to the chapel, which contains the tomb of M. de Rancé. The cells were very small; they contained a matrass, a wooden table and a crucifix. We witnessed the fathers working in the garden. We visited the repository for drugs, which is extensive and well filled; and there was near it a pretty botanic garden containing the usual plants.

I shall now mention all I gathered from the conversation of the fathers. The history of the

Count de Cominges is a fable, as are also the following things; that they are occupied daily in digging their own graves; that they raise and pull down again mountains in order to keep themselves employed; that they say to each other when they meet, "we must die;" that they wear on their head an instrument covered with sharp points, &c. All these things are completely false. They keep continual fasts; they never eat fish, sugar, eggs, butter, or oil, except a little of the latter, which they are allowed for their salads. They are allowed to use vinegar, and also milk, but the latter is forbidden them during Lent; they never drink wine, but on journeys; and when absent from La Trappe, they are permitted to drink it, and to eat fish and butter; they are allowed to leave La Trappe on the affairs of the convent. Their dress, like that of the Chartreux, is white; they shave their heads and their beards, and they have a hood which they wear at pleasure. They sleep always in their clothes; they wear a woollen shirt, but no hair-cloth; all mortifications of this description are forbidden by their rules. Nobody can be admitted among them till the age of twenty; that is to say, admitted to the noviciate, which lasts a year. Only the infirm employ themselves in making little articles, such as chaplets or box-wood

spoons, &c.; even in winter they work at their gardens, and afterwards do the work of the house, shell peas, prepare vegetables, collect and preserve seeds, &c. This work is divided among them all. Counting the fathers and the converse brothers, there are in all about one hundred and twenty persons in the convent. Among sixty fathers, there were only eighteen priests; the others, though bound by the same irrevocable vows, neither said mass, nor counted themselves in holy orders, through a sentiment of humility; thinking themselves neither good nor virtuous enough to venture to celebrate the sacred mysteries of religion. The abbé was elected for life, and named by the court, and by the votes of the fathers; the votes were given by way of ballot, and were forwarded, sealed up, to the court. There were three fathers appointed to receive the strangers and the poor who arrived. From their establishment and the legacies of pious persons, they could afford to give all poor travellers hospitality for three days. When the apartments in the convent were full they paid their expenses at the inn; and if, during these three days, any of the poor travellers fell sick, they took care of them till their health was perfectly recovered; their surgeon visited them and furnished them with drugs from the repository belonging to the house; the fathers went also

to visit them, dressed their wounds, &c. If the poor travellers required money to pursue their journey, the fathers gave them what was necessary to carry them to the place where they wished to go. There was not a day on which there did not pass many poor travellers, and among others a great many soldiers. It has often happened that the gratitude and admiration of those they have succoured, have fixed the persons who were the objects of their charity among them. In short, whoever wishes to see virtue in all its perfection, will only see it there, under, perhaps, too severe a form, but so true, and so sublime, that it is not wonderful that persons of enthusiastic feelings, should be found willing to devote themselves to such a state. Besides these charities, they aided and took care of all the poor of the neighbourhood for many leagues round. I questioned several of the peasantry, who spoke to me of the fathers with the respect and veneration which we should have for angels who deigned to manifest themselves to us. What private individuals, with the same revenues, could do so much good at once by their example and their charities? Where shall we find such virtues, uninspired by religion? They never received into their community any widowers whose children were not established in the world, of whatever

age the children might be, unless they had some occupation which insured them subsistence; they thought that a father in such a case had no right to dispose of his liberty, and that he owed his life to his children. When they have once professed, they cease to hold communication by letters with any person whatever. They receive no visits from any of their relations except their father and mother, and even this must be rarely. They are expressly forbidden to discover a shadow of preference for any one of their brethren, they being obliged to love all alike. If any one of them discovered that one of his brethren seemed to have a particular friendship for him, he was obliged, when they were all assembled, to ask permission to speak, and to accuse him of it publicly. In this case, the superiors imposed a penance on the accused, who was never to endeavour to excuse or justify himself, even if he should have been wrongfully accused. He was supposed to think that when his brother accused him he must have given room for the accusation in some way which he has forgotten; and besides in any case he ought to sacrifice his self-love without hesitation to the obedience he owes to the rules of La Trappe. In this case, and in every other, when a brother sees any other trangress, in whatever way it may be,

he is bound to accuse him publicly, as I have stated, and the accused is always to remain silent, and submit with resignation to the penance imposed; if there escaped from his lips a single word in his own defence all the brethren would prostrate themselves on the ground and entreat God to pardon his pride; but this is a thing which rarely happens, except in the case of novices, and those who have but recently taken the vows, and even in these instances it occurs but seldom. It was brother Prosper, a young man of twenty-eight who had been eight years at La Trappe, who acquainted me with these things.

This brother Prosper had a charming physiognomy, and was remarkable for candour and talent. I asked him to tell me frankly, whether among his brethren he did not know some one at the bottom of his heart, who had more friendship for him than the others. "One only?" replied he, "no, truly; I could more readily name a dozen than one." This was a charming answer, and proves what a tender union reigned among them. Besides he told me, that his remarks upon that dozen were not worthy of being made the ground of an accusation, because they were founded upon movements which were altogether involuntary on their parts; "For example," said he, "we know those

who love us most by a number of things which are done mechanically; in our labours we ought all zealously to assist each other; if one of us is too heavily loaded, or falls, &c. we ought to fly to his aid; but in such a case there are always twelve or fifteen brethren who come faster than the rest, and it is by these accidents often repeated, that we find out those who love us best. But God does not condemn these natural inclinations, he does not disapprove of our loving best at the bottom of our hearts, those who seem to us the most virtuous, provided we do not display those feelings so as to wound others, by showing them our preferences and private attachments, which would then be heavy offences against the general charity which we are bound to bear to all, and which would tend to injure the union which ought to exist among us."

When a brother who is sick is at the last extremity, he is told that he is to receive extreme unction; he is then carried to the church, where it is always administered; he is then carried back to his bed. When his last moments approach, there is a bell rung which announces to all the convent that one of the brethren is in the agonies of death; all the rest then assemble round the bed of the dying man, who is placed upon ashes, and

prayers are said aloud for him. This description will make the worldly shudder; yet it must be allowed that at La Trappe the preparations for death and the religious solemnities which accompany it are equally august and consoling, and are only regarded as the harbingers of triumph and of supreme happiness. "The frugal and laborious life which we lead," said Father Theodore to us, "exempts us from violent and putrid diseases. I have never witnessed any epidemics here, even while they were raging in the country. We scarcely know any other diseases than those of the chest, occasioned by our singing in the church, and by the rule which obliges us to rise in the night. Those whose constitutions enable them to brave this disorder, and who have passed the age of thirty, live here longer than elsewhere; our old age is healthy and vigorous, and in general we die in the possession of all our faculties. In the fifty years I have passed here, I do not know an instance of any of our brethren dying who did not enjoy all his faculties and his reason. As we live but to die in security, that moment comes invested by no terrors; on the contrary, when we attend any of our brethren in death, we all envy the crown he is about to receive, and we wish ourselves in his place. It is not that we hate life;

we think ourselves as happy as mortals can be upon this earth, but we experience in our last moments all the joy which the sweetest and highest hopes can bestow. I have never known a brother who did not meet the news of his approaching death, not only without fear, but with gladness; I have even seen some whom the news reanimated, and whose strength has been so renewed by the intelligence, that their days have been prolonged in a miraculous manner, and almost all have displayed in their last moments a vivacity, a warmth, and an eloquence, which seemed supernatural. It is not long since a brother who was told that he had but one day to live, felt himself so reanimated by the news, that he said he found himself strong enough to walk to the church to receive extreme unction without being carried thither. In fact, though up to that moment he had been extremely weak, he rose, walked from his room, descended the stairs, went to the church, returned thence, and to the great surprise of the surgeon, lived two months longer."

The same Father Theodore who told us this was the former abbé: he had lived in society before embracing that vocation, and was thirty when he entered La Trappe: he was at this time more than

eighty, was very stout, had all his teeth, a very fine head, and a freshness of complexion quite astonishing: his cheeks were of the finest red I have ever seen. He had a great deal of talent, extraordinary politeness, and an astonishing memory; he had not forgotten a word of what he had read before entering La Trappe. He quoted to me many passages from history, and from La Bruyère, whom he knew by heart: and he related to us several interesting narratives, among others the following: A few years ago, a young man of good birth, rich, and handsome, the only son of a tender mother, came here, induced by a vocation of which he had felt the influence from his earliest years, to be admitted with the consent of his mother, to perform his noviciate. The year of the noviciate was not quite finished when his mother, repenting of the consent he had extorted from her, arrived suddenly at La Trappe; she asked for her son, who came to her accompanied by Father Theodore. The conversation was very long, at least on the part of the mother, who conjured her son to return with her, assuring him that she desired this principally for his own benefit. The latter listened in silence, without interrupting her, and when she had finished said, "Mother, will you deign to reply to a question which I am about to put to you?

Suppose I went to fix myself far from you in a foreign country, where it would be impossible for you to come: suppose I should there have acquired a large fortune, a great establishment, and brilliant honours, and that I was not allowed to return to you without renouncing all these advantages, would you require the sacrifice at my hands?" "No, certainly," said his mother, "I only desire your happiness." "Well then, mother," replied the son, "I am that happy man; or rather I am a thousand times happier than I could be rendered by the possession of all the honours and riches of the universe: my happiness, besides, is so much the greater, because all the inconstancy of fortune can never deprive me of it; and death, so far from putting an end to it will make it supreme and eternal: behold then, the extent of the sacrifice you demand!" At these words the mother rose up, embraced her son with tears, and departed. I might cite many more instances of the same kind which were told me by Father Theodore, of the then abbé, and of the three brothers who took charge of travellers. These five monks, with whom I had so many conversations, were all equally obliging: they answered frankly all my questions; but as soon as I ceased to speak, they seemed to commune with

their own hearts, bent down their eyes and heads, and fell into such a state of profound meditation, that I am persuaded they believed themselves alone with the Deity; this was without any affectation, and with an air of nature which was very striking. As soon as you spoke to them, they started from their reverie, and assumed an obliging and cheerful aspect, which lasted as long as you questioned them. They observed among themselves, except in the case of the superiors and the three monks, an eternal silence; but they were allowed at certain hours, to speak to the superiors when they had any demands to make: at other times and at their labour, they expressed themselves only by signs. There were there some monks who had not opened their lips for many years but to confess themselves, to read, and to sing the praises of God. The three monks observed, like the rest, the law of silence within the house, and never spoke but to strangers.

There was not a single looking-glass at La Trappe, either in the interior, or exterior apartments of the convent; many of the brethren had absolutely forgotten their own faces. As they worked not only in their gardens, but out of doors, the doors on the side of the garden were always wide open, so that if a monk wished to escape, he

might easily do it: in this case, no one would have tried to prevent him, still less to pursue or bring him back when his flight was discovered; on the contrary, they would all be delighted to have got rid of a bad brother: but at the same time their rules oblige them to receive him if he returns; and ordain him, as a penance, to remain shut up for as long a period as he has been absent, and to live upon bread and water. Nevertheless, the abbé has the right of shortening, as much as he chooses, the time of expiation, which he always does if the culprit shows signs of repentance: in this case, though the culprit's absence may have lasted ten years, he is never confined more than one. When any one presents himself to be received, all the austerities are detailed to him in the most circumstantial manner; he is besides reminded that however robust his constitution may be, it is very probable that it may not be proof against them, and that he will sink under them in the course of two or three years: and it is after all this that he is received at La Trappe. They never receive any but tall, strong, and healthy men; which led me to be much struck with the appearance of these monks, who are generally of great size. They had among them a very able surgeon, who was still young, who had fixed himself at La

Trappe through affection to the fathers; he lived with them on their diet, and attended all their services when his occupations allowed him; he practised medicine gratuitously for the poor, and often walked ten or twelve leagues to attend them. He told us that it was impossible to live among these fathers without feeling a desire to imitate them, and that he would not quit them if any one were to offer him all the wealth of the world. These pious persons had all the charity which characterizes true virtue: they told me that a woman disguised as a man, came thither one day with her husband, but that she saw nothing, for they recognized her sex as soon as she appeared, and obliged her to leave the convent. I exclaimed against this profanation, which is a case rendering the person liable to excommunication, but they very kindly excused her, saying that she was very young, and that she could not have felt the impropriety of her action; and that as for her husband, they could easily conceive that he might have the weakness to consent to the impropriety, in favour of the woman he loved.

Travellers have gone very far to study mankind, and to endeavour to discover the effects of examples, institutions, laws, governments, &c. upon the mind; here we found among ourselves laws

far more austere than those of the ancient Spartans; virtues infinitely more sublime than those of the sages of antiquity so famed and so extolled; here was a little republic in which all the dangerous passions were subdued, and where all the virtues were carried to a height of perfection which seems above human nature. Is this, then, a picture unworthy the contemplation of a true philosopher? Should we quit this venerable abode with the question—*Are these men fools?* Before deciding this, begin by proving yourself wise; prove to me at least that you are consistent; that you have principles of some kind or another, and that you regulate your manners by them. You believe that we ought to yield to the inclinations with which nature has endowed us, that it is thus only we can be happy; wherefore then do you constantly complain? Why does happiness ever fly from you, and elude your grasp? Why is the repose of the soul to you but a dream?

But it will be said—Of what use are all these absurd austerities? Then cease to admire the disciples of Pythagoras who passed seven years without speaking;* cease to admire the sobriety of Diogenes and other philosophers, who lived only upon herbs; cease to admire the patience of

* This was one of their trials. (*Author.*)

Epictetus and of Socrates, their patience, and their contempt for wealth and dignities! . . . Is it only in past ages and among heathens that these virtues have acquired their power of touching you? Tradition may have exaggerated in these instances, and it tells us that these men had their errors and their weaknesses; but you cannot doubt in the case of men who are so near your own time: and if you find any singularity in the life of a monk of La Trappe, at least you will find none of the vices which are the reproach of the Pagan philosophers. But, it will be repeated, to what purpose are these woollen shirts, these hard mattrasses, that exclusion of every thing convenient or agreeable? To what purpose? to give to the poor the money which would be expended in dresses of silk, in soft beds, in handsome furniture, in delicate viands! Do you ask why they pass a part of the day in cultivating the fields? To give an excellent example to the peasants around them, and to labour in a useful pursuit. Who among them would not blush to be a sluggard and an idler? But why pass so many hours in a church? Why do you pass so many years at Versailles,* where you languish in ennui? in the hope always uncertain, and often disappointed, of obtaining . . . .

* This was written in 1790.

what? an empty title, a ribbon, or a seat! It is not such trifles as these which attract these men to their church and retain them there; it is not the hope, but the certainty of obtaining, not fragile and perishable advantages, but eternal felicity. Fancy, if you will, that their hope is unfounded; what is that to them, when they themselves are persuaded of its solidity? The reward which they look forward to is greater than that which you seek; they have far greater pleasure in singing the praises of God, than you have in paying your court to your king: rivals for power and your own doubts torment you; but they have no rivals to dread, they are certain of the reward of their labours. You aspire, and they expect: think how much happier they are in their churches than you at the *Œil de Bœuf*. Thus, even if their belief were founded on an illusion, you ought not to style them *fools*, since they are beneficent, virtuous, useful, and happy; and if their belief is well-founded, what name do they deserve, and what title should be yours? What will be your lot in eternity, contrasted with theirs?

From La Trappe we went to Conches. There we went to church, where I met with an awkward incident. The Curé was conducting the princess through the choir; afterwards he went up to the

altar, and having said some prayers, he came up to me and said in a low voice, "Madame, will you allow me to have the *sign* of Mademoiselle?" The sound of the phrase occasioned me some surprise; but after a little reflection, I guessed that he wished to have the signature of Mademoiselle, who accordingly wrote her name on the registers.*

From Conches we went to Navarre. A lady at Conches, who wished to see the princes at supper, had given us the most splendid description of the beauties of Navarre, adding, that the *most charming* of all was the figure of a peasant fishing and his wife, made of coloured stucco: she assured us that these figures were so natural, that one day, a man on the other side of the water reprimanded the man for catching the duke's fine carp; and that seeing the fisherman persist, he threw a large stone at him, which broke one of his arms. The lady assured us that it cost the duke *considerable sums* to have a new arm made for that *fine coloured statue*. Navarre is five leagues from Conches. I think the gardens of Navarre were at that period the finest

* It is impossible to render this blunder into English. The sound of the word *sein*, bosom, and that of *seing*, which is vulgarly used for signature, are the same; so that when the worthy curate asked for the signature of Mademoiselle, it seemed as if he asked to touch her bosom. (*Translator.*)

in France beyond comparison; they appeared to me infinitely preferable to those of Chantilly; they were immense, and joined a vast and beautiful forest. The fountains were admirable; a fine and broad river traversed the gardens, and formed rivulets and cascades, which fell night and day at all seasons. The wonderful beauty of the shady walks and the waters, the majestic forest which bounded the gardens on all sides and overlooked them, the profusion of flowers, the enormous quantity of trees and rare plants, the magnificence of the buildings, the variety of the views, the excellent taste and noble effect which reigned in the whole plan and arrangement, and the vast extent of these gardens, rendered this spot well worthy of exciting the curiosity of foreigners, and of all lovers of art. On entering this enchanting spot we were struck with a reflection which offered a singular contrast to our minds: we thought it singular to find ourselves in the *Temple of Love*, after having been the evening before, at that very hour, in the narrow cells of the fathers of La Trappe. In these delicious gardens there are many things in bad taste; but these were slight defects among beauties without number, and of the highest kind. For example, the grotto was but a vast mass, very heavy, and of a villainous shape, which was the

more unlucky, as it was placed very conspicuously and in a ravishing situation: I should have preferred in place of that horrid rock, a fine Temple to Glory, in which should have been hung, as its chief ornament, the sword of M. de Turenne, suspended from the vault: I should have wished the statue of that great man to ornament the back part of the Temple, and bas-reliefs around should have represented his victories. In England, all the buildings at Blenheim are monuments to commemorate the exploits of the Duke of Marlborough: the gardens of Navarre, as beautiful as those of Blenheim, might then have possessed the noble quality of recalling at each step the memory of a hero, the recollections of our soldiers, and of the glorious days of France. In place of this, there was erected in the gardens a little tomb of turf devoted to the war-horse of M. de Turenne. Over that paltry monument stands a small bronze figure of *La Pie*, that celebrated animal; at the four corners of the tomb are porphyry urns; and the whole resembled, as Pamela observed, chimney ornaments. The woman and the fisherman, in spite of the great admiration the lady of Conches had expressed for them, gave us no higher idea of the garden ornaments. Every one was expressly forbidden to gather flowers in the gardens, or to

kill any game or birds; so that the birds were tamer and more numerous here than elsewhere, and the garden was remarkably fresh and brilliant. I have never seen so many roses and flowers, or heard the songs and warblings of so many birds, and the murmurs of so many torrents and cascades.

In the month of August following, we made an excursion to Saint Valery, five leagues from La Motte. This estate belonged to the Duke of Orleans, and is situated in Normandy, near the town of Eu, on the borders of the sea. After having dined in an inn on the sea shore, there was a vessel towed up to us which had not yet been named. It was wished that the Duke of Chartres should give it his own name, and that he should stand godfather to it at once, to which I consented with so much the more pleasure, as this was a ceremony I had never yet seen. There stood on the quarter deck a table covered with a cloth fringed with lace, and on the table were a vessel of holy water and two plates containing salt and corn. The Duke of Chartres and Mademoiselle were the godfather and godmother. The Curé addressed to them a touching discourse, after which the priests sung prayers. Afterwards, the Curé blessed the vessel. He then went round it,

strewing salt and corn, as the symbols of plenty. It seems to me that this benediction of a vessel about to depart on a long and perilous voyage, is a fine subject for a discourse intended for a young prince. The persons on board explained to my pupils all the details relative to the management of a vessel. We also visited the dock, where we saw two vessels building.

We went to visit a singular village called Cayen, three short leagues from Lamothe. It stands on the sea shore, and consists of about eight hundred houses. The shore is in this spot very high, and is formed of sand exceedingly fine, which the wind carries thither. It hence happens that the wind, driving this sand from the rocky shore to a great distance, it wholly covers not only all the space occupied by the village, but a great extent of country beyond it; so that in walking over this melancholy spot, you sink in the sand up to the ankle; and throughout all this space, neither tree, bush, nor a blade of moss of grass can grow. You fancy yourself transported to the dry and burning sands of Africa; and when the wind is high, as it often happens on the sea shore, the sand rises in the air in thick clouds, and entirely covers that unfortunate village. But their fishery, and the subsistence it affords them, induce the

miserable inhabitants to remain here in spite of so many calamities, and their privation from verdure, fruits, vegetables, fresh water, and all that nature offers elsewhere to the poorest peasant. Their situation appeared to us the more frightful, from this sandy desert being contrasted with cultivated fields and green meadows lying at the distance of five hundred feet from them; affording objects of comparison very distressing to them. I have never seen any thing so melancholy as the appearance of this village. On one side, it is bounded by the vast extent of ocean; and on the other by a great plain of white sand, over which are scattered the wretched huts of the fishermen; not a blade of verdure; a burning sun reflected upon a blazing sand, the air clouded and dimmed by eternal dust, and the melancholy moaning of the waves, all concur to render this village the most hideous abode in the universe. Nevertheless, people live and remain there, and the population is even very considerable; there are many children. How great, then, is the power of habit and of attachment to existence! These fishermen are here sure of subsistence; and they consent to suffer all other evils on condition of being without uneasiness as to the means of prolonging that melancholy existence. What do I say? Perhaps the greater part

of these persons now the objects of our pity, prefer the barren soil which gave them birth to the fertile fields of their neighbours; for, as a well-known poet says:

E instinto di natura
L'amor del patrio nido.*

From Lamothe we went to Havre de Grace, where we visited the arsenals, and afterwards the mole. We there saw a horrible monument of the cupidity and injustice of men; this was a very large and bulky vessel, a *slave* ship, built for the purpose of carrying on the trade in negroes; it was very clumsy, being full of prisons for holding the unhappy Africans.

From Havre we went to Pontorson, where we changed horses to proceed to Saint Michel. This place is only three leagues off; but for more than a league, the roads were excessively bad. We were obliged to walk the greater part of the way. To reach Mount Saint Michel, at certain periods, and indeed generally, you must seize the time of ebb, when the sea is retreating from the shore; but at the time we were on our route, the sea had retired for some hours. We arrived when the

* Love of the paternal nest is an instinct of nature.

night was set in; it was a very striking spectacle to approach that fort, in the middle of the night, over the sandy and naked beach, accompanied by guides bearing torches, and uttering fearful cries, to keep us from falling into the deep and dangerous holes, which lay so thick on our road, that we were forced to make a hundred windings to avoid them. We saw quite close to us the fort, which was illuminated, in expectation of the princes; we fancied we had reached it, and were again disappointed by some new turning. We heard a dull sound of bells, which were pealing in honour of the princes; and their sad melody contributed to heighten the melancholy impression which all these new objects produced upon us. It may well be said of this castle that it is situated

> Sur un rocher désert, l'effroi de la nature,
> Dont l'aride sommet semble toucher aux cieux;

for in reality its height is prodigious, it is impossible to conceive an idea of it. Its appearance is very imposing; its towers, its fortifications, and its Gothic architecture render it very venerable. We first entered a citadel, where the people of the place dressed as soldiers, and bearing guns, awaited my pupils. There were no troops sent to that fortress

but in time of war; but in peace, it was the prior who was *commandant* of the fort. After passing the citadel, we entered the town, which was very little and very poor; it is merely a long and very narrow street, which is all full of mountings and turnings, and which you cannot traverse but on foot. Every individual had lighted up his house, and was standing at his door. After having climbed up the street for half an hour, escorted by all the monks, and the people bearing lanterns, we quitted the town, and got to some stairs very lofty and difficult to mount, all covered with moss and brambles; we had about four hundred steps to ascend. From time to time we reached resting-places, which consisted of landing-places all covered with grass and briars. This climbing is the most fatiguing operation that can be imagined; we were all perspiring, though the weather was not at all warm. At length we arrived at a vast church, of which the choir was very noble and handsome; we were now in the convent. After traversing the church, we had to mount another stair leading to the apartments, which were lofty and clean. Above the apartments were four hundred steps more, leading to a Belvedere placed on the summit of the fort. The air there is very sharp but healthy; you drank cistern-water, which

was not disagreeable to the taste. The winter there is extremely severe, and begins in Autumn; and the weather is never very warm. Some of the houses in the town have little gardens, and a few of the inhabitants have cows; but the monks were obliged to procure their provisions elsewhere, even their bread, as, on account of the dearness of wood, none was baked at Saint Michel; it was all brought from Pontorson. There are no fish on that coast, except rarely, and by chance; so that living in the midst of the sea, as it were, the inhabitants are obliged to buy fish. The monks had, at a league and a half from the fort, a country-house, with a superb garden, which furnished them with vegetables. There were twelve monks and they received no novices. It appeared to me that they endeavoured in general, as much as they could, to alleviate the sufferings of the prisoners. They assured us that they never confined any one there but by the king's positive and special orders, and that very often, they took their prisoners to walk in the neighbourhood.

I interrogated them about the famous *iron cage*, they told me it was not of iron but of wood, framed of enormous logs, between which were interstices of the width of three or four finger breadths. It was about fifteen years since, any prisoners had

been confined there wholly, but they still put in those who were obstreperous, for twenty-four hours, or two days, though his place was horribly damp and unwholesome; and though there was another prison as strong, but less unhealthy. I expressed my surprise at this, and the prior in answer assured me that it was his intention at some future time to destroy this monument of cruelty. Upon this Mademoiselle and her brothers cried out, that they would be delighted to see it destroyed in their presence. The prior said that he was at liberty to destroy it, for that Monsigneur the Count d'Artois,* who had visited Mount Saint Michel a few months before us, had positively commanded its demolition; the prior added, that several reasons had obliged him to defer it, but that he would give the princes the satisfaction they desired the next morning, and that this would be assuredly the finest entertainment he could give them. I occupied the chamber where the Abbé Sabatier had slept, when he was confined in that prison for so noble a cause.† The

* Now king Charles X.—(*Author.*)

† For having spoken in the parliament with great force against abuses of the grossest description.—(*Note by the Author.*)

monks never spoke of him without emotion and enthusiasm.

. A few hours before our departure from Saint Michel, the prior, followed by the monks, two carpenters, one of the Swisses of the Castle and the greater part of the prisoners (who, at our request, were allowed to be present) accompanied us to the spot containing this horrible cage. In order to reach it, we were obliged to traverse caverns so dark, that we had to use lighted flambeaux; and after having descended many steps, we reached a horrible cavern, where stood this abominable cage, which was extremely small and placed on ground so damp, that you saw the water running under it. I entered with a sentiment of horror and indignation, mingled with the pleasant feeling, that at least, thanks to my pupils, no unfortunate person would ever have to reflect with bitterness within its walls on his own misfortunes and the cruelty of men. The Duke of Chartres, with the most touching expression, and with a force beyond his years, gave the first blow with his axe to the cage, after which the carpenters cut down the door, and removed some of the wood. I have never witnessed any thing so touching as the transports, the acclamations, and the applauses of the prisoners during

this demolition. In the midst of the tumult I was struck with the melancholy and miserable looks of the Swiss, who regarded the operation with the greatest signs of grief. I mentioned this to the prior, who told me that the Swiss regretted the destruction of the cage, because he made money by showing it to strangers. The Duke of Chartres gave ten louis to the Swiss, saying, that for the future instead of showing the cage to travellers, he would have to point out to them the place where it once stood, and that surely *that* view would be much more agreeable to them.

After the mass, we inspected all the establishment: we saw an enormous wheel, by means of which, with cables, they raised to the windows of the castle, all the bulky kinds of provisions to be consumed in it. The provisions were fixed to a pulley by ropes, which passed over a large wheel, placed in the inside of the fort at an open window, and the wheel when turned round, raised up whatever was fastened to the cable. From thence we went to walk on the terraces or parapets, which are excessively high. From this spot the view around is admirable; you see mount Tomblaine, which is higher than mount Saint Michel, and uninhabited. It is situated at three quarters of a league from Saint Michel, which

seems incredible; for as it is placed in the sea as well as the other mount, and you do not see around you any objects to enable you to judge of its size, it appeared to us extremely small, though we were but a hundred feet from it. Afterwards we saw what is called the Hall of the Knights, which is large and handsome, and supported by pillars. It takes its name from the custom which the knights of Saint Michel had of going to this mountain. The library was very indifferent, which somewhat grieved me; when I reflected how useful and even necessary was a good collection of books for the prisoners.

Superstitious tradition relates, that Saint Michael formerly performed miracles upon this mountain, then inhabited by hermits; that afterwards the saint commanded them to build upon it, and that the mountain acquired the name of Mount of the Tomb, on account of its form. The ancient dukes of Normandy and other princes made pilgrimages to this mountain, and presents which we saw in the treasury of the church. Pilgrimages were still made to it, and we were loaded with medals and little silver shells, such as are given to pilgrims. We obtained for several prisoners a privilege which they ardently desired; that of being allowed to follow us to the foot of the castle.

There was one of these who had been confined for fifteen months, and who till that time had been deprived of the liberty of moving from the upper part of the fort; when he found himself out of the convent, and on the little landing-place, but especially when he saw the grass which covered the steps of the staircase, he discovered emotions of mingled joy and tenderness which it is impossible to describe; he gave me his arm, and at every step we advanced, he cried out with transport, "O what joy it is to walk once more on the grass!" I ought here to mention that on our arrival at Paris we made many fruitless endeavours to obtain his liberty. The Duke of Chartres however had the happiness of obtaining the enlargement of one of these prisoners, and to contribute to the freedom of another.

I was delighted to have seen this spot at once so melancholy and so strange; this amphibious castle, of which the possession is by turns rejected both by land and sea; for the mountain is one part of the day a solitary island in the midst of the sea, and at another it is placed on a vast plain of arid sand.

On quitting mount Saint Michel, we went to Saint Malo, where we saw a striking instance

of what activity united to industry can perform. There lived in that town fifteen years before, a merchant named Dubois, who lost all he had; having no longer any kind of property, he bethought him of going to the Indies, when a vessel which was supposed to have been lost came into port. Dubois had a share in that vessel which had gained large sums, and brought him six hundred thousand francs; with that sum, he engaged in other speculations which were successful. He then obtained permission to construct a little harbour at his own expence a short league from Saint Malo, at a place called Montmarin. The harbour was finished, and was exactly that of Brest in miniature. Dubois built there a pretty château where he lived, and set about constructing vessels for sale; so that this little portion of land, gained by industry and labour, had become, since it was the property of Dubois, a kind of republic founded and governed by himself. There was at Montmarin a great number of workmen, because every thing was made there, cords, cables, sails, carpentry, &c. Dubois lent money to the shipowners; but in such cases he exacted as security vessels which he put into his harbour. He had six of this kind at that time, all bearing the flags

of different nations. This singular man was very hospitable, and received very kindly all foreigners and persons who came to visit him.

For a long period the revolution had been preparing, and all respect for the monarchy was now destroyed; it was become the fashion to defy the court in every thing, and to ridicule the monarchy. No one went to Versailles to pay his court, but with unwillingness and complaints; every one said, that nothing was so tiresome as Versailles and the court, and every thing the court approved, was disapproved by the public; even the theatrical pieces applauded at Versailles, were hissed at Paris. A disgraced minister was sure of the public favour, and if he was exiled, every one went eagerly to visit him, not through real greatness of soul, but merely to have the pleasure of blackening and condemning all that the court did. The finances were in very bad condition; and in order to remedy them it was thought advisable to assemble the states-general. There is nothing so injudicious as asking at once for advice and money, for you always receive the latter accompanied with very hard conditions. Some persons foresaw the storms and troubles that followed, but in general, the public security went the length of madness. The Duke of Orleans and M. de

Lauzun were one night at my house; (the assembly of the notables was already met,) I said that I hoped that these assemblies would reform many abuses; the Duke of Orleans replied, and maintained that they would not even suppress the *lettres de cachet;* M. de Lauzun and I maintained the contrary; a bet was made between the Duke of Orleans and M. de Lauzun; they wrote it down, and gave it to me to keep, which I did for more than five years. The bet was fifty louis. The Duke of Orleans maintained, as I have already mentioned, against the opinion of M. de Lauzun, that the assembling of the state would not produce the reformation of any abuses, not even that of the *lettres de cachet.* I showed the paper successively to more than fifty persons, and the opinion of the Duke of Orleans was precisely that of almost all the people of quality. A revolution was regarded as an impossible event. This security was fatal, for it hindered the precautions from being taken which might have prevented it.

About the commencement of the revolution, the Abbé Cerutti called on me, to beg me to give him, from time to time, some pieces of my own composition, for a journal, called *La Feuille Villageoise,* of which he was editor. He assured me that this journal contained the most pacific and

the most moral sentiments. I consented to write for it, and I sent him several pieces, under the title of "*Letters of Marie-Anne;*" but as these letters were full of religion, the Abbé Cerutti returned to beg that I would not mention religion, but confine myself to morals. I understood that phrase, and knew well what it meant; I replied, that I would thenceforth write no more for the *Feuille Villageoise*, and I ceased from that moment to do so. I published successively my moral Discourses on the education of the Dauphin; on cloistered Schools, whereby I proposed to replace the convents of nuns, of which I regretted the loss; on the Education of the People; on Gymnastics, as applied to Education; on public Education, &c. &c. All these discourses appeared in the course of the year 1790; they are collected in one volume, and to be found in my works.*

I was of no party, but that of religion. I desired to see the reformation of certain abuses, and I saw with joy the demolition of the Bastille, the abolition of *lettres de cachet*, and of the rights of the chase; this was all I wished for; and my politics never went further. At the same time, no one saw with more grief and horror than I did, the excesses which were committed at the time

* Under the title of *Discours Moraux.*—(*Author.*)

the Bastille was taken, of which, as I have said, I rejoiced in the demolition. This did not alter my opinion, that such an arbitrary act, on the part of the people, was a violation of what was due to sovereign authority; but I could not suppress a lively emotion of satisfaction at witnessing the destruction of this terrible monument, in which had been confined, and wherein had perished, without even a form of justice, so many innocent victims.*

The desire I had of showing my pupils every thing, (which on this occasion made me take an imprudent step,) induced me to come from St. Leu, to pass a few hours at Paris, to witness from the garden of Beaumarchais, the assembling of the whole population of the capital, for the purpose of pulling down and demolishing the Bastille. It would be impossible to give an idea of the sight; you must have seen it, in order to conceive it as it was; this redoubtable fortress was covered with men, women, and children, working with unequalled ardour, even on the most lofty parts of the building, and on its turrets. The astonishing number of these voluntary workmen, their activity, their enthusiasm, their pleasure at seeing the fall of that terrible monument of

* See the *Memoirs of Dangeau.*—(*Author.*)

tyranny,* these avenging hands, which seemed consecrated by Providence, and which annihilated with such rapidity, the work of many centuries—all this spoke at once to the imagination and the heart.

No one has been more shocked than I at the excesses committed at the taking of the Bastille; but as I had also been witness, for twenty years, of many arbitrary imprisonments—as I have never cast my eyes without shuddering on that fortress—I acknowledge, that its demolition caused me the highest pleasure. I had also the curiosity to see the club of the Cordeliers, of which I have given the most faithful description in *Les Parvenus*.† In the early part of the revolution, the eldest of my pupils discovered an instance of generosity and greatness of soul, which I cannot overlook here. He was informed, in my presence, that a decree had just annulled all the rights of elder brothers; upon this, he embraced the Duke of Montpensier, and cried out, "Ah, how de-

* It is well known, that the greater part of these imprisonments took place without the king's knowledge, and that the signature of a bad minister was sufficient to give a *lettre de cachet* all its power.—*(Note by the Author.)*

† See the English translation, under the title of *Julien Delmours, or the new Era.*

lighted I am!" He was received at the jacobin club, at the wish of the Duke of Orleans, certainly not at mine; nevertheless, it must be remembered that this club was by no means at that time what it became afterwards; however, its sentiments were of a very exaggerated tone; I had caused him to be received a member, the year before, of the Philanthropic Society, of which M. de Charost* was the president; but, as I have stated, I did not wish him to be received into the Jacobin Club. Yet this was the pretext which was used, to withdraw from me the favour of the Duchess of Orleans.

As soon as the Duke of Chartres had attained his seventeenth year, the Duke of Orleans informed me that his education was at an end, and they gave him an establishment; but the Duke of Chartres was so prudent, and so attached to me, that he said he would come daily, till he was eighteen, to Belle Chasse, to take his lessons as usual; he never failed to do this, which is an admirable trait in a young man, who had now become his own master.

The following are the distinguished persons who had been attached to his education, and who re-

* M. de Charost was a person of universal benevolence; his whole life was one long act of charity.—(*Editor.*)

mained so to his person: M. Peyre, whose merit and talents alone engaged me to ask a place for him, which he had not solicited, and whom I did not know personally; but we had been present at the first representation of his piece, entitled *The School for Fathers*, and my esteem for the work inspired me with so much regard for the author, who was then very young, that I earnestly desired he might be attached to my pupil, not as a teacher, but in quality of secretary. I proposed the appointment to the Duke of Orleans, who granted it immediately. I have had every reason to be satisfied with what I did, in all respects; having always found in M. Peyre, a sincere friendship for me, and attachment to the Duke of Chartres, excellent behaviour during the period of the princes' education, and all sorts of virtues and social qualities. He made our home very agreeable, by his talents and his pleasant manners; when we gave our little fêtes, he embellished them by charming couplets and verses, of which he addressed many to me.

M. Mérys, of whom I have already spoken and who was one of the secretaries, after having been *too much* attached to me, ended, like many others, by displaying great aversion and great ingratitude to me. I placed also about the Duke

of Chartres, a relation of M. de Bonnard, called M. de Broval, who was recommended to me by Madame Necker, and who was accepted on my simple recommendation. I procured splendid places or Messieurs de Grave and de St. Blancard. M. d'Avaray, whom I had frequently seen at Spa, and who was so distinguished for his wit, and the qualities of his heart, entreated me to interest myself for the Chevalier de Grave; I promised, and I kept my word. M. d'Avaray introduced him to me at Belle Chasse; and I formed a very intimate acquaintance with him At this time I was engaged in forming my botany of artificial flowers; he asked me for a plant of my making, and I gave him, in a box, a pomegranate;* he seemed to attach a great value to this gift of friendship; I counted him in the list of my sincerest friends, and yet, since the restoration, I have never seen him! His conduct, however, shall not hinder me from rendering justice to his good qualities; he has many excellent ones; his affection for his mother was touching and unaltered, and his morals have been always irreproachable.†

* Among the ancients, this flower was sacred to friendship.—(*Author.*)

† The above was written long before his death.—(*Note by the Author.*)

One instance of ingratitude which I have experienced, and which surpasses all the others, is the following. I have already mentioned, that Messieurs de Queissat had a fourth brother, who being absent at the time of their unfortunate affair, was not involved in it; he lived in Paris at liberty, while his brothers were in prison. He came daily to the Palais Royal, to tell me of their condition, and to perform my commissions for them, and for Gerbier their advocate; he did not go to Corsica, but remained at Paris. Two or three years previous to the revolution, he was about to marry a young lady of Bordeaux, but being a Protestant, there were many difficulties thrown in the way by M. de Cicé, then Archbishop of Bordeaux. He had recourse to me, and begged me to write to the archbishop, who was then at Paris; and though I was not acquainted with the archbishop, I did what he wished. The archbishop did me the honour to come to Belle Chasse, where we discussed the matter; all the difficulties were removed, and the marriage took place. In the first year of the revolution, M. de Queissat attached himself specially to M. de La Fayette, who passed at that time for an enemy of the Duke of Orleans. Whether this was the case or not, M. de Queissat thought to gratify him by de-

nouncing me as having a collection of arms at Belle Chasse; on that absurd piece of information, M. de La Fayette sent alguazils to Belle Chasse, to search the house from garret to cellar. All my pupils were witnesses of this ridiculous search; they were all assembled about me, and we were reading, at the time when this singular visit was announced, and its object. Without discovering the least surprise, I gave orders to allow the officers to enter, and continued my reading; they entered, and the chief of the band, in a very emphatic tone, described his purpose, and demanded the keys of my closets; I had two of them in my pocket, and only interrupted my reading to hear what he had to say, and to answer laconically—*Search.* I gave him my two keys, but never turned my head towards him, nor looked at him; then I continued my reading as before. I felt at this moment that the kind of indignation which goes the length of contempt, inspires the greatest calm, and the most perfect coolness. These instruments of revolutionary despotism were enraged at the disdain I discovered, and they showed this by making a search most ridiculously minute. At last they departed, having found no other arms than some foils, a quiver and some arrows, belonging to my pupils.

Before concluding here what I have further to say, relative to the education of my pupils, I ought to give a rapid sketch of the method I employed for forming their hearts and their understandings. I have already mentioned that, besides the journal of M. Lebrun, written by him daily, and containing all that took place, evening and morning in my absence, I wrote (*only* for my pupils, and their father and mother, who never read them,) detailed extracts from this journal, which were signed by the princes and Mademoiselle. They are to be found in the *Letters of a Governess*, which I printed in 1790, under the eyes of the Duke and Duchess of Orleans, so that nothing can be more authentic. On quitting France in 1791, I deposited all these journals in the hands of M. Gabiou, a notary, with permission to read them to all those who might doubt of their perfect conformity with the printed *Letters of a Governess*. On my return to France, M. Gabiou restored them to me with the scrupulous honesty which marks his character. I have since given up all these manuscript journals to the Duke of Orleans.

I must here give some detached pieces of these extracts. I must premise, that I gave them almost daily subjects of composition, which I also

wrote upon myself, in order to communicate them to my pupils, when the latter brought me their essays.

The following are some of my compositions:

HOW WE OUGHT TO CONDUCT OURSELVES TOWARDS OUR FRIENDS.

We must first, as I have said, choose them well. In order to do this, we must ascertain whether the person whom we desire for a friend has a good reputation; if he passes for having a generous mind; if he is a good son; if he lives with his parents; if his parents are considered in society; if he himself passes for possessing talents or accomplishments; if his manners are elegant and polite. If all these conditions are fulfilled, you may begin to be acquainted with that person, but do not go too far at first; you ought to study him, to ascertain if he is discreet and sincere—which may be easily discovered in a thousand little instances. You must see if he is secret as to what passes in company, if he is incapable of a meanness or a falsehood; and if, at the end of the time necessary to assure yourself upon all these points, you find he possesses all these virtues, you may cultivate his friendship.

When you once have friends, you will find certain means of discovering whether they are really attached to you. The following are indubitable signs of this.

If they are exceedingly reserved in their demands of favours which you can grant:

If they never ask a favour which might make you commit an injustice towards another:

If they never flatter you:

If they give you salutary advice at the risk of displeasing you for the moment:

If they acquaint you with your faults:

If they encourage you with all their might in the love of your duty:

If they employ all their credit with you, to keep up the union which ought to reign among yourselves, and to confirm you in the belief that your principal duty is to contribute to the happiness of your father and mother, that the true felicity of your life consists in cherishing them always, in consulting them in every thing, in concealing nothing from them, in having an intimate and unlimited confidence in them, and lastly, in living in the most tender union with your brothers and sister.

If you find friends who talk and act thus, you may give them all your confidence. You will

find few of this description; but all who conduct themselves otherwise, are undeserving of the name of friends; and if you ever meet with persons, who, by direct or indirect means, seek to diminish the tenderness you owe to your parents, be sure they have no real attachment to yourself, and that they are both contemptible and dangerous. If you meet with friends worthy of you, you are bound to render them all the services you can perform, without being unjust to others. You ought to prevent them from having to ask whatever they reasonably desire. You ought to attend to their advancement; and besides the favours which you may bestow upon them yourself, you should solicit others for them of the court, with the utmost warmth and perseverance. You ought also to interest yourself in all that concerns them, and at the same time that you discover confidence in them, you should seem to solicit theirs; that is to say, question them as if you felt an interest in their affairs and their feelings, and make them speak of themselves to you as much as you speak to them of yourself. If you only seem to love them for the sake of being listened to, you may have *confidents*, but you will have no friends. This is the reason why princes in general have none. I do not here allude to the tender attentions due to

your friends when they are sick or in affliction—these are matters of course. This is a picture of what you ought to be to your intimate friends—in other words to one or two persons. Besides these real friends, you may also have some acquaintances, who bear in society the title of friends, but who are in fact only such by the consent of that society. There are also duties belonging to these connexions, but they are very subordinate to those of real friendships; these duties consist in sometimes rendering the persons in question services, and at all times shewing an air of interest in what concerns them, and a constant esteem towards their persons. I think if your brothers had any good reason for disliking any individual who should not have been previously your friend, that of itself would be a sufficient reason to prevent you from forming a particular friendship with that person. But if you had already formed such a friendship, and any one of your brothers conceived an aversion for the object of it, this would be no reason for breaking with that person, unless the individual had really conducted himself ill towards your brother, or that he sought to disunite you and your brother; as in either the one case or the other, he must be a contemptible person, he would consequently cease to be worthy of your

friendship. Except on this supposition, you ought not to lose a friend, merely because his society did not happen to be relished by your brothers; you ought to make that agreement among yourselves, for it is founded on reason. But if your parents quarrelled with any one of your friends, you ought to cease to be acquainted with that person, unless they directed you differently. As you ought to be convinced that your parents have too much sense and experience to act from mere accident, prejudice, or caprice, you cannot doubt, when you find them dislike any one, that they have excellent reasons for so doing, and their conduct in the matter ought to regulate yours and fix your opinion. You ought not to suffer any one of your friends to be accused of any offence against yourself without proofs, especially to your private ear. Distrust every one who endeavours to give you a bad opinion of your friends; envy is almost always the motive of these informations, and when they are not supported by positive proofs, you ought to despise them, and impose silence by an air of coldness and of complete incredulity, upon those who are the informers. But, even if any one were to accuse your friend, and to bring proofs of his accusation, however great might be your friend's error, and however positive the proofs

of it might appear, you would fail in the first duty of friendship, if you determined, upon these alone, to withdraw your friendship from your friend. What seems a positive proof, may turn out to be an error, or an illusion, or a deceit; this is what a generous mind ought to suppose when those they love are accused; therefore, before taking any decided step, you ought to have a clear and frank explanation with your friend, for it is only thus that he can justify himself, and you would yourself be blamable if you did not furnish him all the means in your power for doing so. If in that justification he clears himself, you have the happiness of preserving a friend whom this proceeding will attach to you more than ever; and if he cannot clear himself, you should then, without any noise or exposure, withdraw your acquaintance from him by degrees, and in that way you may do so without injustice. These, my children, are the principal duties of friendship. If these are so numerous, judge what those must be which you owe to your brothers, who are far dearer and truer friends than any whom you can find in society; judge then, what you owe to a tender father and and an affectionate mother, who are truly our first friends, and the only ones whom we can trust implicitly in all things!

ON SECRECY AS TO WHAT OCCURS IN COMPANY.

This quality consists, not only in keeping with inviolable fidelity the secrets which are intrusted to us, but in never repeating any thing that may be said in a company somewhat select, that is to say, consisting of persons who live much among themselves; and even, if in a large party any thing inconsiderate should be said, or any malignant remark made upon another, it should neither be quoted along with the name of the person, nor should the remark be mentioned without giving any name. If the observation is talked of, and if, knowing that you were present when it was made, any person should question you upon it, you must absolutely refuse to answer, saying that you do not wish to interfere in any vexatious matters, and that, consequently, you never reply to similar questions. If you witness any treacherous or perfidious conduct, avoid joining in it; detest the perpetrators of it from your heart; but do not interfere, in the way of acquainting those who are the objects of the treachery with what is meditated against them, unless they be persons very dear to you; for you will thus, while you think you are rendering a service, involve yourself in a

thousand difficulties. There is no security in society, when any person belonging to it is a tatler or a satirical or scandalous person; for the tattler, in order to have the pleasure of speaking, utters a hundred things without thinking, which compromise many individuals: the satirist, for the sake of a bad joke, frequently says indiscreet and wicked things; and the dealer in scandal repeats all the ill he knows of others, which is equally hateful and blameable, and furthermore, he often, without intending it, calumniates by repeating the evil he hears, which is always exaggerated, and very frequently false.

It often happens that in moments of peevishness, we speak lightly of those we love the most; this is exceedingly blameable, and I hope never to find an instance of it in you; but you must excuse it in others, especially when you are sure that they have good hearts; so that if persons whom you esteemed, and who were otherwise good friends, should exhibit in your presence any instances of this failing, it would be very wrong in you to acquaint them mutually with such a fact; you ought on the contrary to soften the faults of each in the eyes of the other, employ all your interest with them to prevent any quarrel, and do all in your power to promote a mutual good understanding,

by concealing whatever might tend to irritate the one against the other. This is the way in which you ought always to conduct yourself, especially in the bosom of your family, with your brothers, sister, sisters-in-law, &c. When you observe any coolness among them, (which I hope will never be the case, though it is possible,) you must only interfere in order to speak words of peace and reconciliation, and to avoid all that may tend to irritation. If this conduct is to be observed in an intimate correspondence with your friends, it is of course still more your duty to follow the same plan with regard to your brothers and sisters, to whom such behaviour becomes a sacred duty. There is another thing which is fatal to discretion, and consequently to secrecy as to what passes in company; and that is the ridiculous vanity of appearing to know all the secrets of all the persons of your acquaintance. There is nothing however so foolish and so contemptible, as to betray a secret merely for the sake of proving that you know it. You must also, in order to be secret, guard against a frivolous curiosity, which moreover always proves a want of mind; the persons who are always prying into every thing that is passing, and into all the little intrigues which are going on, are always people who have nothing

else to engage their minds, and are generally reckoned dangerous in society.

You see a person requires many qualities to render him a sure person in society; and society in turn prizes so highly this great virtue, that all other qualities are valued as nothing without it, And nothing is more natural, for there is no virtue by which society is so highly benefited. Therefore strive from this time forward to acquire it, and to correct in yourself all the defects which may prevent you from possessing it.

DIRECTIONS AS TO THE DUTIES WHICH THE PUPILS OWE TO THOSE EMPLOYED IN THEIR EDUCATION.

Monseigneur and Madame in the pensions and favours which they grant, or may grant to the persons who have been or may be employed in your education, recompense the cares of which you are the object; but such a recompense, however ample it may be, far from acquitting you from the obligation of testifying your personal sense of their kindness, is but an excellent example which they give you, and ought to increase your desire of personally discharging the debt, when it shall be in your power. It is now time,

my children, for you to think duly of the manner in which you ought one day to pay debts so sacred to a feeling and grateful heart. I have told you this a thousand times, but since you like to read this journal, I shall here assemble the detail of all your duties on this head. You owe to every one that bears the name of Rochambault marks of your particular esteem and proofs of your interest in them. To Madame Desrois you owe your friendship and your services; you have it in your power to render her essential ones, by protecting her son-in-law, who is himself a meritorious person. When you shall be your own masters, you should make enquiries into the actual situation of Prieur and Nonon; and if they require any comforts you should eagerly provide them: and this you should do with a readiness and an air of interest which will double the gifts. In continuing your favours to them, you will do honour to yourselves. You should load all about you with thē little favours you have it in your power to bestow—M. Mérys, M. Mecke, (if he remains) your teachers, your servants, &c. according to their deserts, their talents, and their services. With respect to the Abbé Guyot and M. Lebrun, you must feel that you owe them your tenderest friendship for the whole of your life. You ought to render their

existence agreeable, by showing them a constant friendship and marks of esteem. The abbé Guyot with his abbey and his pension, will be left in easy circumstances; therefore you can only testify your sense of the obligations you owe him by your attentions to him, by services, solicitations of favours for his relations, and your anxious enquiries about him if he should happen to be sick; the same conduct is to observed towards M. Lebrun; and these attentions will be no more than due to persons who have rendered you so many of the same kind in the course of your education. For my own part, do you know how I expect you to recompense *my* services? I must tell you; for though I neither ask of you *pensions*, nor *presents*, nor *attentions*, nor *favours* of any kind, I still wish that you should acquit yourselves of what you owe me. This you can only do by *following the advice which I have given you in this book.* You owe me furthermore to take an interest in my daughters, to give them your friendship, to show some affection for the objects which belong to me, and which are dear to my heart; to protect my nephew, who, I am sure, will personally deserve your favours, for he possesses talents and an excellent dispcsition. Think of this my dear children, and

think of it often. Talking on this subject, I ought to say that it seems to me that you are too cold in your manner towards Madame Desrois; you scarcely speak to her, you show her no attention, and never ask after her health; all this is wrong. I again entreat and conjure you, think more of your duties, and know that true happiness and true glory consist in fulfilling them all.

[I ought here to state, in explanation of the names introduced into the above remarks, that the late Marchioness of Rochambault was governess of the Dukes of Chartres and Montpensier, from their birth to the age of five; Madame Desrois was their under-governess during the same space of time. The coolness of the princes towards her sprung from her having publicly quarrelled with me, without either reason or explanation, though I had rendered her great service with the Duke of Orleans.

Mademoiselle Nonon died two years ago. When she left Mademoiselle d'Orleans, whose attendant she was, I obtained for her of the Duke of Orleans a present of sixty louis, and a pension for life of two thousand francs; after his death, the Dukes of Chartres and Montpensier made inquiries with regard to her relations, and finding

she had a brother who was infirm and poor, they allowed him a pension for life of six hundred francs.—AUTHOR.]

EXAMINATION OF CONSCIENCE WHICH I WROTE FOR MY PUPILS.

Have I fulfilled my duties towards God my Creator? Have I prayed to him with fervour and confidence? Have I listened with respect and attention to the instructions given me with regard to Christian duty and to the reading of works of piety? Have I thought to-day of the objects which I ought to love most in the world, of my father and mother? Have I fulfilled all my duties towards my parents? Have I behaved with kindness and mildness towards my sister and my brothers? Have I been docile, grateful, and attentive to my teachers? Have I disobliged no one? Have I to reproach myself with uttering no evil tidings? Have I been perfectly sincere? Have I been as prudent, discreet, charitable, modest, courageous as may be expected at my age? Have I shown no proofs of the weakness and effeminacy so contemptible in a man? Have I done all the good I might? Have I shown all

the marks of attention I ought, to the persons absent or present, to whom I owe affection, respect, gratitude, friendship, regard, and kindness?

You ought to examine yourself on all these points, beg God to pardon your errors, entreat him to grant you his grace, to prevent you from falling into them, and promise in your own heart to repair next day your omissions and negligences, all you have forgotten, and, in short, whatever faults you may have committed.

[This examination of conscience I gave to M. Lebrun, who from that time read it every evening to his pupils. At the same period, I wrote for them a work since published, entitled "*Religion considered as the only basis of happiness and philosophy.*"—AUTHOR.]

REPRIMAND ADDRESSED TO THE DUKE OF CHARTRES.

I am content with you all. The Duke of Chartres is more accustomed to society, and ought to follow me less constantly about; he knows the value I place on his esteem, and he ought only to regard as a proof of mine, the manner in which I sometimes receive him, when he forgets what he owes to others, in order to follow me, to place him-

self by my side, and, in short, to devote all his attention to me, which gives him the awkward air of a little boy, who dares not venture to separate himself a moment from the person who takes charge of him. Besides, all these exclusive preferences are troublesome, and do not constitute true friendship; it is not these little demonstrations which fortify it; he should leave these manners and caresses to weak women—confidence, esteem, unvarying attentions, and inviolable fidelity, are the qualities which nourish friendship. In short, I know nothing so puerile, or so little becoming in a man, as that manner of showing your love, which leads you to look at, or listen to no one but me; and to discover an invincible sadness when you cannot be by my side in the carriage, &c. &c. You cannot imagine what a degree of awkwardness this gives you in the eyes of others; you ought to be persuaded that I love you always, but if you desire to please me, show yourself pleasing to every body else.

DISINTERESTEDNESS OF THE DUKE OF CHARTRES.

The Duke of Chartres wrote me this day a most touching letter: here are some passages of it

extracted literally from the original, which I shall preserve all my life, as a thing most precious to my heart: "I propose to deprive myself of my pocket-money up to the conclusion of my education, that is to say, up to the first of April, 1790, and to devote that money to beneficent purposes. On the first of each month we will decide the use that is to be made of it; I beg you to receive on this subject my most sacred word of honour, I should wish this to remain a secret between ourselves; but you know well that all my secrets are, and always shall be yours."

Since you permit me to do so, it is but right that I should inscribe this in the same journal where I record scrupulously all your faults. It is right that I should give such an example. When you do wrong, I blame you without hesitation; when you do right, I praise you frankly—I tell you in every thing the exact and simple truth. I shall therefore say to the Duke of Chartres, that he has greatly improved in disposition during the last year; he was born with good inclinations; he is now become intelligent and virtuous. He has none of the frivolity of his age; he sincerely disdains the puerilities which occupy the pursuit of so many young men—such as fashions, dress, trinkets, trifles of all kinds, the rage for following

new modes in dress, &c. &c. He has no passion for money, he is disinterested, despises glare, and is, consequently, truly noble; lastly, he has an excellent heart, which is common to all of you, and which, joined to reflection, is capable of producing all other good qualities. The Duke of Montpensier is less exempt from vanities and frivolities, he is not so mild or so docile, but then he is younger; he has a natural inclination to admire whatever is honourable, and his character is particularly distinguished for the sense of equity which forms its basis. He has great delicacy of sentiment, and a very lively imagination. What he is particularly deficient in, is a certain inability to moderate and govern his self-love; this leads him to put a value on trifles, which narrow the mind and the understanding; when he shall have corrected this defect, he will acquire all he now wants; he will cease to be so susceptible; he will no longer give such importance to a coat or waistcoat; he will no longer think it worth while to ridicule trifles which are of no consequence in themselves. All this, however, is only applicable to the past; for I have not the slightest fault to find with his behaviour or his disposition, since the institution of the system of prizes.

I must here render some account of the state of my heart and my understanding, during this series of years. I have stated that these years were happy ones; and they were so up to the time I lost my daughter, my mother, and Madame de Puisieux, which was not till towards the close of the princes' education; but I did not feel this as I ought. I have always wished to be beloved by the persons about me; *distant* hatreds move me not; but I support them ill when they are near. Though beloved by all my pupils, I was constantly tormented by the jealousies, the deceptions, and the vexations I underwent from the Abbé Guyon, and from the thoughtlessness, the weakness, and the ingratitude of M. Lebrun. I left nothing undone that could be accomplished by patience, mildness, or generosity, in order to render them my friends, but in vain. Besides, I had reason to be displeased with the conduct of some of my friends; since I had become an author, I no longer experienced from them the same confidence; they supposed I had pretensions and self-love which I did not possess, and they delighted in constantly contradicting me; they affected to believe that I had neither good sense nor talents but when I had a pen in my hand, or when talking of education or literature,

and that I was ignorant of every thing else; they laughed at my opinions, and delighted in doing exactly the reverse of what I advised; I have painted all this after nature in my novel, entitled *La Femme Auteur*. A woman in such a career ought to expect to meet with more injustice than a man; but even men must undergo a great deal of it in society. When in high society, any one finds himself absolutely forced to acknowledge, that another individual possesses a superiority in any thing, he never fails to arrogate to himself other qualities, how frivolous soever they may chance to be; and this is why people constantly repeat such common-places about men of great talents, as—"Take them out of their art, take away their peculiar accomplishment, remove them from their writing desk, and they are good for nothing." This trivial method of satisfying themselves, which is peculiar to fools, or persons of middling talent is absurd, for the man who can achieve a work of genius, must be equally capable, if he chose, to give good advice relative to the commerce of life, or the details of housekeeping.

I was at this time the object of foolish attachments, which annoyed me greatly. The Abbé Mariottini, as I have stated, gave daily a lesson of Italian to my pupils: one day at St. Leu, in-

stead of following them out of the room as usual, after the lesson, he remained alone with me. As usual, I was writing when he approached the table where I sat. I asked him what he wanted; when suddenly, and without any preparation, he threw himself at my feet, and made me a declaration of love the most formal and the most ridiculous. At the same moment, the basket-maker, who taught us to make baskets, entered, and found him in that situation; he rushed precipitately out of the room; and all the house, of course, soon learned the adventure. I wrote to him the same day, to beg that he would give in his resignation, which was the most polite mode of discharging him. He replied like a genuine Italian, by a letter, full of love, menaces, and extravagance. He confined himself to his bed, declaring himself ill. He had in reality fever and jaundice, and kept his room for three weeks, at the end of which, towards the close of October, we returned to Paris. He then, without mentioning any thing to the nuncio of his ridiculous behaviour, made such complaints of the manner in which I had treated him, that M. Doria wrote to me on the subject. I begged him to have the goodness to give me an interview of five minutes; upon which he came to Belle Chasse. I told him the affair, and

showed him the first letter of the Abbé Mariottini, and five or six others in the same strain which he had subsequently written to me: the nuncio was quite confounded at the excess of the man's folly and impudence, and told me that he would have the madman sent off to Italy. I got rid of him in this manner: but this affair occasioned me to write and read many letters, to have an infinite number of disagreeable explanations, and to find another Italian teacher; in short to lose an enormous deal of time—a thing which I have always regretted doing.

In place of returning to Italy the Abbé Mariottini went to England, where he wrote a libel upon me, called *The Countess of Genlis, unveiled,* with an English translation on the opposite page. He did not presume to attack my reputation in that absurd effusion, which consisted merely of violent declamations against my imperious and *furious* disposition. He afterwards returned to France, where he fell into misery, and died at the Hospital of Incurables, two years before my return to Paris.

I was not successful in finding a teacher of Italian: I could not get an ecclesiastic. I was therefore obliged to replace the Abbé Mariottini by two other persons. I took for almoner the Abbé

Famin, an ecclesiastic exceedingly estimable, and a very agreeable companion; and for my Italian teacher I selected M. de la R * * *, who was warmly recommended to me. I had every reason to be pleased with him for two or three years. At the end of this time, when at Saint Leu, one evening after having given the princes their lesson, he remained in the room; and after a pause of a few minutes, he threw himself at my feet and burst into tears. This recalled so strongly to mind the action of the Abbé Mariottini, that I remained as if petrified. But M. de la R * * * caused me another sort of surprise. He told me that, devoured with remorse, he desired to open his heart to me, and that he was the greatest of *villains;* a confession which frightened me terribly. I interrogated him tremblingly, when he confessed, with sobs, that were really convulsive, that he was an apostate monk. There was a woman living with him who passed for his wife, and who bore his name. He entreated me to intercede with the nuncio to obtain his reconciliation with the church, on condition of his submitting to whatever penitence might be imposed upon him; I did as he desired, and the nuncio had the goodness to do in the matter all that could be reasonably expected. M. de la R * * * immediately returned to Italy, in order

to enter once more his convent, which was near Naples.

M. Mérys, whom I esteemed for his fine talents as a painter and for his amiableness in private, was seized with the same madness as the Abbé Mariottini, but at least, though he told it to others, he never declared it to me. It occasioned me much constraint, though I feigned ignorance of it, and bore with all his peevishness and his susceptibilities. I did not know that he used to pass whole nights in my grand corridor, where I could not hear any one walking about, as there was a carpet. My room had three doors: one opened to the right into that of Mademoiselle; the other to the left into that of Pamela; and the third into the corridor. I had caused the latter to be shut up, in order still farther to remove the noise; and I had caused double folding-doors to be placed on the side leading to the corridor. M. Mérys placed himself between these two doors, to hear whatever might be passing in my room after every one was retired to rest. In general I played on the guitar for half an hour, and afterwards I spoke aloud to myself when alone, according to my old habit. I composed many kinds of little romances, which I divided into conversations; and as I had the power of assuming all varieties of tone, I employed

it when I lent my voice to my imaginary personages, which gave my scenes to my own ear an air of reality which was delightful. M. Mérys, as he stood behind the folding doors, caught every word of these dialogues, and took them for a reality; and the thing seemed to him so extraordinary, that he could not help confiding it to two or three persons. From confidence to confidence, the report spread about that I gave an asylum at Saint Leu to a young person whom her parents wished to force to espouse a monster, of whom she related to me the strangest and most terrible traits. No one could conceive in what part of the château the girl could be hid; all wearied themselves out in conjectures to divine the mystery; but all agreed in saying that it was quite certain I held conversations with her till three o'clock in the morning. This singular story spread about till it reached the ears of the Duke of Orleans, who came to Saint Leu expressly to speak to me on the subject: on this I burst into a fit of laughter, and easily persuaded him of the truth. It will no doubt be thought that these conversations were a sort of madness; I confess it, though at the same time I can assert that they have procured some of my happiest moments, and been to me the greatest consolations of my

existence; they were invested in my eyes with so perfect a reality, that they assumed the appearance of truth. I thus formed to myself friends of whom I had never to complain, and who made up to me for the injustice and the ingratitude of others. These have followed me every where; and though I have failed in finding real happiness, I have at least succeeded by means of the vivacity of my imagination, in creating a happiness that was ideal, though it was never perfect, and impossible from its nature to be so. This way of employing a plastic and active fancy, though not culpable, was misdirected; I ought to have entirely consecrated that faculty to religion, without mingling with my dreams any terrestrial or romantic illusions: instead of *dreaming*, I ought to have *meditated*, and should thus have obtained of heaven all the instruction and all the consolations which I found I so much required.

Several years before the Revolution I rejected an honour which some persons wished to confer on me, but of which I felt myself altogether unworthy. The marquis of Villette caused to be built at his château of Ferney, a kind of temple intended to contain the heart of Voltaire: he proposed to decorate the interior with engraved portraits of all the celebrated persons, male and fe-

male, whom M. de Voltaire had honoured with his friendship; in consequence he sent an artist to all those persons, to take their profiles from the life. M. de Villette sent this artist to me, with an extremely flattering letter, in which he told me that he had *reserved for me a place in the heart of M. de Voltaire*. It will be readily supposed that I did not give the painter a sitting: I sent a reply *full of modesty*, in which I *humbly* acknowledged that I had no claim to such a distinction. M. de Villette thought me very absurd; he complained of my letter, and I laughed at his: I have never been able to conceive how he could think of making such a proposal to a person whose principles were so well known. It is true that at this time I had not published *Adèle et Théodore;* but the *Théâtre d'Education*, which was entirely completed, was sufficient to proclaim the nature of my opinions and my religious principles.

Madame du Bocage did not fail to obtain a place *in the heart* of M. de Voltaire. The latter had written many verses in her honour; among others the following:

Milton, dont vous suivez les traces,
Vous prête ses transports divins:
Eve est la mère des humains,
Et vous êtes celle des Grâces.

Comment n'eût-elle pas séduit
La raison la plus indomptable ?
Vous lui donnez tout votre esprit,
Adam étoit bien pardonnable.

Sa faute a perdu l'univers ;
Elle ne doit plus nous déplaire,
Et son erreur nous devient chère,
Dès que nous lui devons vos vers.

.....
Etc. etc. .....

Such were the eulogies given by M. de Voltaire to those who bent down to him and to philosophy. It was about this very time that he wrote to Madame du Châtelet—" Rousseau is returned to Brussels, to write bad odes."

In looking over this volume, which was written long since, in order to prepare it for the press, I may mention that the verses of Voltaire on Madame du Bocage remind me of an anecdote piquant for the contrast it affords, which I find in the Memoirs of M. de Grimm, in an account of M. de Voltaire's reception of Madame du Bocage at the *Delices*. " I was present," says M. de Grimm, " at the entertainment, and I can give some details of it of which the heroine of the day herself was ignorant. M. de Voltaire tried the

whole day to compose a verse upon her, but could not succeed. The god of poetry knowing the use he wished to make of his talents, had withdrawn his influence from him. The hour of supper came, but still there were no verses. The bard of Henry IV. in despair, had laurels brought, of which he formed a crown which he placed on the head of the poor *Columbiad*, making a pair of horns with the other hand and putting out his tongue, in the sight of twenty people who were at table. I myself, who believe religiously in the duty of hospitality and in its divine origin, was much grieved to see the first poet in France violate that sacred duty with regard to a good creature who took all his pleasantries in earnest."

Some years before the revolution, I had occasion to have a good deal of correspondence with three celebrated men of letters. When the old Duke of Orleans died, I sincerely approved of the conduct of the prince his son, who determined on performing an action which has been deservedly praised. His father gave pensions to several learned men, of six hundred francs each; the Duke of Orleans declared, of his own accord, that he would continue them; and I furthermore induced him to grant similar pensions to the same number of literary men; on which he requested me to point

out those who, in my opinion, possessed the highest talents. I immediately named Messieurs de la Harpe and Marmontel, who had become my enemies; and afterwards M. Palissot, with whom I was not at all acquainted, but who had one great merit in my opinion—that of being opposed to the philosophers; M. Gaillard and M. Bernardin de Saint Pierre, who had just published his fine work called the *Studies of Nature.* The Duke of Orleans desired I would announce to these gentlemen in the way most agreeable to themselves, his determination: which I did, and these announcements were very graciously received. I had been enchanted with the *Studies of Nature,* and I testified my satisfaction to M. de Buffon, in whose judgment I have never found any shadow of prejudice, but with regard to that work; but this did not alter my opinion of its merits. M. de Saint Pierre was at that time in the deepest poverty; the pension to which I have alluded, gave him inexpressible pleasure, and he wrote to me a letter full of the liveliest gratitude. I knew he had a little garden, and I sent him, as from my pupils, six fine orange trees, and thirty pots of flowers; I also carried the Duke of Chartres and his brothers to pay him a visit. He then came to Belle Chasse, and from that time showed a sincere

attachment to me; which lasted for six months with the same intensity; but unfortunately, at the end of that time, M. de Sillery, who esteemed him highly, played off a joke upon him, which M. de Saint Pierre took in earnest. M. de Sillery thought he took the jest as it was meant, and continued in the same tone; but to his great surprize the conversation, which rose on the part of M. de Saint Pierre into a real dispute, terminated by an unexpected scene. M. de Saint Pierre got up in fury, saying he would never return to my house in his life. M. de Sillery ran out after him, and vainly attempted to recall him; he left us full of anger. I had not interfered in the scene, but I perceived that M. de Saint Pierre had taken up in a wrong light what was only ironically said, and had thus turned into a serious effusion of malignity what was only an amiable and obliging piece of pleasantry. I had fruitlessly made signs and endeavoured to interrupt this little dialogue. I wrote to M. de Saint Pierre to explain the matter; but he replied coldly that M. de Sillery had *insulted* him in the most *brutal* manner, and that he never again would visit my house; a thing extremely unjust towards me, even supposing his absurd opinion to have been well-founded, as I had no share in the subject of his displeasure. I replied

in the most friendly tone; nothing could appease him; and he kept his word, for he never returned to my house. Such behaviour as this removed all the regret I might otherwise have felt on the occasion; I never met with any man of letters less formed for society or less agreeable in it. Rousseau was susceptible, but at least he was acquainted with life; he was incapable of getting angry about so stupid a matter as this, and his conversation was extremely delightful—a quality of which M. de Saint Pierre was altogether destitute. Subsequently, on my return from Germany into France, I met him some years after at the house of one of my female friends, when he requested permission to visit me. I was not at all desirous of his visits; and replied that I lived in a state of absolute solitude, and received no one; he persisted, but in vain. Besides his conduct towards me on the occasion I have referred to, I was displeased with the conduct he had held during the revolution. He took no part in its cruelties; but for a person who had always displayed religious principles, he conducted himself in a very cowardly manner, in accepting the place of professor of public instruction under Robespierre, seeing that religion was absolutely banished from the system of education and instruction then in use. The best of M. de

Saint Pierre's works is the *Studies of Nature.* His little romance of *Paul and Virginia* is full of charming touches, but many of the scenes are very weakly drawn; there is one in particular at once false and indelicate in its conception—I allude to that in which Virginia, on rising one morning, finds herself "glowing so ardently with the fires of love," that in order to preserve her purity, she is obliged to plunge herself into cold water. The regrets of Paul after her death are altogether destitute of force and truth. The *Indian Cottage* of the same author is by no means a good work; I fancy it is the only one written in the *graceful style* in which the word *croupion* occurs. The author says, that the wild ducks as they flew, brushed the water with their tails (*croupions.*) The other men of letters with whom I became acquainted on the death of the old Duke of Orleans, were M. Palissot, to whom, besides the pension of the duke, I had procured one of M. de Calonne; I even quarrelled with the minister on this head, for after he had promised me one of two thousand francs, in a letter which I showed to M. Palissot, he wished to allow but one thousand; which so enraged me, that I wrote to M. de Calonne, that if he did not keep his word, I would cause his letter to be made public. M. de Calonne granted the pension of

two thousand francs, but became my enemy. I did not see M. Palissot until after I had done all these things; he had written me letters full of the most passionate eulogies, which, so far from pleasing me, appeared to me somewhat wanting in delicacy, when he knew that I was then soliciting a pension for him. He afterwards came to thank me; I thought him agreeable and a good talker; he was then fifty-eight, and amused me greatly by relating to me a great many scandalous anecdotes against the philosophers. He printed a warm eulogy of my works in a work which he published about this period; but afterwards, when I was proscribed, and he remained in France, he published a new edition of the same book, in which he retracted all the praises he had given me, saying that in the former article he had only praised my talents so highly through gratitude, because I had at that time rendered him the greatest services.

I do not believe that ever baseness and ingratitude ventured to display themselves so openly. On my return to France, I found him among the number of my most ardent enemies; and afterwards he expressed a desire of renewing his acquaintance with me. At the time of our acquaintance he was the protector of a young poet, then

quite unknown, named M. Chénier. Palissot requested permission to present him to me, that I might hear the reading of a tragedy he had just completed, to which I agreed. The piece was called *Azémire*, and stolen from five or six other tragedies, particularly from *Zaïre*; it was quite detestable, but it was in vain that I tried to dissuade him from having it acted. Palissot pronounced it admirable, and his opinion prevailed. M. Chénier wished it first to be performed at Fontainebleau, where the court then was, and begged me to solicit that favour of the Duke d'Aumont, first gentleman of the chamber, on whom the matter depended. I wrote to the Duke d'Aumont, who sent me a very polite reply, requesting that he might have the piece, in order to read it; this greatly displeased M. Chénier, who said that it was impossible that a first gentleman of the chamber could know any thing about literature. Nevertheless, he sent his manuscript to the Duke d'Aumont, with a letter full of eulogies of his *taste and judgment*. The Duke d'Aumont, after reading the tragedy, returned it to me, remarking at the same time, that he thought it impossible it should succeed; but that, notwithstanding, if I persisted in my wish of having it performed, it should be represented at Fontainebleau;

however, he conjured me to read it again with attention, adding that he *ventured to think* I should then be of his opinion. I could not avoid showing this letter to M. Chénier, whose fury was indescribable; he poured out a torrent of abuse against the Duke d'Aumont, the gentlemen of the chamber, and on the great lords of the court in general; it was owing to this, that in the beginning of the revolution he published a pamphlet, in which he said in plain words, that all the lords of the court were merely *valets* and the ladies *female servants*. The Duke d'Aumont, however, judged rightly of the play: at my repeated solicitations he caused it to be performed, but the audience refused to hear it to the end. M. Chénier and M. Palissot professed themselves charmed at this, for they said it proved the piece to be good; and that such an act of injustice on the part of the court would only make it more applauded at Paris. In general this was true; but the piece was so detestable, that in this particular instance the public was of the same opinion with the court: it was hissed at Paris, and never performed again. M. Chénier read me also a little comedy called *the Page*, which M. Palissot with his usual prejudices in favour of M. Chénier, called a *little diamond:* I thought it exactly what it was, a stupid piece, written in a

very bad taste. I did not express my opinion so plainly, but I frankly said that I did not like it, M. Chénier insisted that this was because he read it badly; but he said that the talents of Mademoiselle Contat would ensure it the highest success; in spite, however, of all the abilities of that actress, *the little diamond* if it had not the *brilliancy of glass*, had at least *its fragility*; it *broke* irremediably on its first representation, and was never more mentioned. This unlucky first appearance of M. Chénier, in his literary career, did not at all diminish his arrogance, but it greatly increased his natural moroseness; however he was always exceedingly polite to me. He wrote some very gallant couplets for my birthday, and at a little *spectacle* exhibited on that occasion he placed himself by me, and speaking very low, his gallantry became in such bad taste and the expressions of what he styled his *passionate admiration*, so impertinent, that I was obliged to check him by assuming as much disdain as I could summon to my aid. In the greatest fury, he made the following reply, in which I do not change one word; "You are right; I am neither a great lord nor a duke." "Certainly," replied I, "there are none of these personages so ill educated as to express themselves with so little delicacy;" and

then I turned my back to him. From this moment he vowed an eternal hatred of me, but dissembled it till the period of the revolution; he continued to visit me, and I affected to have forgotten the little scene which I have here described.

When at the commencement of the revolution he published a pamphlet of which I have cited one expression, and which, from beginning to end, was grossly insulting to the noble orders, I refused to receive his visits; he came thrice, but was not allowed to enter, and I never saw him afterwards. When his Charles IX. was played, I was very curious to see a piece in which he has so unworthily calumniated the personages of history, among others, the Cardinal de Lorraine, who makes the soldiers swear on the sacred communion, that they will execute all the assassinations he may command! This extravagant crime, which was entirely of M. Chénier's invention, was the cause of the success of the piece. It is allowable in tragedies, romances, and poems to embellish the historical persons who figure on the scene, but it is not so to ascribe to them crimes which they never committed. To calumniate their memory is a still more cowardly crime than to violate their tombs. I carried my pupils to the first representation of that piece; as it was not the day

for which our box was hired, I had engaged another which was very conspicuous; at the execrable scene of the oath I rose up and led away my pupils; this action could not fail to be much remarked; it was a great deal spoken of, and raised to its height the envenomed hatred which M. Chénier bore me, and which endured in all its energy.*

He has committed the still greater crime of suffering his unhappy brother to perish, whom he might have saved, by employing all his credit during the reign of terror. It has been even generally said that he participated in his condemnation, but this I cannot believe; however this odious accusation was accredited by his silence at the time, when he might have completely justified himself. This horrible exaggeration of a very bad action, gave rise to an anecdote at once very curious and true. The celebrated actress Mademoiselle Dumesnil was still living at this time, but was very old and infirm; M. Chénier had never seen her, and one morning, without sending in his name, called upon her; he found her in bed, and so ill, that she could not reply to any of the obliging things he said to her; however M. Chénier entreated her merely to repeat one line of

* Up to the time of his death.—(*Note by the Author.*)

some tragedy, in order, as he said, to be able to boast of having heard her declaim, and Mademoiselle Dumesnil, making a strong effort, addressed him in the following line from one of her finest parts:

"Approchez-vous, Néron, et prenez votre place."

I also became acquainted at Belle Chasse with the author of a work, which, without being a good one, was agreeable in its way, and of which the earnestness pleased me; it is entitled the *Delights of Religion.* The author had a ridiculous name; he was called Abbé Lamourette; after the revolution he disgraced himself by accepting a bishopric in spite of the censures of the pope. As however he refused to abandon religion altogether, he was guillotined, and died in the most pious manner.

It was at Belle Chasse that I formed an intimacy with Madame Necker: before the revolution, she anticipated my visits, by writing me the most obliging letters, and by coming to see me; she brought her daughter with her who was then sixteen, and not yet married. This young lady was not pretty, but she was very animated, and though she spoke a great deal too much, she spoke cleverly. I remember reading to Madame

Necker one of the pieces of my *Theatre for young ladies* (that which bears the title of *Zélie*, or the *Ingenue*) which I had not yet published; a translation of it has often been played at London, and M. de Tressan wrote a romance founded upon it, which he dedicated to me.

Having mentioned M. de Tressan, I shall here collect a few particulars respecting him. He was a relative of Monsieur de Genlis, and was equally distinguished as a soldier, a savant, and a literary man: he was received a member both of the Academy of Sciences and the French Academy. His romances of chivalry, *Petit Jehan de Saintré*, the *Three Cousins*, *&c.* were very popular. He had also a talent for poetry; his charming *Epistle to Fanny* (so absurdly imitated by M. Rivarol, who stole so many of the thoughts in it) was very successful. Several of his satirical songs are still remembered, some of which have the fault of being *too well* executed; among others, that which he addressed to a nobleman who was then famous in society for the union of all the accomplishments that could please and attract. After bestowing on him the most flattering eulogies, M. de Tressan finished the song thus:

"Les dieux t'auroient trop bien traité,
"S'ils t'avoient donné le courage."

This mocking wit contrasted singularly with the mildness and polish of his affectionate manners, which caused him to be compared to a wasp in a pot of honey.

There was in his constitution a peculiarity which he has himself mentioned to me; during the whole of his long life neither illness nor intoxication had ever for a moment bewildered his senses; he had been intoxicated several times in his youth, and upon those occasions his legs trembled and lost the power of supporting him, but he never talked nonsense, nor did any thing affect his brain. I saw him the evening before his death, when he possessed all his faculties. His death touched me the more as I was the innocent cause of it; every year, on the fête of Saint Felicité my patron, which fell on the 10th of July, my pupils and my children gave me an entertainment to which I invited M. de Tressan; he always attended, and brought with him some charming couplets. In the evening I pressed him to sleep at Saint Leu, as it had rained a great deal for some days past, and all the roads were very bad; however, he insisted on leaving us after supper; he went away, was overturned, and received a violent blow on the head; he refused to be bled; an abscess formed, and he died after an illness of forty days. He had reconciled himself

with religion, and had received the sacraments, when I went to visit him; I found him in the most pious frame of mind. The Abbé de Tressan, his son, was in the room; he desired him to relate what had passed the evening before; upon which the abbé told me that d'Alembert having understood that he had received the sacraments came to see him, in order to overwhelm him with the bitterest reproaches; that M. de Tressan had replied, that it was cruel to come thus and trouble his last moments; and that he added—"Besides, what does it matter to you? If you had any humanity, would you not rejoice to see me enjoy so great a consolation in dying?" M. de Tressan was upwards of eighty.

To return to my narrative. I read the piece I have already mentioned *(Zélie ou l'Ingenue)* to Madame Necker and her daughter. I cannot express the enthusiasm and the demonstrations of pleasure exhibited by the young person during this reading; they astonished without pleasing me; she wept, uttered exclamations at every page, and kissed my hands at each moment—in short, she embarrassed me greatly. I was far from supposing that this young person was one day to become my enemy. Madame Necker had educated her very ill; she suffered her to pass three

quarters of each day in her saloon, among the crowd of *beaux esprits* of the time who were constantly about Madame Necker; and while her mother attended to other persons, and especially to the ladies who came to pay her visits, the *beaux esprits* entered into dissertations with Mademoiselle Necker on the passions and on love. The solitude of her chamber and a few good books would have been more to her advantage. She learned to talk fast and much, without any reflection, and she has written in the same manner. She had read little, and all her knowledge was superficial; she has collected in her works, not the results of sound reading, but an infinite number of recollections and incoherent conversations. Madame Necker was a virtuous, calm, and reserved person, without any fancy; she had caught from her acquaintance with M. Thomas, an emphatic tone of language which contrasted singularly with the coldness of her sentiments and her manners; she was *studied* in all she did; she arranged beforehand *a part* for all situations, for society, and even for the intimate commerce of life; she confesses this herself in her *Souvenirs*. She there lays down the rules to be observed in a familiar conversation with a friend. With all these preparations, she was always in equal good humour; she was obliging, and even calculating only on the self-

love of others, she was in the constant habit of dealing out excessive praises. The following curious anecdote relative to Madame Necker was related to me by a person, who of all men was the least likely to say what was not true, the Chevalier de Chastellux. Dining one day at Madame Necker's he happened to arrive first of the company, and so early that the mistress of the house was not yet in the drawing-room. In walking about, he saw on the ground under Madame Necker's chair a little book which he picked up; it was a white paper book, of which several pages were in the handwriting of Madame Necker. He would certainly in any other case have refrained from reading a page of it; but thinking it could only contain some detached and brilliant thoughts, he read it without scruple; it was the *preparation* for the very dinner to which he was invited: Madame Necker had written it the evening before, and it contained all she was to say to the most remarkable persons at table; his name was there, and after it these words, "I must talk to the Chevalier de Chastellux about *Public Happiness** and *Agathe*."†

* A work on *Public Happiness* by M. de Chastellux.—(*Note by the Author.*)

† A comedy by the same author, never printed.—(*Note by the Author.*)

Madame Necker mentioned next, that she was to talk to Madame d'Angevillers about love, and that she would bring about a *literary discussion* between Messieurs Marmontel and De Guibert. There were other preparations, which I have forgotten. After reading the little book, M. de Chastellux hastened to replace it under the chair. A moment afterwards, a valet-de-chambre entered to say, that Madame Necker had forgotten her pocket-book in the drawing-room. It was found, and carried to Madame Necker. The dinner was delightful to M. de Chastellux, who saw that Madame Necker said word for word what she had written in her pocket-book.

M. Necker, whose writings are so full of pomp and swell, was remarkable for his ease in conversation. He owed to a short, stout, vulgar face, an air of *bonhommie*, and this, added to his clever conversation, in which there generally mingled a little causticity, gave him an appearance of originality. He had a great deal of talent, and would have been a good writer, if he had not formed his style in the emphatic school of M. Thomas. The natural elegance of his manners would have rendered him distinguished, if he had not spoiled it by ostentation, and by every absurdity which springs from vanity and unbounded pretensions.

I dined twice at Madame Necker's; she came frequently to Belle Chasse. I never asked a single favour of M. Necker, but I admired his *Compte Rendu;* and when M. Necker was exiled, with an order not to come nearer Paris than forty leagues, M. de Sillery authorized me to offer him for a year the estate of Sillery to reside upon. He did not accept the offer, because he had obtained permission to reside at St. Ouen; but such a proposal surely deserved to be remembered. When afterwards I was a fugitive in Switzerland, though I did not write to Madame Necker, I am sure she could not be ignorant of my situation: in her place, I should have thought I owed some marks of attention to a person, who had given me so evident a proof of hers.

I have made frequent remarks on Madame de Staël, then daughter, in my writings, but only upon such principles as she has herself judged to be reprehensible, and of which she afterwards made a sincere abjuration; but so far from ever having attacked her person or her talents, I have always had the greatest pleasure in rendering her complete justice, and even in relating several traits of her life which were not known, and were equally honourable to her mind and heart.

At Belle Chasse I experienced during the

princes' education, as I have stated, many vexations; but I was completely happy in essentials; my pupils were docile and charming, the plan of their education was generally admired, and their progress recompensed me for all my pains. I wished that the princes should learn Greek. They themselves did not desire this, and I was unwilling to force their inclinations. I took a teacher for myself, and they saw me with admiration read the Greek characters. I affected great enthusiasm for the language, and in the course of six weeks, they begged that they might have a master. I then added to the number of their teachers an excellent Greek scholar, a man equally learned and virtuous, M. Le Coupey. I stopped at the Greek roots, which have been useful to me in my botanical studies, and in teaching me the etymology of some words in our own language. My pupils soon acquired a knowledge of the Greek, taking their lessons in my room.

It was at Belle Chasse that the most brilliant events of my life happened—the marriages of my two daughters. It was Madame de Pont, intendante of Moulins, one of my friends, who gave me the idea of the marriage of my second daughter. M. de Genlis had not yet come into possession of the Maréchale d'Etrée's property: his debts had

obliged him to sell the estate of Sissy. The favours I had obtained at the Palais Royal on the marriage of my eldest daughter took away all possibility of my requesting new ones for that of the second. I was thus cut off from the hope of a good match for her; and this was to me the subject of continual uneasiness. Madame de Pont advised me to profit by the friendship of Madame de Montesson for the Viscount de Valence, who would easily induce her to give him my daughter in marriage with a fortune. Madame de Pont undertook to speak to her on the subject: and as she had foreseen my aunt, who would not have done any thing in any other case, performed in this far more than we could have anticipated. It was agreed that she should take my daughter to live in her house. Pulchérie was married by the Bishop of Cominge in the chapel belonging to my aunt's house, and a few days afterwards she was carried to her estate at Sainte Assise. M. de Valence was twenty-nine years of age and my daughter seventeen: her face was beautiful, her heart excellent, and her principles as pure as her soul. She had read much; she was accomplished; she painted flowers and miniatures, and made charming cameos; she read aloud in an admirable manner both in prose and verse; and there was in

her understanding a mixture of cleverness and delicacy which gave her afterwards a peculiar charm in society: the excess of vivacity she had exhibited in her childhood was now corrected, and she had become as mild and as docile as she was naturally full of goodness, gentleness, and feeling. This is the picture of what she was when she left me, and what, in my opinion, she has always been.

I must confess, with the sincerity which I have laid down to myself as a rule in this work, that my ambition for the establishment of my daughter in this instance blinded my understanding and my foresight; in fact, the very motive which determined me upon the marriage ought in reality to have prevented it. What was said about the nature of Madame de Montesson's sentiments with regard to M. de Valence was doubtless untrue; still what she did for him was so extraordinary, that every body was confirmed in the conjectures made on that head, and were universally persuaded that she only brought about this marriage for the purpose of attaching for ever to herself the man she loved. The scandal was pretty generally circulated, and I ought not to have encouraged it by this step. I ought to have reflected that Madame de Montesson, besides being unfit of herself to be a proper guardian, would never be able to feel any real affection for

my daughter; that besides I should act contrary to my ideas of morality, in profiting by a sentiment which was generally thought a blamable one, however *platonic* it might be, in order to forward any ambitious views of my own; but I reassured, without altogether deceiving myself, by the thought that, perhaps there was nothing improper in my aunt's attachment; that besides, supposing M. de Valence to have been the lover of Madame de Montesson, who was then forty-seven years of age, he would assuredly cease to be so on becoming the husband of a charming young woman of seventeen; and lastly, that as my daughter had the utmost confidence in me, I should be able to give her all the counsels that might be necessary to her happiness. In short, my ambition in this affair being only relative, I did not reproach myself severely with it; I never had any feelings of ambition for myself, for I do not call ambition the desire of being distinguished, without vexatious efforts and without cabal, by talent and merit, but I have constantly, as far as my own interest was concerned, despised fortune, at the same time that I have always been ambitious for those I loved: this is a less reprehensible manner of being so, but it is still blamable, especially when it concerns the happiness of one's children. I ought

here to add in the character at once of mother and of veracious historian, that my daughter, on her entrance into society, possessed the purest sentiments and the most perfect principles; and she gave a proof shortly after her marriage of the generosity of her disposition. M. de Valence lost a considerable sum at play, and in order to prevent him from having recourse to Madame de Montesson, as he had often done before, she gave up of her own accord her finest diamonds: she had received very splendid ones from the Duke of Orleans on her marriage; M. de Valence sold them and paid his debt, and Madame de Valence never claimed their value, and never received it of her husband. I could cite many traits as striking of her generosity.

I ought here to refute a very false and scandalous story relative to Madame de Montesson on occasion of my daughter's marriage; this piece of calumny was widely spread, and has been printed in many shapes. The following is the fact to which I allude: it was said that the Duke of Orleans, who was supposed to be absent from home, entered my aunt's cabinet unexpectedly, and found M. de Valence at her feet; upon which my aunt, without discovering any emotion, and with *admirable* presence of mind, said to the prince,

pointing to M. de Valence, "He is entreating me earnestly, as you see, to grant him the hand of my niece." It was pretended that this was the only reason of his marriage with my daughter; but I can truly say that the whole anecdote is a pure fiction, and entirely destitute of foundation.

At the death of the old Duke of Orleans, I asked his son for my brother the best place at the Palais Royal—that of chancellor; and I felt myself authorized in making the demand, by the immense services my brother had rendered the duke. Two years before the death of the old Duke of Orleans, the Duke of Chartres found his affairs in so embarrassed a state, that he was quite in despair; for his people of business had told him that it was impossible for him to avoid bankruptcy. In his extremity I advised him to have recourse to the advice of my brother, who, by a fortunate speculation, prevented the bankruptcy, and paid all his debts in ready money.* All this plan was constructed, arranged, and concluded with great promptitude: my brother refused all remuneration and recompense, and contented himself with soliciting, in general terms, the prince's protection;

* By taking land from the garden of the Palais Royal, in order to build the shops and galleries which are still standing; this produced enormous sums.—*(Note by the Author.)*

so that the place of chancellor was justly due to him. Yet, in spite of all this, (a thing which hurt me extremely,) it was not without some trouble that I obtained it. It was the first favour I ever asked of the Duke of Orleans; this favour was on his part only an act of justice, and in order to obtain it, I was obliged to threaten, that if it was refused I should give up the education of the children, and withdraw from the charge. At length the place was granted to my brother, who by the plan of the shops in the Palais Royal, considerably augmented the revenues of the Duke of Orleans; and in every particular, during the whole of his administration, he managed the affairs of his master with as much intelligence and talent as probity.

It was during my residence at Belle Chasse that M. de Genlis, after the marriage of my second daughter, came into possession of the property of the Maréchale d'Etrée. Every one supposed, and we ourselves had no doubt, that notwithstanding the last wishes of her father, the Maréchale d'Etrée would leave the whole of her property to my brother-in-law, who continued to pay her, along with my sister-in-law, the most assiduous court. She died suddenly of apoplexy, as did all the persons of the Louvois family. There

was no will at first to be found; in that case the property would have been divided among the collateral branches of the family; as we thought for three days it would be. During this time there was a public inventory made of the furniture, and there was a large desk just about to be sold, when the buyer in examining it touched a spring which disclosed a little drawer, in which was found a portfolio of blue velvet embroidered with gold. The portfolio was opened, and in it was found a will constituting M. de Genlis universal legatee: he was made acquainted immediately with the event, and came to communicate it to me at Belle Chasse. On finding himself suddenly possessed of one hundred thousand francs a year, without counting the jewels, the diamonds, and the furniture, he urged me to quit Belle Chasse, and to resume my proper place, which was to reside with him. This was my duty: but I wished to finish what I had begun. I was attached to my pupils, and I thought it would be pitiful to leave them merely because I had become rich; my self-love could not support the idea that the governor and governess, who should take my place and finish their education should carry away from me all the honours of it. For these reasons, in spite of the arguments of M. de Genlis, I persisted in a re-

solution which has cost me dear. If I had fulfilled my real duty, which was to rejoin him, especially when he desired and entreated it so earnestly, I might easily have induced him to leave France at the same time that I quitted it myself: he might at that time without any difficulty have carried with him one hundred thousand francs; we should have lived comfortably in a foreign land, and he would not have perished on a scaffold! . . . . This terrible reflection causes me eternal remorse; since his death it never leaves me: I have expressed the feeling in my work called *Les Parvenus*. The *Journal of Edélie*, written in the valley of Josaphat, speaking of a similar situation, expresses no feeling which I have not experienced. How often have I reflected since, that nothing is so lovely as our duty! and that the actions which appear to us the noblest and most generous, which prevent us from following it, are either real errors or at best but illusions of our vanity!

M. de Genlis immediately made an honourable use of his unexpected good fortune, by settling on his brother, who was ruined, fifteen thousand francs a-year with reversion to his wife; and this was so well secured, that both enjoyed it to the period of their death; this action was the more honourable to M. de Genlis, as his brother had

never, even before his ruin, rendered him a single service in money matters, and my husband, besides, paid him for our board during the three years we passed at Genlis. A short time after M. de Genlis came into possession of this property, he took the name of Marquis of Sillery.

I had always felt an extreme desire of travelling in England. At length I yielded to my wishes a short time before the revolution. This was the only instance in which I was separated from my pupils during the whole course of their education, and then it was only for six weeks. I left them all at Saint Leu. My mother had the goodness to replace me as the governess of Mademoiselle, and M. Lebrun and the Abbé Guyot in the charge of the princes. My journey to England was marked by many distinctions. No woman is allowed to enter the House of Commons, but that assembly, by a special order, allowed me to be present at one of the debates. I was not allowed to introduce any other woman. Lord Inchiquin led me into the House. Tragedy was not played in the summer, yet in honour to me, *Hamlet* was performed at one of the theatres. An account of all these things was inserted in the English newspapers, with the most complimentary notices of myself. There appeared also, in the journals, an

infinite number of verses in my honour, among others, a fine ode by Mr. Hayley, which has been printed in his works. I received many marks of interest and esteem from the most distinguished persons in England, among others, from Messieurs Fox, Sheridan, Hayley, Lord Mansfield, Lady Stormont, the Duchess of Devonshire, Messieurs Swinbourne, Paradise, and Planta, the two latter directors of the British Museum ; Sir J. and Lady Hume, Mr. Burke, Lady Harcourt, Mr. and Miss Wilkes, Miss Burney, authoress of *Cecilia*, Lord William Gordon, &c. in short, from all the persons of whom I had any knowledge before I left France ; I put none of these things into our French papers ; I did not even write them to my friends ; I contented myself with inscribing them in my journal. To be sure, on this journey I was so much in company, that I had no time for writing letters ; all my time was spent in excursions, visits, and entertainments. The Prince of Wales, whose whole household was gone to Brighton, did me the honour to send Lord Gordon to me, whom I did not know, to invite me to an entertainment at Lord Gordon's, which he had it not in his power to give me at his own palace. I went ; the entertainment was delightful, and the prince was full of attention to me. He had then

a very handsome face, and the most agreeable smile I ever saw—which always gives, in my opinion, a peculiar charm to a countenance. The celebrated Mr. Burke, whom I only knew by reputation, quitted his country house to come to London, in order to offer me a sight of the university of Oxford, with an invitation to pass three days at his country house, which was on the road. I consented. On this excursion, we first stopped at the Duchess of Portland's, which lay in our way. It was this lady who gave an asylum to Jean Jacques Rousseau, who afterwards so unjustly quarrelled with her.

On our arrival, we found the duchess at the point of death; she died in the night; but the park was opened to us, where we walked about for three hours; it was superb. There is to be seen there a singular curiosity—the remains of the fortifications, in a state of high preservation, of a Danish camp. I passed three very agreeable days at Mr. Burke's, where I saw Mr. Windham, who was afterwards so celebrated; in company he was one of the mildest and most amiable of men; I I also met there Sir Joshua Reynolds, the best portrait painter in England. Mr. Burke carried me to Oxford, where we passed two days. In the chapel of Christ's College, I admired the fine

stained glass-windows, then newly painted by Reynolds; he has there represented Hope in an ingenious manner, seen from behind, with her head lifted towards heaven, and her arms raised towards the clouds. There is a vagueness in the idea, which is in perfect harmony with the subject.

On my return to London, I received a message from the Queen, who dispatched M. Duluc,* her reader, to invite me to Windsor where she passed the summer; this was a great distinction, for she never received foreigners there. I dined at Windsor with Madame La Fitte, under governess of the princesses, with whom I had been in correspondence; she had sent me a little work of her

* The author of several esteemed scientific works. It is well known that in general the title of reader to a prince is merely an honorary title; but the Queen of England really loved reading, and at Windsor, where that princess lived in complete privacy, M. Duluc was daily summoned to read for three or four hours; he always found the queen alone in her cabinet, and read while she embroidered or worked tapestry; but what is chiefly remarkable is the extreme rigour of the etiquette in a country where there has been so much discussion on liberty and the rights of man. M. Duluc assured me that he had always read to the queen without being allowed a seat; he was constantly on his legs in one spot, reading for three or four hours, as I have stated; and the queen listened and embroidered tranquilly, without paying any attention to the painful situation of her unhappy reader. None of our princes have ever been guilty of such a want of humanity.—*(Note by the Author.)*

own, entitled *Conversations* of a governess with her pupils, of which, at her request, I undertook the editorship, and to which I wrote a preface, I had a private audience of more than two hours with the queen; there was no one present but the princesses her daughters, and her lady of honour, Lady Pembroke, who introduced me, and with whom I had been acquainted previously at the *Isle Adam*. The conversation was very animated; I found the queen equally obliging in her manner and clever in conversation; I was particularly pleased with the Princess Royal, afterwards Queen of Wirtemberg. The queen had the goodness to send me a basket full of excellent pine-apples, and hearing that I was fond of botany, she informed me that she had given orders to Mr. Eaton her gardener at Kew, to allow me to collect any plants I chose to put into my herbal, and any seeds I might wish. I have never seen any botanic garden so admirable as that of Kew; all the aquatic plants are there placed in large ponds, and the saxatile plants among rocks. Besides the picturesque effect which this arrangement gives, it allows the plants to acquire all the vigour and beauty natural to them, by their position in situations which agree with them.

On this journey I made the conquest of the

moss-rose. Lord Mansfield, the celebrated English judge,* wrote to me to request permission to visit me. I received this venerable old man, who was full of talent and learning with great pleasure. I do not know how he came to hear that the tenth of July was my birth-day, but he sent me a basket full of moss-roses; I had never seen any specimens of this beautiful flower, and I was delighted with these; when I left England, he gave me in a box a complete rose-tree, which I carried to Paris, and which was the first ever seen there.† I made an excursion to Marlborough, where the duchess then was; as I was not at all acquainted with her, I did not ask to see her; my name was not asked, and I walked about the park without being known, but when I was about to go away, a large blank book was brought me, in which I was requested to write my name; I left Blenheim immediately after. The duchess, to whom the register was carried, being sure that I would stop at the turnpike, sent after me a valet-de-chambre with an immense basket of pine-apples, at least as fine as those of Windsor. I offered the valet-de-chambre

* He was the friend of Pope, and in his house were several portraits of that celebrated poet.—*(Note by the Author.)*

† Which I afterwards gave to the famous florist Descemet.—*(Note by the Author.)*

a guinea, who refused it, saying, "*Madam, I cannot accept it, I am a Frenchman.*" This expression made me feel how much I was also a Frenchwoman.

I saw thoroughly all that was curious in London and its environs. Mr. Horace Walpole, the intimate friend of Madame du Deffant, invited me to breakfast at his gothic priory. An entertainment was given me in the gardens of Waller the poet, in the part where there are precipices of tremendous depth; at the bottom of one of these precipices you see a broken bridge with an antique, mutilated statue, which is so fine that Sir Joshua Reynolds offered for it twelve thousand francs and a good picture of his own, but the offer was refused.

Since I am on the subject of the curious things to be seen in England, in order to bring together the principal ones, I shall here give the details of what struck me most in my two journeys, and I shall begin with relating the story of the two friends at Llangollen, with whom I only became acquainted on my second visit to England, on which occasion I was accompanied by Mademoiselle d'Orleans. We were at Bury, where there was daily to be found a very select society. One evening the conversation turned upon friendship, and I said I would willingly un-

dertake a long journey for the sake of seeing two persons who had been long united by a sincere bond of friendship. "Then, Madam," replied Mr. Stewart,* "you should go to Llangollen, where you will see a model of perfect friendship; and the picture will seem to you the more beautiful, as it will show you an example of friendship between two young women, who are in every respect charming. Should you like to hear the story of Lady Eleanor Butler and Miss Ponsonby, sister of the famous speaker in the parliament of Ireland?" "I should be delighted."—"I will then relate it to you."

"Lady Eleanor Butler, now (1788) about twenty-eight years of age, was born in Dublin. An orphan from the cradle, and a rich, amiable, and lovely heiress, her hand was sought by persons of the best families in Ireland; but she very early announced her repugnance to marriage. This taste for independence, which she never concealed, was in no respect injurious to her reputation; her behaviour was always marked by perfect propriety; no woman was ever more remarkable for mildness, modesty, and all the virtues that embellish her sex. From earliest infancy she was

* Afterwards Lord Castlereagh, who died about three years since, after being prime minister, and bearing the title of Lord Londonderry.—*(Note by the Author.)*

the intimate friend of Miss Ponsonby; by a singular coincidence of events, which struck their imaginations, they were both born at Dublin, in the same year and on the same day, and they became orphans at the same period. It was easy for them to fancy from this, that heaven had created them for each other; that it had destined them to consecrate their mutual existence to each other, and to perform together the voyage of life, in the bosom of peace, of confidence, and of independence. Their sensibility enabled them to realize this illusion. Their friendship so increased with their age, that at seventeen they mutually promised to preserve their liberty, and never to part from each other. They formed from that moment the plan of withdrawing from the world, and of fixing themselves for ever in the profoundest solitude. Having heard of the charming landscapes of Wales, they made a secret journey thither, in order to choose the place of their retreat. They arrived at Llangollen, and there found, on the summit of a mountain, a little isolated cottage, of which the situation seemed to them delicious. There it was that they resolved to fix their abode. The guardians of the young fugitives, however, traced their steps, and brought them back to Dublin. They declared that they would return

to their mountain as soon as they should have attained their majority. In fact, at twenty-one, in spite of all the entreaties and arguments of their relatives, they quitted Ireland for ever, and went to Llangollen. Miss Ponsonby is not rich, but Lady Eleanor possesses a considerable fortune. She purchased the little cottage of the peasants, and the land about the mountain, and built a house upon its site, of which the outside is extremely simple, but the interior of the greatest elegance. On the platform of the mountain, surrounding the cottage, are a court and a flower garden; a hedge of roses is the only fence of that rural habitation. A commodious carriage-way was made in the mountain, of which the too rapid slope was remedied by art; on the top of the mountain, however, were allowed to remain some ancient firs of a prodigious height; fruit trees were planted there, and, in particular, a great number of cherry-trees, which produce the finest cherries in England. The two friends still possess, at the foot of the hill, a meadow for their flocks, a beautiful farm-house, and a kitchen garden. These two extraordinary persons, both of whom possess the most cultivated minds, and the most charming accomplishments, have lived in that solitude for seven years, without ever having slept

out of it in a single instance. Nevertheless, they are far from reserved; they frequently pay visits at the neighbouring gentlemen's houses, and receive with equal politeness and kindness, travellers who are either coming from or going to Ireland, and who are recommended to their attention by their old friends."

It was settled that very evening, that we should immediately set out for Llangollen.

This village has not the rich appearance of the other English villages, but nothing can surpass the neatness of the interior of the house, which is, among the peasants, a proof of their being at their ease. Llangollen, surrounded by shady groves and delicious meadows of the freshest green, is situated at the foot of the mountain of the two friends, which forms in that spot a majestic pyramid, covered with verdure and flowers. We arrived at the cottage an hour before sunset. The two friends had received the same morning, by the post, a letter of introduction for me. We were received with a grace, a cordiality, and a charming good-nature, of which it would be impossible to give an idea. I was never tired of regarding two persons so singular for their attachment, and their mode of life. I saw nothing in them of that vanity which is gratified by awaken-

ing the astonishment of others. They loved each other, and lived in that spot with so much simplicity, that wonder soon subsided into a touching interest. Every thing was genuine and natural in their manners and conversation; and a singular thing is, that though they had lived so many years in perfect retirement, they spoke French with as much ease as purity. I was very much struck with the dissimilarity of disposition which existed between them. Lady Eleanor had a charming face, bright with freshness and health; every thing about her announced vivacity, gaiety, and frankness. Miss Ponsonby's face was pale, and full of a melancholy expression. It seemed as if the one had been born in that solitude, so completely did she appear at home in it; for you saw by her easy air that she had not preserved the slightest remembrance of the world or its vain pleasures; the other, pensive and reserved, was too candid and virtuous to allow you to imagine that repentance had led her to this retreat; but you might have thought she had brought along with her the subject of some melancholy regrets. Both had the noblest manners, and the most cultivated minds. An excellent library, composed of the best English, French, and Italian authors, was to them an inexhaustible source of amusement,

and of various and solid occupation; for reading is only profitable, when you have leisure to recur again to what you have read. The interior of the house was remarkable for the beauty of its proportions, the convenient distribution of the apartments, the elegance of the ornaments and the furniture, and the beautiful views which were visible from all the windows. The drawing-room was adorned with charming landscapes, drawn and painted after nature by Miss Ponsonby. Lady Eleanor was a very good musician; and both had filled their solitary dwelling with embroidery, of which the work was extraordinary. Miss Ponsonby, whose hand-writing was the most beautiful I ever saw, had made extracts of the most beautiful pieces, in verse and prose, written in her own hand, and embellished with arabesques in the finest taste, which formed a very precious collection. The arts were there cultivated with equal success and modesty, and you admired their productions in this secluded spot, with a feeling which could not be experienced elsewhere. You were delighted to find, in this peaceful retreat, so much merit, sheltered from the attacks of satire and of envy, and talents that, free from ostentation and pride, never desired in that spot other suffrages than those of friendship! This evening was an

enchanting one to me; and no unpleasing reflection came to trouble its sweetness. I went to bed, but my mind was so full of what I had seen and heard, that my thoughts prevented me for a long time from sleeping. At length, I was sinking into slumber, when I was awakened by the most melodious sounds. Much surprised, I listened: it was not music, but a vague and celestial melody, which sunk into the soul. By dint of attention, I discovered that the sounds were produced by a violent wind which had just arisen. My ear distinguished in the distance the roar and the hissing generally caused by a storm; but the winds, changing their nature as they approached that asylum of peace and friendship, only formed, as they touched its walls and its trees, an enchanting harmony. I was easily disposed to believe in prodigies, yet I wished to discover the cause of this one; but I did not dare to rise, lest I should awaken Mademoiselle d'Orleans, who was much fatigued with her journey, and was asleep in a bed placed by the side of mine. Suddenly the tempest dropped, and the harmonious sounds I had heard seemed to be borne away on the winds as they became still. It seemed as if the music reascended to the clouds; and I thought I might catch, by raising my head, its last echoes. I listened with

rapture, and if, like St. Cecilia, I had held my harp in my hands, I should have let it fall on the ground, and all earthly music, from that moment, would have sounded to me insipid.

The next morning the mystery was explained. On opening my window, I found on the balcony an instrument with which I was altogether unacquainted, called in England *an Æolian harp;* it is an invention for producing harmony from the winds, which, when they sweep over its strings, produce ravishing music. It is natural enough that such an instrument should have originated in an island of storms, amid tempests, of which it softens the terrors.

I walked about the whole morning with the two friends. Nothing can equal the beauty of the sites which surround the mountain which overhangs them, and of which the two ladies occupied the summit. It seemed as if, dwelling on that elevated spot, they were the sovereigns of the beautiful country around them. On the north, they had a view of the village, and of a forest; on the south, a long stream bathed the foot of the mountain, and fertilized immense meadows, beyond which the eye could discover an amphitheatre of hills, covered with trees and rocks.

In the midst of this wild and sylvan abode, rose

a majestic tower, which seemed to be the Pharos of the banks of the river, but which is nothing more than the ruins of a magnificent castle, once inhabited by the sovereign of the country. All this solitary tract of land was once populous and flourishing; it was now abandoned to the wildness of nature, and the eye could only see flocks of goats and a few scattered shepherds, seated on the rocks and playing on the Irish harp. This harp does not resemble ours. Opposite to this rustic and melancholy view, the two friends had placed a verdant seat, shaded by two poplars; and there it was, they told me, that they came in the summer season to read the poetry of Ossian.

I experienced in the course of that day emotions very different from those I had felt the evening before. Reflection and reason dissipated all the illusions which had led me to envy the lot of the two friends. I still thought them as amiable and interesting! but I felt that I was called on rather to pity than admire them. On this earth, where every thing is so fleeting, we must preserve many ties, or renounce them all, to give ourselves up without reserve to the Eternal Being who alone can realize our hopes, and fix our wavering inclinations. In the natural state of society, the affections which a family calls forth, form in the course of our lives a ne-

cessary succession of consolations: a spouse consoles us for the loss of a mother; the hands of our children are destined to dry up other tears; a brother partakes our domestic griefs; and a faithful friend recompenses us for the loss of a false one. Let us then cultivate all our ties; let us not, in the thorny career over which we have to pass, reject any of our natural supports; if one of them fails, another will be ready to sustain our declining steps.

The greatest of evils to a profoundly sensible bosom, is the nourishment of an exclusive and passionate attachment for a dependant and fragile being, from whom a thousand accidents may separate us, and whom death may snatch away. However pure that affection may be, it must always be a source of inevitable torments; and if it be exempt from remorse, it can never be free from harassing disquietudes.

These ideas made such an impression on my mind, that I saw no longer in the two friends any thing but the imprudent victims of the most dangerous enthusiasm and sensibility. After selecting such a lot, and entering into such engagements, they were chained as it were for ever to this mountain! . . . . But what a terrible future lay before them, if one was to survive the other, and to be

left alone without aid or consolation, charged with the sacred task of rendering her the last offices, and of arranging her obsequies! . . . . Or whether both, becoming infirm at the same period, deprived of sight and hearing, were to pass the last years of their life without seeing or hearing each other, and without being able to attend to each other's mutual comfort! together and yet separate, since they could no longer be said to exist for one another; a situation as strange as deplorable, and of which the constancy of friendship only serves to aggravate the horrors! In the eyes of the worldly, the state of a Carmelite would seem less to be pitied. If our philosophers are touched by the privations the latter experiences in her youth, it is at least impossible for them not to allow that her old age may be perfectly happy. With what serenity, with what joy her steps approach the tomb! . . . . and we do not often enough remark that old age is the longest period of life,—it may last forty years.

The two friends of Llangollen had one means of securing to themselves a happy old age; it was to educate and to adopt children, and thus to form to themselves a family, which might have cheered their solitude, and one day have comforted their old age. I know not whether they have followed

my counsels: since my return to France I have heard of them, and I learned with real grief, that Miss Ponsonby was threatened with dropsy. Nuns alone can dispense with the ties of families, they are altogether devoted to God; besides, they have companions of their own age, and their latter years glide away in peace, beneath the active and generous protection of Christian charity.

I must not quit Llangollen without mentioning the pure manners of the inhabitants of that part of Wales; the two friends assured us that their honesty is so notorious, that often when they left their mountain to walk in the neighbourhood, they left the key in their cottage door, and never were robbed of any thing, although they had a considerable quantity of silver plate and an infinite number of little valuable articles, which might have been easily carried away. The inns of Llangollen were distinguished by the neatness peculiar to England.

In my second journey I visited the charming town of Bury. The cemetery of that town is remarkable for the beauty of the antique monuments by which it is surrounded: I was told that this burial-ground, in the spring and summer, is the rendezvous of lovers, and that in the evening they meet there by the light of the moon. It appears to me that there is only one kind of love, holy, pure,

and deep, which can venture to utter its language in such a spot. Vicious sentiments, or the feelings inspired by caprice, could not endure these tombs, these ruins, and these cypress shades. There no one durst pronounce with levity, and without deep thought, the vow of love that is unchangeable till death! I figure to myself two young lovers, escaped from the eye of an avaricious and severeg uardian; (for I will not fancy them under the authority of their parents, since they meet in secret;) I see them arrive, and find themselves, for the first time in their lives, alone together. They approach each other with all the innocence yet violence of a first love, and seat themselves on a tomb opposite one of those Gothic monuments with which the spot is surrounded. I see their tears flowing! . . . . The violent agitation they feel forms a striking contrast with the tranquillity of that abode of death. Here it is that all human passions are annihilated for ever! and yet here, youthful lovers, ye dare to yield to the most tumultuous sentiments which can agitate the bosom; here it is that ye swear to love each other eternally! . . . They speak! . . . With what attention I mark their words! . . . The calm of the night, the placid brightness of the moon, the harmonious reflected light which it showers on these venerable monuments the firs and the cypresses

which rise majestically among the tombs, and of which the fine outline is marked in deepest shade on these antique towers: this assemblage of imposing objects, so full of religious awe and funereal impressiveness, exalt all the sentiments of the soul by the profound melancholy they inspire. How touching and pure must be the language of the lovers! . . . It is at fêtes and balls that lovers borrow the fantastic language of poetry; there it is that they compare their mistresses to Venus, and talk of their graces and their beauty: here Love expresses himself in the tone of the holiest friendship; his words are the language of the soul and of virtue, and it is the Eternal himself whom he calls to witness a vow which he believes will bind him for ever. Alas! this vow is perhaps uttered over the tomb of some victim of love! . . . If it be so, it was doubtless a woman. . . . The seductions or the ingratitude of an ungrateful lover may have dug her grave! . . . Perhaps she was the friend of her whose feet are now treading on her ashes, and is now exposing herself to the same dangers! . . . Imprudent and youthful girl! be warned by this recollection. Thou comest to dream of happiness on the edge of a precipice; soon wilt thou pay dearly for this moment of illusion; thou hast lost for many a year thy peace and tranquillity of mind! . . . Yet thou wilt leave, pure and spotless,

the scene of thy first interview, but grant not a second; there thy innocence would be lost! go, thou hast known all that love can bestow of sweetness and enchantment, it never can again restore to thee the charm of that first meeting.

The son-in-law of Richardson was still alive; his name was Mr. Bridget; he belonged to the Royal Society of London; he was somewhat rude in manner, but as he possessed an original portrait of Richardson, I was anxious to see him. I wrote to request permission to call upon him, and he had the politeness to call at my residence to take me up. I went over his house with great interest, and saw the original picture of Richardson; he was fair, short in stature, rather fat, and his physiognomy and eyes were expressive of the greatest mildness. Sir Joshua Reynolds had showed me an original portrait of Milton, who had a face somewhat in the shape of that of Richardson. I had the pleasure of sitting in Mr. Bridget's garden on the bench on which Richardson used to sit, the right arm of the seat opened and held an inkstand; here he used to compose and write a great part of the morning. Mr. Bridget became so much attached to me, that he offered to give me a manuscript copy of the novel of Pamela, with corrections in the margin in the handwriting of Richardson himself, on condition of my giving

him my word of honour that I would myself translate it literally. As it would have been impossible for me to have translated it without making many alterations, I declined entering into such an engagement, but I offered to have it translated under my own eyes, and with all possible care; this he refused. Richardson is not interred at Westminster: the English do not esteem this author so highly as we do, because he is not in the rank of their best writers, and because he has attempted to describe the great world, with which he was not acquainted; but he has so admirably described the human heart, and human passions, and virtues; he has laid open so skilfully the heart of a virtuous, ingenuous, and feeling woman, that he will always deserve to be placed in the first class of moralists. Mr. Bridget took me into the church-yard of Saint Bride, where the remains of Richardson are deposited without a monument. Mr. Bridget told me that the year preceding, he had carried Madame de Tessé to the same spot, when she came to make a little tour in England; and that she had prostrated herself on the tomb, which is none other than the pavement of the church. Mr. Bridget added, that Madame de Tessé had uttered so many groans and shed so many tears, that he was seriously afraid she had fainted. I did not discover my enthusiasm in this way: I did not

frighten Mr. Bridget by my grief; and yet he was so fully persuaded of my admiration of his father-in-law, that he promised, of his own accord, to do for me what he had never done for any one—to send me a miniature copy of the portrait of Richardson; he kept his word, and a month after my return to France, I received this precious portrait.

Miss Wilkes, daughter of the celebrated Mr. Wilkes, of the opposition party, came to see me; she was about thirty-five years old, very plain, but very clever; she spoke many languages, and was remarkable for her reading and information; she paid me a great many kind attentions, and I became very intimate with her. Her father was notorious for his quarrels with government, the boldness of his opinions, and the violence with which his party had caused him to be appointed Lord Mayor. I dined twice with him, his conversation was highly amusing; he had often seen Voltaire during the residence of the latter in London, and told me that he did not understand English well, and was incapable of feeling the beauties of the English poets. He related to me many instances of his jealousy and animosity against Pope; and every one knows, that he was base enough to denounce him as a *papist*. At Mr. Wilkes's, I saw a thing

which surprised me much; when Mr. Wilkes quitted the post of Lord Mayor, the city of London, as usual, presented him with a splendid piece of silver plate, on which was represented, in *alto relievo*, the assassination of Cæsar in the Senate House. This present was made before the revolution, of which it seemed to be a prelude; it was placed pompously on the chimney of the drawing-room.

All my occupations and excursions did not prevent me, on my first tour to London, to take, during my stay there, two masters, the one of English declamation, and the other (a jeweller) to teach me to make various pretty ornaments in seed pearl.

I read a great many English works, and I was struck with the absurd contempt which the writers of this country affect for other nations. This want of dignity and of good breeding proves also a want of greatness of mind and of taste. With what injustice have they criticised our literature at the same time that they were stealing from or copying our writers! Dryden, in his tragedy of the *Death of Antony*, cuts up all our poets; he pretends that our dramatic authors possess a delicacy which is quite ridiculous, and adds: "Their heroes are the civilest persons breathing, but their good educa-

tion rarely extends to a word of good sense, all their wit lies in their ceremonies; they want the genius which animates our play-writers, and, consequently, it is necessary for them, seeing they cannot please, at least, to guard against whatever may offend. But as the most polished man in company is generally the most stupid, so these authors must lull us to sleep as long as they are afraid of being so impolite as to make us laugh or weep."

Throughout this passage, no exception is made in favour of Corneille or Racine. On the contrary, Dryden says, that Corneille's plays are cold and declamatory; and that those of Racine are insipid and display no genius. He ridicules especially the tragedy of *Phèdre*, and laughs at the folly of Hippolyte, who refuses to tell her father plainly that Phèdre had endeavoured to corrupt her. (I soften the phrase which he employs.) None of the English authors, even the sage Addison, have been just towards us. How are we represented on the English stage? The French are always treated there as weak fops, and what seems still more singular, as cowards. In short, a Frenchman is never introduced on the English stage but in order to be represented under the most odious colours and in the most ridiculous light. In the most

recent English works, we find the same injustice and the same hatred. Let us compare this with the generous good feeling of our authors, who have so highly praised the English writers, and the English nation! Let us compare English equity and French equity, English taste, and French taste! This, I think I may say without any national vanity, would produce results the most advantageous for us.

The subject of the death of Lucretia, is one which our delicacy refuses to admit on the scene. We could not support the sight of a heroine who should be sullied even if she were not dishonoured by violence. Lucretia appearing on the scene after the outrage of the son of Tarquin, would inspire us with a sort of disgust. This delicacy of feeling belongs only to us; the Germans, and more particularly the English, have no idea of it. They sit without repugnance to see the *Fair Penitent* of Rowe, though Calista, the fair penitent, experiences neither remorse nor true passion, and most unworthily calumniates Lothario, the friend of her husband. A father who condemns his daughter to publish her dishonour by confinement in a room hung with black, by the side of her seducer's dead body, would appear in our eyes only a madman and a barbarian. The *Orphan* of

Otway is not more decent or sensible than the *Fair Penitent* of Rowe; that piece, nevertheless, enjoys great popularity in England. Two brothers who fight, of whom one is killed, and the other commits suicide, because one has violated the bed of the other, and Monimia, an innocent adultress, who ends her days by poison—all this would inspire us rather with horror than pity. *Amboyna*, the famous tragedy of Dryden, presents an inconceivable tissue of horrors. There is in this play also a woman, who is presented to the eyes of the audience, after having undergone the worst of outrages. The Dutch are painted in this piece as monsters and beasts of prey; and their whole nation is accused of depravities and cruelties of the most monstrous description.

The English comedies, with the exception of a few, are the disgrace of their stage; and even those pieces which cannot be said to disgrace it, are such as would certainly not be listened to in a French theatre. All the pieces of Congreve, as far as morality goes, are infamous; those of Wycherley are equally immoral; Farquhar, the gayest of the English comic writers, is neither more moral nor more decent than the rest; his piece called *A Trip to the Jubilee*, especially, pre-

sents some scenes of the most revolting kind. The famous Fielding has written several absurd and infamous comedies; and Otway, so indecent in his tragedies, has surpassed himself in this respect in his comedies. The pen of a woman dares not make even an extract from his piece, entitled *The Soldier's Fortune*; but in that play are to be found all that depraved morals, and lowness of sentiment and language, can show of disgusting; it is in five acts. The *Atheist*, also, in five acts, by the same author, is no less revolting; it contains not a single argument against atheism and in favour of religion; all the personages are vicious, and their morals detestable. The Atheist, fancying himself near his end, makes the most abominable confessions to a debauchee disguised as a priest; and in this play there is a father, who is a libertine and a ruined man, living on the charity of his son, who often reprimands and refuses him money. Dryden, who has so much abused our stage, has written a comedy called *The Kind Keeper*. In this sense, *keeper* means a libertine who supports courtezans. In his piece entitled *The Spanish Friar*, a piece much relished in England, this author has introduced on the stage a real priest, who, for money which a young man gives him,

facilitates his rendezvous, and gives a married woman, who comes to confess to him, love letters and the most infamous advices at the same time.

The English allow themselves to indulge in the most indecent mockeries on the subject of the Catholic religion, and the most atrocious calumnies against the ministers of our worship, while we, scrupulous and faithful observers of the regards due to foreigners, would think, if we were so to conduct ourselves, that we were destitute of good taste and good breeding. Our nation, which passes for being so light and so frivolous, is nevertheless that which shows itself most steadily the friend of decency and modesty; our public is the only one which commands respect; the only public which thinks itself insulted when licentious pictures are presented to its view; the only public, in short, which is severe in its amusements. So much delicacy, joined to so much gaiety, form an amiable and an imposing national character.

The fashion—being in the fashion—are things to which a far higher value is affixed in London than in Paris; and the most absurd fashions, and the most dangerous have always been invented in London. Such, for instance, are the *whiskeys*, carriages disproportionately high, with seats, which risked the lives of the drivers, if they hap-

pened to fall. What shall we say of the *jockeys*, those unfortunate children who are wrapt up in woollen clothing, and who are overheated, and sweated, till their flesh melts and their bodies are reduced to the weight required. All these inventions are far from sensible, but the English, even those of the most reflecting characters, think nothing of all this; while the most frivolous and thoughtless among the French have never imagined any thing of the kind: our journals never contain the frivolous details of new fashions* and women's dresses; the best of the English newspapers contain all these trifles; and besides, on court occasions, they have the most minute description of the dress and diamonds of the queen, the princesses, and all the ladies.

The most frivolous of the arts are the best paid in England: it is only in London that dancers and singers make real fortunes. The taste for novels and ghost stories is certainly livelier in England than in France; and the luxury of the English far surpasses ours.

The English and French are generally judged as we judge individuals in society—by their exterior—which is so deceiving a criterion. Those

* This was written before the Revolution.—(*Note by the Author.*)

who are gay easily pass for harebrained persons; while the taciturn gain at small expense, a reputation for wisdom.

The English are continually vaunting the merit of their nation; this is a respectable kind of vanity of which we have not enough; it is to be wished that we rendered ourselves a little more justice.

When M. Donnézan was blamed for always praising himself, he said, *I do it on purpose; it is always one voice more in my favour, and the one which expresses itself best on the subject.* When all the writers on a country join in repeating the same thing, there are *many voices more in favour of their nation.*

At length I returned to France; my passage by sea was very stormy; and I experienced one of the most violent tempests ever witnessed in the channel. I arrived at Saint Leu after an absence of about six weeks, to the great joy of my pupils, as well as my own.

A short time after my first journey, the marriage of Mademoiselle with the Duke of Angouleme was resolved on; we went to Versailles, where she was baptized. The interview with the duke of Angouleme then took place; and from that time the marriage was publicly talked of. After the be-

trothing, it was decided that the marriage should take place as soon as the young prince should attain the age required by law, of which he then wanted three months. The ladies were selected who were to be attached to the princess's person; I was very graciously consulted on the subject, and charged with the appointment of some to the inferior places; among others, I was to choose two additional waiting-maids for the princess; and on this occasion Monsieur* did me the honour to write to me with his own hand to *recommend* (such were his words) a woman, who had been employed about him during his education, and for whom he wished to obtain the place of waiting-maid in the establishment of the future Duchess of Angouleme. I may thus boast with truth, that one of our monarchs has done me the honour of writing me a *letter of solicitation*. The revolution which burst suddenly on us at this time, overthrew all these projects, as it did so many others. The short space of a few months sufficed to annihilate the best founded hopes, as it did the most solidly established conditions, and opened an unbounded field to the most daring and measureless ambition.

* Afterwards Louis XVIII.—*(Note by the Author.)*

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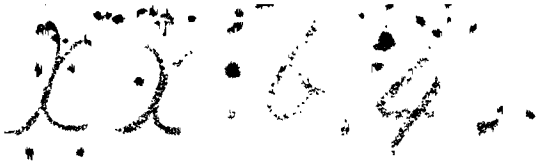

MEMOIRS

OF THE

COUNTESS DE GENLIS.

VOL. IV.

MEMOIRS

OF

MADAME DE GENLIS.

THE revolution broke out on the ninth of July, the evening previous to my birth-day, which was celebrated at Saint Leu by charming plays. A painter of the name of Giroux performed the character of Polyphemus in a pantomime; and while thus engaged, we were informed of the first commotions that took place in Paris. M. Giroux was so desirous of seeing what was going on, that the moment he had performed his part, he jumped into a cabriolet, and set off in all haste for the capital, without taking time even to change his dress. The costume he had on, and his painted eye-brows, caused such astonishment, that he was stopped at the barriers, where he was detained more than three hours, and interrogated very strictly as to the motives of this singular disguise.

Some time after the revolution, the Duke of Chartres went to join his regiment at Vendôme, and performed a humane and courageous action, which obtained for him the solemn presentation of a *civic crown* by the city. He had been to bathe in the river, and was dressing on the shore, when one of the bathers was seized with a violent cramp, and cried out for assistance; he instantly jumped into the water, came up to him, took hold of him by the hair, and was so fortunate as to bring him safe to the shore. The man he saved was a custom-house officer, and he came to the duke's the next day, along with his wife and children, to throw himself at the feet of his benefactor. This adventure took place in the middle of the day, in presence of many spectators, and did great honour to the duke. He inclosed to me in a letter a leaf of his civic crown, which I carefully preserved and put in my book of recollections, (*Souvenirs,*) and which I keep at this moment. He thanked me most affectionately in his letter for having made him learn to swim. In fact, when I sent him and his brother to the swimming school, I often told them that it was a branch of knowledge they ought to acquire both for themselves and for others;*

* There is to be found in a wretched work (the *Annales Française* of Salier) a ridiculous calumny concerning this incident. It

and for the same reason I taught them to bleed and to dress wounds. During a whole winter I took them regularly to the Hotel Dieu, to dress the wounds of the poor.

In 1790, we met with an adventure, which

is stated that the late Duke of Orleans, my pupil's father, *to imitate the Duke of Brunswick*, had pretended to save a drowning man, by ordering *one of his footmen* to jump into the river, and by the prince himself, who was an excellent swimmer, *pretending* to save him. This ridiculous tale is made up entirely from the actual adventure that occurred to the Duke of Chartres at Vendôme.

In general, the *historical* memoirs of this age are full of lies and calumnies; and those bearing the name of the Baron de Bezenval, (which he never wrote,) contain an immense mass of falsehoods, particularly relating to Madame de Barbantane, for every thing said to her prejudice is absolutely unfounded. That lady always was my enemy, so that my evidence on the subject is noways liable to suspicion; and I can have no personal motives to speak ill of the work, for I am not mentioned in it at all. In the *Memoirs* of Collé, there is a very false account given of Monsigny, who is much abused: yet I knew that celebrated composer from my childhood, and can aver that his virtues and integrity were as eminent as his talent. The *Memoirs* of Grimm are also full of little stories of his own invention. He mentions some verses *full of naïveté* sent me at a fête at Bercy, by Mesdemoiselles d'Orleans, and these two twin princesses were at that time just *eleven months old*; he likewise gives an impertinent answer of M. de Schomberg to the Duke of Orleans, which that gentleman not only never gave, but which, from his disposition, he was totally incapable of giving. M. Grimm says, that M. de Tressan praised me in a public discourse before the Academy, which is absolutely false.—*(Note by the Author.)*

urgently increased my desire of leaving France immediately. At four in the afternoon, Mademoiselle, the Count de Beaujolais, my niece, Henriette de Sercey, Pamela, and I set out in a barouche for a country-house at four leagues from Paris, and had occasion to pass through the village of Colombe. It happened, unfortunately, to be the fair day, so that an immense crowd of people was assembled from the neighbourhood; and while passing through the place, the people crowded round the carriage, and took it into their heads that I was the queen, along with Madame and the Dauphin, escaping from Paris. They stopped us, made us come out of the carriage, which they laid hold of, as well as of our coachman and servants. Amidst the confusion, the commander of the national guard (a very respectable young man, called M. Baudry) harangued the people to induce them to let us go, but they would only permit us to be taken into his house, which was close by, on his giving his word of honour that we should be detained prisoners till the whole matter could be cleared up. He took us to his house through an immense crowd, and though this occupied us but a minute, we heard on our way voices furiously calling out that we should be sent *à la lanterne*. We entered the house, but scarcely had been there

a quarter of an hour, before four thousand of the mob attacked the doors, forced them open, and entered with tremendous noise. M. Baudry, very kindly and courageously made every effort to calm their rage; and as we were in the garden when we heard them approaching, I told my pupils to begin playing at some game at the different corners along with me. A multitude of men and women rushed into the garden, and were greatly surprised at finding us playing. We instantly stopped, and I advanced towards them with the greatest serenity, told them that I was the wife of one of their deputies, that I was going to write a note to Paris, and requested they would send forward a messenger to find out the alleged mystery. They listened for a moment, and then exclaimed, *all that is a lie,* for that I wanted to send for a reinforcement; and they determined among themselves, that if any one was daring enough to go to Paris, they would hang him up *à la lanterne* on his return. M. Baudry addressed them also, and very energetically, but it was all in vain. During this discussion, I took some snuff and held the box open, and at the very moment I was proposing to them to give us a guard of ten or twelve men, and to leave us quiet till next day, an ugly peasant, dead drunk, the nastiest and most disgusting object I

ever saw, came and took a pinch out of my box; but I threw away the remainder of the snuff, and coolly continued my address. This action struck them greatly, and produced a good effect, for several of them said, that if I were really the queen, I would not be so much at my ease. In the midst of all this, a person in the crowd took an opportunity of approaching me while the mob were all talking at once, and whispered to me "*I am an old gamekeeper of Sillery—be not alarmed —I am going to Paris.*" These words gave me some consolation.

At length, all the peasants consented to go away, but they left us a guard of twelve men armed with muskets and bayonets, who followed us wherever we went. Most of the mob were drunk, and remained in the street round the house, so that we could not possibly escape. At eight in the evening, the *maire* came to interrogate us, and to look more important, he had put on his tricoloured sash; he gravely told me to *deliver up* all the papers I had in my pocket; I handed him four or five letters, and as he was attentively examining the seals, I urged him to break them open, but he told me in a very gruff tone, that he could not read, though, after all, he would not return me the letters. In this situation we spent the whole

night ; the peasants besieging us fell asleep, got over their liquor, and wakened next morning with somewhat more common sense. At five o'clock the old gamekeeper came back from Paris, where he had gone to the municipality, and got an order for our deliverance. The kind gamekeeper had been pretty well assured that the order forbidding him to go to Paris would be forgotten as soon as their drunkenness had disappeared ; and, in fact, nobody remembered it, and every one acknowledged that I was not the queen ; and passing from one extreme to another, from thoughtless rage to fruitless repentance, the greater part of the crowd wished to take us back to Paris in triumph, which, had it taken place, would have made a shocking story in the papers. It required all my power of persuasion to turn them from their idea of rendering us this dangerous honour ; but I succeeded, after great efforts, and we set out at last, and arrived at Belle Chasse at half-past six in the evening. I was excessively tired, but not the least unwell, in spite of all the terrors that had agitated me during this dangerous crisis.

A short time after, I felt the most heart-rending sorrow at the death of my mother, whom I tended during three whole days and nights, without ever going to bed, without even leaving her for a

moment. My pupils wished, of their own accord, to be present at her funeral, for they truly loved her, and joined most sincerely and affectionately in grief for her loss.

At the beginning of the year 1789, the Duchess of Orleans had given me an enamelled ring, with these words over it, *You know how much you love me, but you cannot know how much I love you.* The initials of each word only were inscribed on the ring. In return, I gave her an enamelled ring, representing a knotted ribbon, and close to the knot these words, *It cannot be untied.**

At this time I had numerous causes of anxiety

* All my pupils, my friends, my mother, husband, brother, and daughters, gave me each a ring with a particular device. That of the Duke of Chartres (who was then seventeen) was, *What should I have been but for you?* This too modest sentiment affected me the more, as it was wholly of his own choice, as was the one on the ring given me by Mademoiselle, a large gold ring opening within, and containing these words, *Is there any thing I can prefer to the happiness of being with you?* and on the ring was inscribed *Adèle,* the name she bore in our family, while the Duke of Chartres took the name of *Théodore.* M. Pieyre made the following pretty device for the duke of Montpensier, *To love you is my duty, to please you my delight.* This was inscribed on a ring enamelled in black, a colour that painfully affected me; it was a presentiment. The Count de Beaujolais gave me a ring he had made himself, and he got these words engraved on it, *I am your work, and I present you mine.* The device of the Duchess of Orleans is taken from the *Letters of Madame de Sevigné.*—*(Note by the Author.)*

and discontent, amongst the rest, by the Duke of Orleans telling me that the Viscount de Segur had asked him for the place of *Secretaire des Commandemens* to the Duke of Chartres for M. de Laclos, the author of the *Liaisons Dangereuses*. I was confounded at this strange proposal, and answered, after a short interval of silence, that if he gave that place to such a man, I would next day give up the education of his children. The place was not given, but it seems he had seen M. de Laclos several times, and been much pleased with him; he subsequently formed a great intimacy with him, and consulted him on the most important affairs during the revolution, and the results of this confidence are well known. The Viscount de Segur had the hardihood and the want of sense to come to Belle Chasse, for the express purpose of speaking to me once more in favour of M. de Laclos; and he told me, amidst other things, that he was one of my *greatest admirers*, and that if I would reflect on it deeply I would really find a great deal of morality in his novel. In reply I told him what was the real fact, that I had just read it for the first time, and that I not only found it abominable in its principles, but that it seemed to me a very poor work, considered merely as a literary production. In fact, there is neither in-

vention displayed in it, nor characters, nor original nor faithful pictures of society. There is no talent in conceiving the abominable woman whom he describes, for she is merely vulgar and disgusting; and it was most absurd in him to praise the fertility of her imagination, and after all make her invent no means of being revenged on her rival, more ingenious than that of enticing him to her house for the purpose of getting him whipped by her footmen.

The melancholy alteration of the conduct of the Duchess of Orleans towards me, after twenty years of the warmest friendship and closest intimacy, became at last so obvious, that I determined on retiring from her household altogether. The causes of this change had indeed been laid ever since Madame de Chastellux became a widow, and the revolution only aggravated it, or rather served as a pretence. In my *Leçons d'une Gouvernante*, I have given the minutest details of my conduct during this melancholy emergency. Therein may be seen the purity of my views, and the astonishing efforts I made to gain and to preserve for her the affection of her children, in spite of all the unjust treatment I was subjected to. I shall here give a short sketch of the facts. I would not insert the particulars in my *Journal of Education*, that my

pupils might remain ignorant of the matter, and preserve unaltered their affectionate feelings towards their virtuous mother, an object I was always desirous of securing. Of the conduct of the duchess after our first differences, they never knew any thing but what I could not possibly conceal from them, namely, those incidents that took place in their presence. They were consequently wholly ignorant of the following details, till the month of May 1791. I spoke to them neither directly nor indirectly of the steps I took to change the opinion of the duchess, nor of the letters I am about to refer to. Not only did I conceal these fruitless endeavours from them, but that the crying injustice of the duchess towards me might be extenuated in their eyes, I told them again and again *that I had been in the wrong*, in so far as I had not taken the necessary steps to open her eyes to the truth, and to bring about a good understanding; that I still loved her, because I was certain that nothing could change the kindness of her heart;—but that I had a sort of stiffness and obstinacy in my disposition which prevented me employing those means of reconciliation that might have been successful; and that, lastly, whenever I lose a friend, I can only grieve in secret for the loss, and though I may not feel my goodwill

abated, I at least remain listless and inactive in the situation I have been left in. It was by such means that I extenuated to them *my* unwarrantable conduct, for which, in my own mind, I could find no excuse, and this was the sole artifice I employed; but when, in spite of the deep prejudice raised against me, I continually held up to their regard the virtue, the kindness, the amiable and affectionate disposition of the Duchess of Orleans, I merely fulfilled a duty, and did homage to truth. I related only what I had seen during the space of eighteen years, and what remained always unalterably the same. A susceptible and virtuous mind may be agitated and embittered, it may be urged to unfounded doubts and suspicions, but it cannot be hardened, cannot be changed. It would at any time be a base idea to think of destroying the mutual affection of a mother and her children, but the idea would seem still more absurd when that mother was the Duchess of Orleans.

On the 10th of September 1790, I wrote the following letter to the Duke of Orleans:—

"The painful moment I have foreseen for more than a year past, has at length arrived. I am absolutely compelled to ask you for leave to resign my place, unless I obtain (what, in fact, I have no hopes of) proper satisfaction for the injuries I

have received. You know how things stood, since they took place under your own eyes; you know whether or not I was possessed of mildness, patience, and moderation; but I am at last driven to take a step that makes my very heart bleed, but which it is now impossible for me to prevent. I did not inform you that a few days ago the duchess came to see Mademoiselle in the afternoon, a thing not usual with her: in about two minutes time she told her in presence of Mademoiselle Rime, that she wished to see her sons, and asked where they were, to which her daughter answered that they were along with me, *as usual at that hour; in that case,* said the duchess, *I will not see them.* This was plain language, spoken loudly before Mademoiselle and a waiting-maid. However, I had determined on not mentioning this subject to you, as well as many other incidents. But you are aware that the duchess told her children in presence of all the persons in the academy,* that she would receive them on Sunday to dinner. On rising at half past ten this morning, Mademoiselle came to clasp me in her arms, all bathed in tears, and informed me that her mother had come at nine o'clock, and had told her, *that very*

* This was the name we gave to the apartment where the pupils learned drawing.

strong reasons prevented her receiving her at home, but that she could not state these reasons, as she had not deserved to be trusted; that she hoped these reasons would soon cease, however, and that she would then explain the whole matter to her. This notice was accompanied by several questions, by the following amongst others, *Is it really true that you are so fond of Madame de Sillery? I must,* replied Mademoiselle, *be very ungrateful indeed, if I did not love her fervently.* The Duke of Chartres and his brother had likewise their share in the investigation. The consequence of all this is, that it is now evident to your children that their mother hates me, and publicly disapproves of the confidence you placed in me, and which she herself so strongly placed in me heretofore; that you do not consequently act in concert with her, but are openly divided in feelings and opinions. Add to this, that they see the duchess but for a moment, that they are very coldly received, that they see I am entirely devoted to their happiness, that they reckon such attention should awake a mother's grateful feelings; and that, after all, in spite of the treatment I have received, and which they have themselves witnessed, I never speak of her but to praise her virtue, and to exhort them in every shape to love and revere her. Most as-

suredly they will not say that I am in the wrong, and a continuance of such conduct must necessarily irritate them at last. Thus situated, I cannot honourably remain longer in the place I hold, and my final determination is as follows; have the kindness to persuade the duchess to authorize me to tell her children, *within three days*, that I have been to see her at the Palais Royal to form an arrangement of our differences, that I have fully justified myself from the charges brought against me, that she has shown me all her former affection, and that the whole be followed up by a suitable manner of living together in future, such as coming here in the evening as heretofore, &c. Then will I remain, and forget every thing that has passed, and be delighted in showing her every possible mark of respect and attachment, for in spite of her injustice towards me, evidently excited by the machinations of evil disposed persons, who make a shocking abuse of the easiness of her disposition, I shall always do justice to her virtue, the kindly feelings of her heart, and can easily excuse conduct of which I am well assured she did not foresee the natural consequences: lastly, I request you earnestly to obtain my prayer without delay, but if that cannot be, I must again say, accept my resignation. I can do every thing for your chil-

dren (and I have shown it,) but debasing myself; and that I should do, were I to remain here in the present posture of affairs.

"*Belle Chasse, Friday, Sept.* 10, 1790."

Such was the language I employed in speaking of the duchess to the duke, at a period when my irritation for a long series of ill-usage was still more aggravated by the want of any specific charge, or any explanation on the part of the duchess; for whatever errors may be supposed to have been committed by a person, to whom, during the long period of nineteen years the most affectionate marks of friendship and confidence have been shown, surely that person ought at once to learn all the particulars of the things laid to her charge, and not be condemned unheard! The duke would not accept my resignation, but promised to obtain all that I wished for in a few days. In the interval, Mademoiselle, seeing me sorrowful and dejected, easily perceived the plan I had in view, for from what she had herself seen, she had long been alarmed lest I should at last resolve on withdrawing altogether; but she thought it better to say nothing about the matter, and the constraint thereby produced had a most baneful and obvious influence on her health. One day in the garden

at Belle Chasse she swooned away, when the ladies who were with her brought her home insensible; on hastening to her immediately, I found her in very dangerous fits, but the moment she opened her eyes and saw me, she burst into tears. This scene, which will never be obliterated from my memory, led to an explanation of the causes of her illness, when I at last solemnly engaged to finish her education, that is, *that I would not leave her of my own free-will*, in a word, *that I would not give in my resignation.* This new engagement made me more desirous than ever of being reinstated in the good graces of the Duchess of Orleans; but being naturally but little inclined to complain, I had spoken very vaguely to the duke about the particular inconveniences of my situation, and in a tone that doubtless made him believe I was noways offended; while he informed me in his answer that the duchess was far from showing the same moderation towards me, for her new friends had completely altered her disposition, though she was unable to bring against me a single charge, or to give the slightest reason for so great and sudden an antipathy. The duke thought that the real cause of the ill-will of the duchess's friends towards me, was their hatred of the new constitution; but he also thought that

she would never give this as the real motive, as my opinions were exactly the same as those of the duke on this subject, and that she could not possibly expect that a father would allow his children to be educated in opinions diametrically opposite to his own, as well as contrary to his oath, to the king's oath, and to the nature of the existing laws. For these reasons he was convinced that the duchess would soon return to more moderate and steady principles, and to bring this about, he thought it due to her virtuous conduct, and to the powerful and pure affection she had always displayed towards him down to the period of the revolution, to make use of every kind indulgence, of every affectionate attention, of every proof of warm and unalterable friendship, before he took upon him to employ his authority. Such conduct was a duty of gratitude on the part of the duke, and he fulfilled it in all its details. Such excess of mildness would undoubtedly have gained over the duchess had she been her own mistress, but the person who directed her councils saw nothing in it but carelessness and want of spirit, and her boldness consequently increased more and more.

I informed the duke of the engagement I had contracted with Mademoiselle, and added, that

I was desirous of mentioning it to the duchess, and of seizing this opportunity of having an explanation of the past. For this purpose I wrote the following letter, a copy of which I kept. I read it first of all to the duke, who promised to deliver it himself, and cause it to be read in his presence, along with several passages of my *Journal of Education*, which I had shown him. This was all put in execution, and the result will be seen presently:

"I request the duchess to have the kindness to hear me free from prejudice, with that spirit of justice and impartiality that distinguishes her character, and to judge of me only by substantiated facts. I took charge of the education of your children, Madam, only because you were equally anxious with the duke that I should do so; and you surely remember (what more than one hundred and fifty letters evince, and which, indeed, might be proved by the marks of friendship and confidence with which you have honoured me, down to the month of October last) that you were *happy* your children were under my care, and that *you could find no words to express your gratitude* for the unbounded attention I had bestowed upon them. I quote the very expressions used in al-

most all your letters. Such sentiments, I have the boldness to say, I merited. It is nearly twelve years since Mademoiselle has been placed under my care; my only duty was to preside over her lessons, and I have myself given her lessons with a zeal and perseverance that have never been surpassed. She is extremely forward for her age, and is a wonderful performer on the harp, an accomplishment she owes to me alone, for the humble musician who makes her go over her lessons, is totally unacquainted with the instrument, and cannot even tune it. Mademoiselle has many other accomplishments, besides, and I do not think any young lady of thirteen can be found, whose education is more finished, or whose character is more amiable and interesting. With respect to your sons, Madam, you are aware that I took charge of them for the sole purpose of showing you and the duke the unbounded attachment I felt towards you, for I refused every sort of salary, though I had my own daughters on my hands at the time, and was by no means comfortably situated, as the Messieurs de Brulart did not obtain the fortune of the Marechale d'Estrées till some years after. The education I gave your sons has been universally approved, even by my enemies, and you yourself, Madam, seemed perfectly satisfied with

it, till within these few months. Hence, I take the liberty of asking you, can you have forgotten all at once a satisfaction felt and expressed during eleven years, and the claims I have upon your regard for such a long series of services, for so much disinterestedness, so many cares and sacrifices, and for such distinguished success at last? What have I done in *eleven months* that can obliterate from the heart of an affectionate mother these *eleven years* of devoted attachment to the interests of her children? Could you fancy for a moment, that I ever neglected to awaken and to invigorate in the hearts of your children the affection they justly owe you? The idea would be monstrous, and consequently, unworthy of a soul like yours. At any rate, were I capable of a similar act of baseness, I should be as mad as viciously inclined. What is my interest, Madam, in educating your children? It is most evident that it cannot be hopes of fortune, or still less, motives of ambition. *Friendship*, in former times, was my sole motive; and since then, the desire and the hope of showing a model of accomplished education were the only causes that could support me in the performance of such arduous duties. My true interest, the only one I can possibly possess, is to make your children virtuous and accomplished. And

how could they become so, if I did not cultivate with the utmost care, all the sentiments that should adorn their minds? Hence have I ardently desired that they should love you with the warmest affection, and hence have I never wished them to love me so intensely, as not to be able to do without me, for I have, from the first moment they were placed under my charge, down to the present time, constantly dispelled the idea that best sustains the force of affection, the idea that I should pass my whole life along with them. I have told them again and again, both in speech and writing, often, Madam, in your own presence, that as soon as their education was finished, my connexion with them would cease, for I would then leave Paris and society for ever. This determination may be considered final, for it has been settled in my own mind for more than a dozen years. Hence, Madam, why should I be desirous of creating any ill-will between them and you? To govern them myself? I have never had the ascendancy over any one, not even over my own children, for a great many reasons, but chiefly because great care, minute attentions, and suppleness are required for the purpose, and such qualities are completely contrary to my disposition and habits. At any rate, and I repeat it once more, I will not remain

in public life one minute longer, after recovering my liberty, so that I cannot have two plans completely opposed to each other, that of governing your children, and that of being separated from them for ever.

" But even were I desirous of remaining with them, and of preserving great influence over their minds, why should I be desirous of making them disobedient or undutiful sons? Far from it being necessary to corrupt them, for the purpose of establishing my influence more powerfully, I could not establish it on a surer foundation than by doing what I have always done without dreaming of such an object, by giving my whole attention towards rendering them perfectly honourable, kind, and virtuous. You may perhaps remember, that, during the time in which I had the happiness of seeing and addressing you, I requested you in person to take part with me in the cares I bestowed on the education of Mademoiselle; because I had observed that her affection for me arose chiefly from the deep gratitude she felt for the attentions I paid her, and the assiduous lessons that occupied my time.

" I had thought much on this subject, Madam, when I proposed to you, about a twelvemonth ago, an arrangement, by which Mademoiselle would

have been inspired with the same ardent feeling towards you as she felt towards me from a similar cause. This proposal, on my part, shows clearly the desire I had of taking every possible means of making your interests and those of Mademoiselle inseparable; but, thank heaven, there still remains a more convincing proof than all these facts, of the unbounded desire I felt at all times, that you might preserve the affections of your children, a proof clear to demonstration—I mean, the private journal I made for the use of your children, and which they read daily. How happy I should have been, if you would have read this journal—I should never have lost the happiness of being beloved by you! One of the greatest sorrows you ever caused me, Madam, was the refusal, in presence of Mademoiselle, to read this very book. I send it now—deign to peruse it, and you will see in every part of it, that my highest wish is that you be adored by your children, and that I constantly speak of *your affection for them, your heavenly virtues,* and *the love and unbounded confidence they owe you.* Such is the invariable language I have used, which has not been altered even by the strange treatment I have experienced for a year past. In the journal, you will likewise see that I have not neglected to inspire them with

the affectionate feelings they owe to the Duke of Penthièvre, and what they owe even to persons whom I am not bound personally to esteem, because their ingratitude has been so openly displayed towards me, as Madame Desrois for instance; but I address your children, not from my own private feelings, but from those they ought to preserve towards all mankind, as I have but one object in view, that of rendering them good and virtuous. Now, Madam, I entreat you for one moment to put yourself in my place. After twelve years' exertions, after so many sacrifices, after unbounded cares that have never been equalled, what is my reward? Doubtless, I have a great one, in so far as I have a pure conscience, the success of your children, their heart-felt gratitude, the gratitude of the Duke of Orleans, and the approbation of all men; but can I be satisfied when deprived of the consolation I cannot otherwise enjoy, that of seeing you, Madam, properly appreciate what I have done? But what do I say? You openly disapprove of my conduct before your children—they see clearly, what is at all times a baneful sight for children to see, that their father and mother have different opinions concerning their management, that they no longer act in concert, that what the one esteems, the other

openly disapproves of; in a word, Madam, they see the person who has devoted her whole time and cares to their interests for twelve years past, one whom you yourself honoured with your confidence and friendship till the month of October last, all at once become the victim of your openly avowed dislike! They know how much I have always endeavoured to strengthen the affection they owe you, and yet they see that you will no longer receive them at home because I go along with them! Every person employed in assisting their studies can testify that for the last six months you would not see me at all; now, such conduct, so opposite to that of the duke, ought naturally to make me suspected by those who witness it, for can they suppose that you would thus treat an old friend and the governess of your children, if you had not grievous and avowed wrongs to reproach me with, above all, when I am seen exposed to such improper treatment, and yet not giving up my post! Every other person would have left it eight months ago, and M. de Sillery was most anxious that I should take this step; my personal situation and the aspect of the times, gave great importance to the liberty I desired, but it was neither my duty nor my wish to give up my post while the duke was exposed to persecution, and the Palais

Royal every day losing part of its splendour and characteristics, for the injustice shown to the duke, and the calumnious stories invented against him, only drew closer the ties that bound me to him and to his family, and had I retired, my retreat would have been termed shameless cowardice, so that after all, it has been my duty to suffer every indignity, and yet to remain; a duty I have performed. Besides, I always flattered myself that you would deign, at last, either to inform me of wrongs I have never heard of, which must in fact be phantoms of the imagination, or to render me full and impartial justice. I still hoped that the duke's return would have dispelled all these sombre clouds. When he arrived, I yielded to my first impression on seeing you the day of your arrival, and approaching you, took the liberty of embracing you, when you received me with the liveliest emotion, I saw the tears gliding down your cheeks, my tears were mingled with yours, my heart desired no other explanation of the past, and all, I thought, was now over. This pleasing error prevailed for several days, for you treated me infinitely better than before, came twice even into my own bed-chamber, and then, all at once, without any new incident having taken

place, without any apparent cause, you completely broke with me, and that in the most open and undisguised manner.

"I could no longer be mistaken, and saw at length that you were determined on making me retire from my situation; after numberless contests and unspeakable anguish, I resolved on giving in my resignation the moment the cause respecting a libel against the Duke of Orleans should be decided. It was easy for me to foresee, with a sorrow I cannot give utterance to, that the first information your children would receive of this event would give them a terrible shock, and that Mademoiselle, who would lose me altogether, would be particularly affected; but I was desirous of offering you this mark of my respect for your wishes, and announced my final resolution to the duke, who increased my sorrow by the grief he displayed on learning the state of things. In the meantime Mademoiselle, who had long been uneasy and unhappy at my situation, perceived, or at any rate suspected my design, by the uneasiness she saw me display, for I never told her a single word about the matter. She concealed her suspicions from me, but on the same day, towards evening, when in the garden along with Made-

moiselle Rime, she was taken ill, and when I hastened to see her after she had been brought back to the drawing-room, I found her in a dreadful state of sobbing, and attacked with fits; she told me, *she was reduced to despair, and that her death would inevitably take place.* These were the very words she used. When I sent the servants out of the room, she explained to me her fears, and that with an impetuosity of grief and despair, I have never seen equalled at her age. I could do nothing at such a moment but attempt to calm her grief, and to quiet her fears, and therefore told her again and again, that the disagreeable circumstances that embittered her mind would soon disappear, that she possessed the most affectionate and virtuous of mothers, and the best of fathers, that she ought to put her whole confidence in them, and all the hopes of the happiness of her future life, and that she ought, above all things, to yield implicit submission to whatever their affection should decide she should do; that if they seemed for a moment to differ in some opinions, that difference was merely apparent and momentary, arising from some misconception on one side or the other; that their strong affection for their dear and amiable daughter would put to flight every difficulty; and that for my own part

I would promise her never to prefer my liberty to the happiness of finishing her education, and that I never would send in my resignation. It was thus that I re-established peace in the most susceptible and grateful heart ever formed by the hand of nature. These incidents (which I immediately gave information of to the duke) increased if possible my ardent affection for this admirable child. What has he not a right to expect, and you too, Madam, from such an elevated soul! I cannot therefore resign my situation, for in the state in which things are, I am certain that the delicate constitution of Mademoiselle could not resist such a violent chagrin. It is not that I think she will never be able to do without me, for that would be mad and foolish in the highest degree; and I have told her, times without number, that so soon as she would no longer require my care, I would quit public life for ever; that is, in three or four years at farthest. But it is a vastly different thing for her to leave me only when her education shall be completed, to see me happy at having finished the charge I undertook, to see me giving her back to your affectionate embrace, Madam, and hear you applauding all that I have done for her and for you, from that of seeing me compelled to leave her before the termination of her education, and

snatched away from her, covered with public marks of your discontent and avowed dislike! Consider besides, Madam, that Mademoiselle is in her fourteenth year, that she is entering upon a period of life very critical for young ladies, and that her extreme delicacy of health, and her unexampled sensibility render it much more dangerous to her than to any other. At the approach of this period every violent shock, every chagrin is excessively dangerous; allow me then to devote my cares to her till she be fully formed, till her health be such as to give no longer rise to anxiety. I have vainly endeavoured to find out the cause of your desire to snatch from me the child you entrusted with so much joy to my care. Till the month of October last, you always seemed delighted with the education I gave her, and from that time I have neither altered my plans nor my conduct; at any rate you have discontinued visiting me or paying any attention to the particulars of her education; so that you have not been able to judge if any change has been effected. Have I been blamed or abused for doing so by those round you? Who could blame me? None of the persons round you come to see me, and consequently cannot be judges of my conduct. I am told that Madame de Chastellux is my enemy,

and that she attacks me without mercy; but why should she do so? I have rendered her many services, I have ten of her letters, and as many of her husband's, which speak of nothing but the *affectionate, the eternal gratitude* they owe me, and which she promises therein to preserve *to the end of her life*. I have done her service in your mind, Madam, and in that of the Duke of Orleans; I gained myself many enemies by eagerly defending her in society, immediately after her marriage. I took her at that time along with my daughter, to see Madame Necker, who had strong prepossessions against her, as well as to visit my aunt and daughter. Contrary to my usual habits, I assisted her in making all the visits that could be advantageous to her, and in spite of my various occupations, took charge of many things, such as purchases, &c. connected with her marriage; I persuaded my brother to get the Duke of Orleans to lend her husband the money necessary for the settlement of his affairs, I offered her an apartment of which I had the disposal; in a word, I was delighted when I saw that she was received into your friendship. I have never spoken of her to you but in her praise. These are undeniable facts, and yet Madame de Chastellux would ruin me in your opinion, Madam! But with the rec-

titude and generosity that distinguish your soul, I doubt not that one moment's reflection will make you perceive that if Madame de Chastellux hates and abuses me, she is most ungrateful and unjust towards me; and that, seeing she does not visit me, and that she knows nothing of what takes place within my household, the ill she reports of me, should not be allowed the smallest weight. You have, times without number told me, that I had *the best heart you ever knew,* and that I was *incapable of maintaining a grudge* against any one, which I venture to say is perfectly true. Do you require, Madam, that I pardon Madame de Chastellux all the evil she has done me? As nothing will be a sacrifice to me in forwarding your interests, I will agree to it, and if I once promise, you may rely on my faithful performance; every thing that has passed shall be obliterated from my mind. What do you desire besides? Mention it, Madam, and to preserve Mademoiselle, to recover your goodwill, I shall find every thing possible. Would you have Mademoiselle to reside with you? You have never shown such a wish, on the contrary, you have always seemed to think that the unavoidable embarrassments occurring at the Palais Royal, would be extremely injurious to her education, and that the

fine garden and pure air of Belle Chasse, were absolutely necessary to her health. But, in fact, Madam, have you changed your opinion? I will agree to it.

"I am willing to go to the Palais Royal; my apartment need not give you any trouble, for I will be satisfied with a single room, or a closet even, any thing, in fact, you please. Deign then, Madam, to explain your intentions; condescend to observe, that things cannot remain in their present state; condescend to render me the justice you owe, I venture to say it, to my unbounded and devoted attachment. My affection for Mademoiselle puts it wholly out of my power to give up my place; to do so, I must be asked; but as I prove the correctness of my conduct by facts and incontrovertible proofs, and no one can bring forward the slightest reproach against me relative to the education of my pupils, the knowledge I have of your disposition, principles, and equity, give me the assurance, that after this explanation, you will restore me to all my former happiness by restoring me to your good graces. Ah, Madam! listen to the movements of your own heart alone; be guided by your feelings alone, by your own understanding, and from this evening henceforth I shall be perfectly happy. After reading this letter, obey your first impressions, for they will be those of

justice and kindness, and will bring you to Belle Chasse; you will come here to console and comfort a heart full of respect and attachment towards you; you will come here to clasp in your arms that youthful daughter, who, though of such a tender age, already displays a feeling and grateful heart, and a lovely and valuable disposition—that child, who will prove, by her virtues and affection, the charm and felicity of your future life! How many things have I yet to say! In heaven's name, Madam, in the name of your children, deign to come along with the duke; come to hear me—come to restore me to the just rights I ought never to have been deprived of; and this return to justice I shall receive with all the gratitude, joy, and heart-felt emotion, with which the most generous pardon could inspire me.

"2d *October*, 1790."

As I have already said, the Duke of Orleans took this letter and my journal to the duchess; she read the letter, seemed noways affected by it, and obstinately refused to read a single article of the journal. However, as she could not possibly bring forward a single reason for her conduct, and was strongly urged by the duke, who was anxious that she should return an answer before

she had time to consult Madame de Chastellux, she at last formally promised to follow the following arrangement; that she would treat me in future in a suitable manner, that she would sometimes come to dine with me, that she would receive her children at dinner every Sunday, that she would agree to me dining with them as heretofore, whenever it suited my convenience; that, in consequence of this arrangement, she authorized me to inform her children, that we had had an explanation, with which she was satisfied; and, finally, that she should, next morning, come to see me, but on this express condition, she added, that I should not say a single word relative to our explanation, and that the whole visit should pass without any allusion to former events, on either side. This treaty was accepted by the duke for me, and I ratified it. In effect, the duchess came to see me next day, accompanied by the duke; she did me the honour to embrace me, we spoke of indifferent subjects; and then, in about a quarter of an hour's time, she went to see her children in the next apartment, told them she had spoken to me, that she was satisfied, and that they would henceforth come to see her along with me, as usual. These facts I inserted in my *Journal of Education*. The Sunday afterwards I went with all my pupils

to dinner at the Palais Royal, the duke was there, and the duchess showed me every attention. The next day she sent me a note, which I preserved, of which the following is an exact copy :—

" I request Madame de Sillery to make such arrangements, that my daughter may be free three times a week, Mondays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, from twelve o'clock till a quarter past one. I will come and take my children at three every Sunday, and bring them back at six, when Madame de Sillery is not present."

If I had had any thing to reproach myself with, I would have looked forward with anxiety to such private interviews, three times a week, between the duchess and a young lady of thirteen, from whom it was so easy to obtain the true state of things, by means of caresses, strict examination, and the natural claims of a mother. But, far from fearing this intimacy, I had always desired it; I saw it now with great pleasure, and immediately proposed other means of procuring the duchess the pleasure of spending more time alone with her daughter. She seemed surprised and deeply affected by this conduct, and I saw plainly

that some one had had the want of tact to tell her beforehand, that I would act very differently. On this occasion she wrote me the following letter, which I carefully preserved, as well as the rest she sent me :—

" I return you my thanks, Madam, for having pointed out to me the means of prolonging and multiplying the moments I shall be able to spend with my children. I should be sorry to interrupt the studies in which my daughter is engaged, though you mention that what remains is of little consequence. Every time I take her brothers to see a picture-gallery, or other collection, I shall, if possible, take her thither, at the same time; but as I receive notice of these things only the evening before, it might happen that I had a previous engagement, which makes me resolve to accept the offer you have kindly made, of giving me notice, so that the first time I take out my daughter, I shall drive her to the place agreed upon."

Some time after, I wrote the duchess the following letter, which the Duke of Chartres never had any knowledge of :—

" This letter, Madam, is for you alone; it relates to no one but the Duke of Chartres.

" There was a time, Madam, and that not very distant, when I could speak to you freely, and tell you my inmost thoughts, on whatever seemed interesting to your happiness. Now you will listen to me no longer; but my conscience, and a paramount interest, force me to entreat you to do a thing, which is of still more importance to you than to me. M. de Chartres is seventeen, and his own master. He can go wherever he pleases, and enjoys unbounded liberty. His disposition is so good, his principles are so correct, his heart so excellent, that this liberty will be much less dangerous to him than to any other; but, after all, at his age, it will always be so, more or less. He has the strongest desire of rendering you happy by his affection and behaviour; my desire then is, Madam, that at this very moment, when his liberty is fully restored, you would very speedily have a private conversation with him, for the purpose of telling him: *That he can only contribute to your happiness, by conducting himself in an irreproachable manner; that you hope he will carefully preserve his religious principles, and that if he abandons them, he will allow the purity of his morals to be corrupted, and render you very un-*

happy; and that, on the other hand, if he preserve his principles and moral habits, he will render you the happiest of mothers, and that you will love him with the most ardent affection.

" I am certain that such language, in your mouth, will strengthen and confirm him in his virtuous resolutions. Eighteen months ago, I flattered myself, that when the present moment came round, I should have the happiness of delivering him myself into your hands, when he left my care, and of informing you of every particular that could give you any insight into his disposition, that you might at once obtain the ascendancy I have over his mind, and which ascendancy nothing can give, but a perfect knowledge of his defects and virtues, and the peculiar turn of his mind, but which would be much more powerful in your hands, Madam, because it would be strongly aided by the affectionate bonds of nature, which are very deeply impressed on his heart, as well as on the hearts of the rest of your children. He is so perfectly disposed, by his natural disposition, and also, I venture to say it, by my guidance, to love you affectionately, that you must infallibly obtain this ascendancy, when you know him well; but if you had listened to the sole person who was enabled to know him perfectly, already you would

have been as far forward in this point as myself; and it is of great importance to you that your influence be early established, for the most dangerous year of his life is the one that is about to elapse. I cannot watch over his conduct in society, for that is the duty of a kind and feeling mother; she alone can preserve him from the snares laid for his innocence, and from every allurement, if the means she adopts are suited to his disposition. I do not ask you to converse with me on the subject, though a single conversation would give you more information than twenty letters, and there are many circumstances peculiar to the time of life of the Duke of Chartres that cannot be expressed in writing, which it would be desirable for a mother such as you to be informed of; but if this letter be not unpleasing to you, and you order me to write you every thing I think important, respecting his disposition, the behaviour proper to adopt toward him, &c., I shall address you with the zeal and sincerity I have felt at all times, and which I shall always feel, for whatever regards the happiness of your children. I await your answer to these topics; but I intreat you beforehand, Madam, to allow no one to become acquainted with the things I shall mention to you; you must be conscious, Madam, that

you alone on this subject ought to *enquire, decide, and perform.*"

Two days afterwards, Mademoiselle told me that she had fulfilled the commission I gave her for the Duchess of Orleans, respecting M. de Beaujolais, and that she had replied, she would go to hear his instructions in religion with great pleasure. I said to her: "Madam, you are an excellent mother, and will be one of the happiest, be well assured; Mademoiselle is fascinated by the manner in which you treat her; may you be both as happy as I sincerely desire; it will be my own happiness, and the most complete and satisfactory justification from all charges, that I could possibly hope for. Permit me to say one word about Mademoiselle; one of the things that pleases her most, and attracts her love, is familiarity at home; and when she is alone with you, I think it would be better for you to call her by little names of endearment, *(petits noms d'amitié,)* &c. These particulars may seem childish, but their effects are important, for from them arise a self-possession, confidence, and affectionate intimacy that cannot otherwise spring up."

This note shows that I had persuaded the duchess to direct the religious instruction of M.

de Beaujolais, which was carried on three times a week at his apartments, and which I was prevented from directing myself, on account of my occupations in directing the studies of his brothers and of Mademoiselle. Besides this, I persuaded her to read daily the morning journal of M. de Beaujolais, which was written by his first valet-de-chambre, a very worthy man, who had received an excellent education. Though the duchess would not read my journal, she seemed very much pleased with me for having advised her to read this, and it was afterwards taken to her every morning before being brought to me. These facts were mentioned in the journal itself, by the person who composed it. It was very circumstantial, and was written out fully every day without leaving any blanks, by M. Barrois; it came to several volumes, that were delivered to me, but as I held them of little value, they were afterwards lost. It was also mentioned in this very journal, that all the studies of the Count de Beaujolais, were for nearly six months interrupted or completely set aside by the orders of the duchess. He dined with her every Sunday, and did not return till half-past six or seven; besides this, I sent him and Mademoiselle to her once a fortnight, as I did not dine at Belle Chasse; and under the pretence

of making him sit for his portrait, the duchess sent for him regularly every morning, and kept him an hour and a half, which practice lasted for a long time; while every evening she kept him an hour and a half, which made him go to bed at eleven o'clock, and consequently, rise much later than formerly. I was very sorry to see this complete interruption given to the studies of this charming child, who already gave tokens of the most happy and brilliant talents; but being long accustomed to suffer in silence, I said nothing, and did not even mention the matter to the duke. Before feeling these last troubles, I had one moment of hope and joy. The Duchess of Orleans came to see me, and spoke to me of my last letter, and of the Duke of Chartres, with the feelings of the most affectionate mother, thanked me for the advice I had given her respecting Mademoiselle, and assured me she would follow it; in a word, I found her once more what she was originally, when she consulted nothing but the feelings of her own heart, which was full of kindness, sweetness, and sensibility. She seemed affected at leaving me; but she doubtless soon told the impression made on her mind by my last letter and this conversation, and I soon saw the cruel effect of the perfidious counsels she received.

Every thing remained in peace for a fortnight. The duchess came regularly in the morning three times a-week, for Mademoiselle kept her about an hour and a half, spent the whole time with her, covered her with caresses and the strongest marks of affection; but all of a sudden these meetings ceased; Madame de Chastellux and other persons were always along with the duchess, whether at home or in her carriage, and Mademoiselle could no longer enjoy the happiness of being alone with her mother. I had let three weeks slip away without going to dine at the Palais Royal, but at the end of that time, I requested Mademoiselle to inform the duchess that I would have the honour of taking her thither and of dining there the next day. The duchess simply said in reply, that in that case, she would not go for Mademoiselle, as I was bringing her. But the next day she sent me notice at two o'clock in the afternoon that she should not dine at home, as a disagreeable accident had taken place; still I did not suspect the truth. The duke was in the country, but he returned, and informed me with emotion and discontent, that he had found the duchess more irritated than ever, without being able to allege a reason for it; but that she had said she could not prevail on herself to receive me any more at the palace. This

conduct seemed still more inconceivable, as at our last agreement, the duchess had promised to receive me at dinner whenever it suited me to take the children, besides expressing the same wish in one of the notes I have mentioned. What had I done since the promise was made? I have already mentioned all that occurred. What could the duchess allege for not fulfilling her engagements? Nothing, but *an invincible repugnance to see or receive me.* On this occasion, the duke still made use of no other means than entreaties and argument, but all were of no avail.

The Sunday following, I allowed my pupils to go without me to the Palais Royal, and from that moment I never set my foot within it. Treatment of this kind continually became more common, and when the duke gave a dinner to his children at Mousseaux, their mother would not come, because I was there. She always came for Mademoiselle with two or three persons in her carriage, took her out to walk or to visit the shops, accompanied by Madame de Chastellux and other ladies, and Mademoiselle saw that I was the only person excluded from the party. During the winter, Mademoiselle gave, not exactly regular balls, for the small size of her apartments would not admit this, but *four collations with a dance*

afterwards, to all of which the duke came, but the duchess, notwithstanding the entreaties of her children, would never appear at them. In fact, the marks of her hatred became so evident and so strange, that after having endured her unjust conduct for a long period, with the most unalterable mildness and patience, the duke determined at last that it should be put an end to. He went one morning to the duchess, to tell her firmly that he required her to do what she had always refused to his entreaties, namely, to have a *final and full explanation* with me of what had occurred; and the next day, after making many difficulties, the duchess consented, and gave her solemn promise. She came to me next morning at nine o'clock; and as I expected her with the pleasing hope that since she agreed to hear me and to explain herself, I would be easily able to recover her good-will, or at least, to make her feel the dangerous consequences of the plan of conduct she was advised to follow, I had resolved on saying to her, "If it be true that you cannot clear your mind from the prepossessions you have imbibed against me; if it be true that the clear evidences of the rectitude of my conduct can have no effect upon you—at least adopt, with prudence and calmness, proper measures to obtain your object, which you

will not obtain so easily as you desire, but do it, at least, in a manner both decent and suitable for yourself and for me. I have promised Mademoiselle not to resign; therefore, I shall not do so. You cannot ask me to do so, as the Duke of Orleans is the master of his children, and you would not take a step contrary to his will, and consequently, contrary to your duty. Madame de Chastellux (who knows nothing but the habits of Liege, who has no ideas of ours, but thinks that money makes all things right) may perhaps have told you, that it depended on you to discharge me as you would discharge a waiting-maid, and that by offering me *an annuity*, I should find your conduct quite natural. But you, Madam, who possess a noble and delicate soul, who know the feelings of my heart, and are aware, that I never would accept for myself or my daughters, I do not say a kind action, but nothing that is properly called a *present*; you who know that I consented to take charge of your three sons, only under the express condition that I should never receive any salary for my services on this occasion—you cannot believe that you would thus act and speak. If, however, your heart be shut to me for ever, and if the interest attached to the education of your children, their attachment to me, and the will of the duke,

wish to keep my place against your wishes; but obtain me the means of leaving it without a disagreeable publicity, and without causing a violent grief to your children. For this purpose, instead of seeming opposed to the duke's wishes, you ought to appear to yield to them, and make some arrangement with me. I do not ask you for the external symptoms of that intimacy which existed two years ago; but at least treat me with the respect due to the person who has devoted twelve years of her life to the interests of your children; you must neither seem to hate nor to avoid me. Speak to your children concerning me without bitterness; praise them for the gratitude they evince towards me, while you show them your utmost confidence; see them often by themselves, take interest in examining them respecting their opinions, studies, and principal occupations; such conduct, kept up for five or six months, will establish between you and them that pleasing familiarity and confidence, which can alone give rise to true friendship. If you deign to follow this advice, I shall be able to withdraw honourably next winter; you will then tell Mademoiselle, that as her education is almost entirely completed, by her own application and my attention, you are desirous of enjoying the happiness of having her with you;

and this being the state of things, she will leave me without despair, and will joyfully see herself under no other authority than that of her affectionate mother. Seeing me well treated by you, she will not consider my retirement as a persecution or an eternal separation; her tears will flow without bitterness, and the attentions of a beloved mother will soon dry up their source."

Such was what I intended to tell her, with the firm resolve of entering into such engagements as might best convince her of my sincerity. Hence the only thing I asked for, was a delay of six or seven months, by offering means to remove the difficulties interposed by the promise I had given Mademoiselle, and to reconcile all the contending interests that affected the Duchess of Orleans. I was reflecting deeply on the subject, when the door opened, and the duchess appeared; scarcely had I turned my eyes towards her, than a great part of my hopes disappeared. She rushed in hastily, sat down, bid me be quiet, drew a paper from her pocket, and told me in a most commanding tone, that it would inform me of her intentions, and she then read out, in a loud voice and with great rapidity, the most singular writing that was ever heard of. In this document the duchess informed me, *that on account of the difference of*

our opinions, I had no other steps to take, *if I was a woman of honour and delicacy, than to withdraw instantly; that, if I took this step, she would make no noise about the matter, say any thing I pleased to the public about the causes of my retirement, and would assure the two young ladies I was educating the situation I should determine upon, on condition, however, that on my immediate retirement I should take the necessary precautions to prevent Mademoiselle being too much afflicted, which would be very easy for me to do, by saying that I was going to England to enjoy the benefit of the mineral waters; that I had already made a journey thither some years before, and that Mademoiselle would consequently see this journey without uneasiness;* but that if I resisted, as she was excessively sorry *that her children were placed in my hands,* there was no public exposure I might not dread, and *that she would never see me in the whole course of her life, &c.* Such is a faithful copy of her speech, which the Duchess thought proper to call an *explication.* When I recovered from the astounding surprise that kept me dumb, I answered that after such a final declaration, I had in fact *no other step to take than to withdraw;* not that I thought the duchess had any right to force me to do so—not that I was intimidated by her anger, which was

useless because unjust, or by her menaces, which I feared not—but because the authority of a mother, though limited by law, was sacred in my eyes. That as to her offers, a moment's reflection would make her feel that I could only reject them with disdain; that I could offer a sacrifice but not make a bargain. As to what would be said in public concerning the subject, I had but one desire, and that was, that nothing but the exact truth should be known. I added, that after all, my respect for the Duchess of Orleans, and the knowledge I had of her disposition and delicacy of mind, would not allow me to attribute to her the singular paper she had just read me, and the style, arguments, and sentiments of which were so utterly unworthy of her.* I ended by assuring the duchess that I would leave Belle-Chasse immediately after Easter, as I thought that the sorrow Mademoiselle would feel at my retirement would not leave her mind sufficiently unembarrassed to perform her religious duties after my departure. Finally I promised, not that I would tell Made-

* In fact, whoever was acquainted with the simple and unaffected style of the duchess during twenty years, will never accuse her of having dictated the greater part of the writings she condescended to sign during the space of two years.—*(Note by the Author.)*

moiselle I was leaving her for the *Bristol waters*, which would only deceive her for a moment; but to conceal from her, her own and my misfortune, by setting out secretly, and by taking every possible precaution to sweeten the bitterness of our cruel separation. In the mean time, the duke was waiting for the Duchess at the Palais Royal; from the promise she had made him, he believed she would have an explanation with me, and his astonishment was as great as mine, when she told him what had taken place, and shown him the writing she had read to me, and which she would not leave in my hands.

Such a step, taken without the knowledge of a husband and a father, must necessarily have given rise to much astonishment, which the strange style in which the paper was drawn up, was by no means calculated to diminish. At any rate, this novel method of *reading* instead of *talking* in a private conversation, is of itself sufficiently singular. If my sorrow could have been augmented by any cause, it would certainly have been so by the profound chagrin of the Duke of Orleans, who saw that I was firmly resolved in setting out on the 26th of April, as I had told the duchess, unless she would herself ask me to remain, of which, most assuredly, I had no hopes whatever. The

duke flattered himself that he should be able to persuade her to take this step, by representing to her, that hitherto she had enjoyed the most unbounded influence over her children, but that if I left them, she would hereafter enjoy none whatever, as by forcing me to withdraw she openly displayed before her children and the public, opinions and designs directly opposed to his own; that she should always be able to see Mademoiselle at Belle Chasse, but was no longer to take her out alone, because if he left her all the authority she had hitherto enjoyed, the public might think he had changed his own opinions, or at least had permitted others to be adopted by his children. The duke employed to persuade her the powerful argument of the happiness health, and education of his daughter, who would forget her accomplishments, which could not be wholly finished at her age, and who would find no consolation for such an unforeseen misfortune, accompanied by such afflicting incidents. He asked what could be told her to console her for her loss, or to justify such proceedings. The duchess answered that the truth ought to be concealed from her, and that she ought to be told that I was desirous, of my own free will, to retire. The duke replied that this would injure my character in her mind, since I had

promised that I would not resign of my own accord, and that he would not allow such a falsehood to be employed, even were I to consent to it, but that he would tell her the whole truth. Finally, as a last resource, he employed the Duke of Chartres to persuade the Duchess of Orleans, and informed him of every particular. The heart of the duchess, naturally so kind and affectionate, was powerfully acted upon by the entreaties and tears of her son; it was doubtless feared that she would relent altogether, and she was carried off far away from him, for she set out suddenly for the town of Eu, accompanied only by Madame de Chastellux. The duke then sent a courier with a letter to Madame de Chastellux, the author of all these troubles, informing her, that as he attributed all the conduct of the duchess to her counsels, he desired her to seek some other abode than his house, and to give up to him, within fifteen days, the keys of her apartments in the Palais Royal. What was the consequence? The duchess made a *legal demand to be separated from her husband!* . . . . In the mean time, faithful to the promise I had given, I had the courage to conceal from Mademoiselle the sorrow with which I was overwhelmed. On the 26th of April, I allowed her to go out without me at eight in the morning,

and then departed. . . . . But before I left Belle-Chasse, I wrote three letters for Mademoiselle d'Orleans, desiring the attendants to deliver them to her at different periods of the day, and to inform her that she should not obtain them till she was calm, and restrained her grief. It was agreed between me and the duke that I should give her some faint hopes, not of my entering again into my place, but of our seeing each other again, which we thought an indispensable precaution to moderate the violence of the shock, and the transports of her grief. Of these letters I shall give exact copies. My first note was as follows:—

"25th April, 1791, 8 o'clock in the evening.

"My dear child, I am compelled to leave you, at least for a time; but I hope we shall meet again. I call upon you, by your affection for me, to be moderate in your sorrow, and to take care of your health. The Duchess of Orleans has forced me away, but my heart is with you. Reflect, my dear friend, that it is your duty to submit to the will of a mother, and that, in spite of this rigour, that mother loves you, and would adore you if she knew you better;—reflect that her heart is all that is good and virtuous, and that the prejudice which separates us does not spring from herself. Believe

that though absent from my child, from my affectionate friend, my thoughts are of her alone. Yes I will write you daily, I will think of you every moment of my life. As a reward of my cares, be moderate in your affliction, conquer your grief! if I am dear to you, drive sorrow from your mind —I could not survive if you were ill. I will not leave France, because you are in it. You will constantly hear from me; I require of you to go out the day after to-morrow with your feeling and affectionate father.* He loves you beyond all power of language to express. Do not render him miserable by giving yourself up to extravagant grief. Adieu, dear child of my heart, you should see the bottom of that heart, and learn all the emotions that afflict it. Never, never will it love any one so powerfully as you."

Second Note, 25*th*—12 *at night.*

"You felt, my dear child, that violent beating of the heart which I experienced when you were on the point of going to bed.† I wept not, my

* This advice the alarming state of her health prevented her from following.—(*Author.*)

† While reclining on my knees, and leaning on my breast, she perceived this violent beating of my heart while embracing me. She went to bed without saying a word, and was immediately

countenance was unaltered, but you felt that involuntary movement. . . . . The attendants came to inform me that you were ill; without being able to guess the cause, I had the courage to perform what you heard—I have deceived you, my beloved and affectionate friend! I have deceived you for the first time in my life, but I was anxious that you should pass a comfortable night. Had I otherwise left you with all your vague terrors, you would not have gone out next morning—and how could I bid you adieu on our separation? That could not be. I was desirous of sparing you adieus equally heart-rending to you and to me. I

taken ill, but did not faint. Some questions were asked her, as she was crying, to which she replied that she wished to speak to me, but desired me not to be sent for till the persons with me had gone away; they promised to do so, but came to inform me of the circumstance. I was already uneasy, because I had heard some noise in the room, which was only separated by a glass door; and learning, by what I was told, that she had conceived some vague suspicion of my views, I began to play on the harp so as to be heard by her, which somewhat calmed her agitation. In about three-quarters of an hour, I approached the glass door to see if she were asleep, but she was sitting up in bed; I entered, when she burst into tears, and confessed her fears: I found it necessary to declare that her fears were totally without foundation—I never suffered so much in my life. I left her recovered from her alarm. The above letter was written immediately after leaving her.—(*Note by the Author.*)

have just left that very room, I have just embraced you once more.—My dear child, I should never have asked to leave you, whatever treatment I was exposed to; but the Duchess of Orleans in person required me positively to retire. It was necessary to obey. To-morrow morning I shall write you a long letter; but it will not be delivered to you till you are quiet and moderate in your grief. Dear child, I love you a thousand times more than my life; take care of your health, if you wish me to live. We shall meet again, be assured. Restrain yourself, do not give yourself up to extravagant sorrow. Your friend entreats you to do so by all that she has done for you."

" Third Note, 26th—morning.

" My dear child, I am about to write to you more fully. I promised you that I would never seek to leave you, whatever treatment I should suffer; I have kept my word, for I have suffered what you have seen for the last two years. The treatment I have been exposed to, has been such as would not be offered to a waiting-maid; for the Duchess of Orleans forbade me to go to the Palais Royal, even along with you. I have suffered many other things you never saw. If I had not loved you, as none was ever loved, I would have

demanded, and it was my duty to have demanded, my leave from the very first beginning of these proceedings; but to keep you, no sacrifice was too great. About a month ago, I entreated the Duke of Orleans to obtain for me at length an explanation of things from the duchess, because I was afraid that some public explosion might occur when we set out for the country, or when we should be there. On this occasion, the duchess, who had constantly refused every thing of the kind, and had refused even to read my journal, promised the duke that she would have an explanation with me. She came to Belle-Chasse at nine in the morning, and instead of any explanation, drew a paper out of her pocket (written without the knowledge of the duke) which she read to me, and the contents of which informed me that I had no other step to take than to withdraw, *on account of the difference of our opinions*, but that if I remained, she would never see me more. You conceive, my dear child, that after hearing such language from a mother's mouth, I could not possibly remain with her daughter. In my own mind, I knew well that she had been desirous of my retirement for two years past; but she had not required it, and I remained. At last, she pronounced the sentence, and it was necessary to submit. I

wished Easter over beforehand, that your religious duties might be performed while I was with you, and that was the reason I did not set out till the 26th. Think, my dear friend, of all I must have suffered in the last month I passed along with you! While giving you your lessons, while I seemed tranquil and unembarrassed with care, how many tears have I been forced to restrain, what heart-rending emotions have I not experienced! But I knew you could not bear my adieus; hence, it was necessary to conceal my departure from you, and for me to suffer the most horrible restraint for a whole month; I had the courage to do so, because it was for you. I would give my life to assure your happiness, my dear child, and you know it well: hence no sacrifice for your advantage can be too painful to me. Imitate this courage, then, my dear friend; do not be dejected; do not afflict the best of fathers by giving yourself up to your regrets and your sorrow, and do not add the most cruel anxiety to my other misfortunes.

"As to the Duchess of Orleans, she separates us, it is true; but reflect that it is to her will, that it is to her choice that you are indebted for twelve years of my care: hence you ow her the advantage you have derived from it. She is

blinded by an unjust prejudice against me; but her heart is excellent. As I have told you numberless times, every thing that is good, generous, and virtuous is her own; whatever singular conduct you may have seen for the last eighteen months did not spring from herself; love her ever, for that sentiment is deeply engraved on your heart; and show her by your submission and tender affection, the goodness of your heart, and the purity of your principles. The Duke of Orleans has not concealed from you his fears of the separation demanded by the duchess, fears that are heart-rending and horrible to you and your brothers. Make every effort to effect a reconciliation; it is your bounden duty, and you will zealously fulfil it, I am well assured. Heaven be thanked, I am not even the pretence of this last explosion on the part of the duchess, for it is a month since she came into my chamber alone to require me to withdraw, which I replied that I would do, so that she obtained all her desires. Some days after, the duke wrote to Madame de Chastellux to ask her to give up her apartment, and five or six days had not elapsed before the duchess demanded a separation. It is easy to guess what was the cause, and whose the advice that dictated such a step.

"Our separation is very painful, my kind friend, but it is not unexampled. Remember the history of Fenelon and his pupil, the Duke of Burgundy; they were separated in a manner very nearly similar. The young prince suffered an irreparable loss, a thousand times greater than yours;—he lost Fenelon, and was formed for a prince! He deeply felt his misfortune, loved Fenelon all his life, for he was faithful to friendship and gratitude; but his natural feelings of affection were not checked, his respect for his grandfather being equal to his regret; he lamented his loss, but complained not.

"I expect the following demeanour from my Adele. Do you hold of no account, my dear friend, the liberty of writing to me? You will ever read the hidden sentiments of my heart, I shall read yours, and we shall continually be thinking of each other Will you give me a proof of real affection,—be firm, take care of your health; cultivate your varied acquirements, those acquirements you owe to the warmest affection that ever existed,—that harp! Oh! my love, I feel what effect the sound merely of a harp will produce on your susceptible heart, and what past scenes it will recall to your mind! Do you wish me to lose

all the hours I set apart for your lessons? At the same hours, daily, will I perform myself on the harp, fancy that—from six to eight, will I play your favourite pieces, which I wish not to forget, as I have the hope of one day playing them again along with you. If I thought that you were playing at the same moments, I could form to myself the illusion that we were met together, which would be a momentary delight to my mind; these hours would be for your friend, the happiest of the day. With this idea, I take my harp with me. Let me know, my dear child, that this idea pleases your heart as much as it pleases mine, and that you undertake this engagement. If you desire to change the hour, on account of your walks, let me know it, and I will take the precise hour that you fix upon.

"Be always kind, mild, and even-tempered as heretofore. I recommend to your kindness all your attendants, who have shown me such endearing proofs of their attachment. I mention these particulars, because I am certain that you will consider it an additional reason to be kind to them; be always very mild to Mademoiselle Rime, who is so worthy and virtuous.

"Forget not the firm friendship I preserve for

Horain;* I have told him to write to me, and he will let me know if my child is prudent, and follows my counsels. Reflect that you alone can console me by your conduct. If you are not prudent, you will kill me, for I am greatly weakened, and nearly worn out by want of sleep for the last month, and by the horrid restraint I have been forced to adopt. Place your confidence in God, my dear friend, for he commands us to be resigned, and rewards us for it. Pray to him that we may meet again, and to obtain your prayer, submit implicitly to his will. I embrace my child, my dear and charming child, with all the warmth of affection you know me to possess. Ah! never can I give you any proof equal to the powerful command over myself which I found it necessary to adopt for the purpose of obtaining you one comfortable night. Think of this, and see what courage, what command over oneself can be inspired by real affection!

"I authorize you, my dear child, to show all my letters, without exception, to the Duchess of Orleans. You ought to have no secrets for her, and there is nothing in my heart I should conceal.

* Valet-de-chambre of Mademoiselle d'Orleans.—(*Note by the Author.*)

"I flatter myself that you will kindly receive Madame Topin, that good and worthy lady, who feels so much friendship for me. I am also assured that you will fully feel the value of the friendship of Henriette, and that she will mitigate your sorrows.* 'I take your young friend with me; you know the sensibility of her heart, and cannot doubt for a moment that we do nothing but speak and think of you.—Alas! we have great need of each other; the same sentiment occupies our mind exclusive of every thing else; we have but one subject of conversation, and my Adele will always be present with us."

My intention was to travel six weeks in Auvergne and Franche Comté, then to return to Paris without the knowledge of Mademoiselle; to remain there only one month, for the purpose of getting my *Lessons of a Governess* printed under my own eyes, to go to Sillery till the approach of winter, which I intended to spend in England, a country which my own taste, grateful feelings, and long tried friendship rendered equally dear to me as

* I had agreed with the duke to leave my niece with her on my departure, but merely for three or four months.—(*Note by the Author.*)

France, and where I hoped to enjoy more happiness, if I could find happiness far from my family, my pupils, and my country.

From Clermont I received letters concerning the health of Mademoiselle that already began to give me great uneasiness; but when I reached Lyons, the letters I received were so alarming, that I immediately gave up my journey into Franche-Comté, and determined to return in all haste to Paris, still thinking of remaining concealed from Mademoiselle. At six leagues from Auxerre, I met a courier from the Duke of Orleans, who had orders to go to Besançon, where I was reckoned to have arrived, and from him I received a parcel of letters from the duke, from M. de Sillery, my daughter, my pupils, M. Pieyre, and several other persons, all informing me that the fainting fits and convulsions of Mademoiselle were so far from diminishing, *that they were daily becoming worse, that she was visibly wasting away, and that her life was in the utmost danger if this shocking condition lasted any longer.*

The letter of the Duke of Orleans was as follows:—

"The following, *my dear friend,* is a copy of the letter which I wrote this morning to the

Duchess of Orleans, and on which I found my hopes of the health, life, and happiness of my daughter. I have shown it to her, and by the effect it produced, which it is out of my power to describe to you, I am confident that she cannot live if her hopes are disappointed.

"Her mother, as you see by the letter she wrote to Montpensier,* declares that she has no authority over her, that she does not wish to interfere, and depends entirely on me taking the necessary precautions for her safety. I say once more, *my dear friend* (anglicé), it is not probable that my daughter will live, most assuredly she will never live happy, unless you again take charge of her. She relies on it, her affection for you makes it a duty, and I and my children join her in entreaties to obtain your consent. You will not refuse our request, *dear friend*, and your answer, which we hope will not long precede your return, we look for with great impatience, but without any fears of your denial, for we know your affection, and that once more you cannot refuse to yield to our love."

In this letter was inclosed the copy of one from

* M. de Montpensier gave this letter to the duke, as it was an answer to one he had ordered his son to write, and it was a copy of this answer of the duchess that he sent me.

the Duke to the Duchess of Orleans. I shall not give any part but what relates to Mademoiselle and myself. It is as follows :—

"You have told Montpensier that you were not uneasy about your daughter's health, and you make use of this language: *What gives me cheering prospects for the life of this unfortunate child, is that her father is with her, and will assuredly take every precaution for her safety.* The surest and most effectual precaution, in fact the only one I know of, is to persuade Madame de Sillery to enter again upon her former charge. I am going to make every exertion to obtain her consent."

Of all the other letters inclosed in this parcel, I shall only give an extract from one written by M. de Sillery :—

"You see by the letter of the Duke of Orleans how anxious he is for your return, and that he considers it as the only means of preserving his child ; and he must have thought the danger very great indeed, for he has told her all the steps he has taken to engage you to return, which proved the only consolatory moment we have been able to procure for her. The duke has solemnly assured

her that your return depends solely on yourself, and I cannot believe that you will hesitate for a single moment. I add nothing to the tokens of affection which all your children show you at this moment; and as for the poor child herself, she is mad with joy at the mere thought of seeing you again, for she doubts not for a moment that you will hasten hither to rescue her from death, or a situation a thousand times worse. Return, then, all who love you expect you with impatience, and cannot be happy till they see you again."

How could I hesitate to enter upon my former charge of Mademoiselle, when I knew her to be in such a shocking state, when she had been inspired with hopes of my speedy return, and when the duke sent me notice *that she could not live if her hopes were disappointed;* when the duchess constantly stayed at a distance of fifty-two leagues from her, and formally asked her father to do whatever was necessary for her health and peace of mind? No one can conceive how the duchess did not immediately hurry home to her daughter, after the expresses she was constantly receiving, after the affecting letters of her children, and the alarming reports of the physicians; but Madame de Chastellux doubtless endeavoured to persuade

her that the danger was exaggerated,—and what did *she* know about the matter? Were a father, brothers, physicians, and twenty other witnesses not more credible? Yet all these individuals positively declared that Mademoiselle was in the most dangerous state, and they were with her; but, forsooth, Madame de Chastellux *conjectured* that she was not dangerously ill.

I returned, and found my dear pupil in a state that pierced me to the heart. My cares and affectionate solicitude soon restored her to health, but nothing could ever bring me back the tranquillity I had lost. The cause of the sudden dislike entertained for me by the duchess was evidently the difference of our political opinions; but I now perceive that all her fears that then seemed to me so unreasonable, and even so unjust, were but too well founded. Such were, in fact, the natural, the inevitable consequences of the odious principles promulgated in Europe, and above all in France, for the last half-century, by the arts of an insidious philosophy. After so many efforts had been already made, the calling of the States General, and the proposal of millions of innovations must necessarily have produced the scenes we have witnessed. My indignation on account of various abuses, that were so easy of reformation, inspired

me with a sort of enthusiasm for the beginning of a revolution, of which I foresaw not any of the remote consequences, but which seemed to me calculated to consolidate the durability of the monarchy. Fancy did not lead the Duchess of Orleans astray; she yielded not to romantic dreams; she judged more soundly than I, for she saw what was about to happen. Yet I never went farther than the king himself, for he had taken the title of *restorer* of the French monarchy. The queen, (as may be seen in the papers of the time,) was continually saying in answer to the addresses presented to her, *that she was bringing up her son in the principles of the revolution,* a thing which, if untrue, was surely very useless, for her profession of political faith was not asked for, and it is not a queen who brings up her son, when she is neither a widow nor a regent. I have always thought that the king and queen were sincere in making these solemn declarations, and that by a sentiment praiseworthy in itself, because it is generous, they believed in the national gratitude! They then knew not that nations only are grateful when they are happy and submissive.

My principles have at all times been monarchical, and I have ever been friendly to the royal family, as all my works demonstrate. During the emi-

gration, I displayed these sentiments in the *Knights of the Swan* and *The Little Emigrants.* In the empire of Napoleon I put Louis XIV. in fashion by the *Duchesse de la Valliere* and Madame de Maintenon. I seized every opportunity during this reign of praising the heroes of old times; in *Mademoiselle de Clermont,* I wrote the eulogium of the great Condé, and had the hardihood to say, *Where can we more appropriately dream of heroic deeds than in the gardens of Chantilly?* Again, in Napoleon's reign, I wrote a tale entitled *Un Trait de la Vie de Henri IV.* containing besides a very full eulogium of that great prince; I wrote *Mademoiselle de la Fayette,* in which the same sentiments may be found. I wrote the *Memoirs of Dangeau,* but was not allowed to publish them. Prince Talleyrand, who is alive, several times asked leave in vain. I was desirous of writing the history of Henry the Great, and I even began it, but I knew to a certainty that I should not be allowed to print it; I finished it at the restoration, and had the courage to publish it at Bonaparte's return. It is also true that I have always detested despotism, *lettres de cachet,* arbitrary imprisonment, and the rights of the chace. These are my sentiments, and all my politics, and they have never varied. Since the revolution, I had published

nothing in France but my *Leçons d'une Gouvernante*, and my *Moral Discourses*, in which there is a paper against *the suppression of convents*. In the rest there is not one word I could have any interest in denying at the present day; yet from the very beginning of the revolution I lost several friends, among the rest Madame de Montant and Madame d'Andlau. The former we doubly regretted at Belle Chasse, for she was the mother of a charming young lady, Josephine de Montant, whom Mademoiselle was extremely fond of.

Now that I have reached the grand epoch of the revolution, I have no intention whatever of refuting the ridiculous charges made against me; for I hold of no account the opinion of those who judge me from anonymous libels instead of well-known facts, long labours, and works, which, though perhaps ordinary enough, show at least some knowledge and pure principles. My conscience, and the retrospect of the way in which I have employed the years of my life give me the pleasing assurance that I may be calumniated, but that my character cannot be injured. None will believe that a woman who has constantly cultivated the arts and all kinds of accomplishments, who has never solicited a favour from the court, never appeared at a minister's, who has always been accused of being

wildly solitary and reserved, and who, lastly, immured herself at the age of thirty, in a solitary convent for the purpose of completing the education of her daughters, and there took charge of children yet in their cradles; who from that moment renounced the court and society, spent thirteen years of her life in giving lessons, and in writing two and twenty volumes; none, I say, will believe that such a person could be the votary of intrigue. I abase not myself, then, so far as to offer a *justification;* I need it not, and were it true that I did need it, I should feel no desire of giving it, for there are species of injustice so disgusting as to excite no other feeling than contempt and disdain.

It would be unjust to class among intriguers all those who engage in public affairs without holding public situations, for the love of the public good, and the desire of serving friends may govern the mind as well as avarice and ambition; I have known virtuous men and worthy ladies who had great talent for public affairs, and I approved of their conduct for interfering, because they were guided by honourable motives, and their disposition and talents were such as lead to success in this career. To succeed in public business, a sort of suppleness, if not hypocrisy, is necessary; all those

who may be of use, are not only to be rendered friendly, but to be absolutely gained over; prudence is absolutely necessary, and at least *a little dissimulation;* above all, a necessary quality is inconceivable, personal activity. Prudence, I have none; I cannot dissimulate, I cannot think of leaving my room; and nobody has ever talked to me for a quarter of an hour about public affairs, without perceiving that I was listening with the most absolute absence of mind. This sort of disposition has many inconveniences, and a sort of frivolity very ridiculous at my age; but I have been too busy with others to have the time to reflect upon or do any thing to myself; I have been able to correct the faults of my pupils, and I have kept all my own. Surely, these very defects should have protected me from the strange calumnies that have pursued me for so many years!

I never in my life interfered in affairs connected with politics or ambition; for my dislike to every thing that had the least resemblance to them, and, consequently, my incapacity, were so well known, that my most intimate friends never consulted me on their plans of that kind. They told me the opinions, and all the secrets of their families, but I had a most vague and imperfect notion of their hopes of fortune or ambition. To this species of

carelessness, I have always added a strong predilection for a retired, sedentary, and peaceful life; and a violent aversion to every thing that could trouble that peace of mind so necessary to those who cultivate literature with real passion. With such a disposition, I could therefore be desirous of a revolution in the government, if I thought it necessary for the happiness of the nation; but I ought to have feared the movements inseparable from a change. Hence, from the time the States General were assembled, I foresaw that the disorder in the finances, and the general discontent would give rise to many commotions; I desired therefore to remove from the scene, and said publicly, that I should go to Nice with my pupils. Their parents agreed; and it was settled, that we should set out in September. Unfortunately, I had mentioned it publicly, and the plan was so much blamed in the public papers, and seemed to have such an injurious effect upon the frail and dangerous popularity of the house of Orleans, that I was obliged to give up my design, at least in the meantime. It is true, that as I educated the young princes without any interested views, and never would receive any salary for their education; and that as I possessed, by the death of a relation a very large fortune for the last two years, I might

have been perfectly independent if I had so wished; but I loved these children as if they had been my own; I could not bear the idea of leaving them. The eldest was still to be two years longer under my care, and to leave them sooner, would have sacrificed almost all their former education, and the labour of so many years. I remained; it was a great sacrifice; but in after times, I made sacrifices in their favour still more important!

However, I obtained a promise that we should be allowed to travel in England, as soon as the Constitution was established; that business would be terminated it was then thought, in a very few months, but it took a much longer time. Notwithstanding all my remonstrances, and the strong desire I constantly had of leaving France, the time of our departure was put back from time to time, under various pretences; but at last we received a formal promise that we should set out in the autumn of 1790. I made all my preparations accordingly, and thought myself on the eve of my departure, when M. de Valence called on me one evening, to inform me that he knew from unquestionable authority that the Duke of Orleans was that night setting out for England. I could not believe a thing so singular and so unexpected, but it was perfectly true notwithstanding; for the

Duke set out at five in the morning. He left a note for me, in which he told me that he would return *within a month*, and at London he stopped nearly a whole year! . . . .

This journey was in every sense unaccountable, and totally prevented my pupils from leaving France, for the people were already displeased at their father's absence, looked to them narrowly, and would certainly have prevented them from leaving the country. In the whole of this business I was most surprised at the conduct of the Duke, who broke all his most solemn promises; but, I was not astonished at his keeping his private plans secret from me, for it is a fact well known to those who lived in his household, that since the revolution took place, he took counsel from none but from M. de Laclos, and had confidence in him only. Another circumstance I may mention is, that I knew none of the persons with whom he was intimate since the beginning of the revolution; for I never in my life met M. de Laclos or M. Shée, or had the slightest connection with them; in fact, I did not know them even by sight. I was so little acquainted with the Duke's affairs, that when his *Cahiers à ses Commettans* were published, they were seen in print by several

persons before I knew of their existence. The Dowager Madame de Boufflers came at this period to Belle Chasse, and mentioned these *Cahiers* to me; when I told her, that I did not know what they were, and had never heard about them before: this fact surprised her greatly, and she will doubtless remember the circumstance. This tract made much impression, and was exceedingly successful; it gave the first example of those generous sacrifices which served as a model for all those that have since obtained public approbation. After such distinguished success, if I had had any share in its composition, I could have no interest in denying it, nor of maintaining that I knew nothing of its contents before it was published; the falsehood would have been absurd on the face of it, and absolutely unaccountable; yet is it certain, that I openly declared from the very first that I knew nothing of them, a fact I inserted in one of my published works, which appeared in the end of August 1791, that is, about two months before I left France. That work is entitled *Journal of Education, or Lessons of a Governess.* It gives an account of my demeanour towards my pupils down to that period: I was then surrounded by people among whom I had passed my life; the Duke of

Orleans was alive, I was writing under his eyes, and yet I say in that work what I have just said here, namely, that I never interfered with public affairs; that he never mentioned except in a very vague manner, his affairs to me; that after the revolution he did not mention them at all in any way; that I do not know, not even by sight, any of the people he employed; and that I was ignorant of his *Cahiers*, till after they were published. In that same work I add, that to preserve scrupulous veracity, I ought to say, that he consulted me on one subject, and on one only, since the revolution; that was relative to the regency, when there was much noise of declaring the king to have abdicated, after his return from Varennes. In that case the regency would have been offered to the duke, who told me that he was firmly resolved not to accept it, and that he would say so beforehand; he requested me to draw up a declaration of the kind, which he wished to insert in the papers. I immediately wrote half a page, which contained the formal expression of his resolution not to accept the regency: the duke took it with him, and it was inserted in the newspapers. This declaration was as follows:

To the Editor of the Journal called Assemblée Nationale.

SIR,

HAVING read in your journal, No. 689, your opinion concerning the measures proper to be adopted after the king's return, and every thing concerning me—inspired by your impartiality and love of justice, I think it my duty to mention, that on the 21st and 22d of this month, I publicly declared to several members of the National Assembly, that I am ready to serve my country by sea or land, in the diplomatic career, in any post in fact which requires nothing but unbounded zeal and devotion to the public good; but that as to the regency, I renounce from this moment and for ever the rights given me by the constitution: I venture to say, that after having made so many sacrifices for the interest of the people and the cause of liberty, I have no longer any right to leave the rank of a private citizen, in which I have entered with the firm intention of always remaining, and that ambition would be an inexcusable piece of inconsistency after what I have done. I do not make this declaration to silence my enemies; I know too well that my zeal for national liberty, and for equality, which is its basis, will

always rouse up their hatred against me. Their calumnies I disdain; their ill-will and their malignity will be sufficiently shown by my conduct; but it was my duty on this occasion to show my opinion and unchangeable resolutions, so that public opinion may not rest upon a false foundation in its plans and calculations respecting the new measures that it may be necessary to adopt.

L. P. D'Orleans.

26th June, 1791.

This was the only occasion (as I have since mentioned in a newspaper) on which I was consulted by the Duke of Orleans; and he never after let me know any thing concerning his affairs. Will it be said that I took part in public affairs through other means and other connexions?—this would be a charge as destitute of foundation as the other. Since the revolution I have never changed my habits of life; after it, as before, my life was always devoted to the same cares, the same studies, and the same retirement. I spent five months in my convent at Paris, never going out but to accompany my pupils, to see collections of paintings, natural history, and manufactures; habitually seeing in my own house none but the family of my pupils and my own, and that only from eight to half-past nine in the evening, at

which hour the grates were closed. I saw company but once a week, and that only during five months of winter, for the rest of the year I constantly spent in the country, with my pupils, in the most complete solitude. I shall at present give some account of the new connections I formed at this epoch.

Some time before, one of my acquaintance spoke to me highly of a young deputy, who came from a remote part of the southern provinces, and who, I was told, was *passionately fond* of my works, and very desirous of knowing me. Since he was fond of my works, I thought he must possess the pure principles inspired by a taste for the arts, and respect for religion. I was confirmed in this idea by learning that he was himself a literary character, and was the author of two works that had contested the prizes offered by the literary academy of Toulouse. The two works to which his name was attached, though published for more than two years, were scarcely known in Paris. The author sent them to me; one was the *Eloge de Louis XII. Pere du peuple et Roi de France*, containing, besides a panegyrical character of that monarch, an essay *in praise of a monarchical form of government;* the second work was the *Eloge* of the late *M. Lefranc de Pompignan*, full of

praises of religion, and well-founded satirical remarks upon *modern philosophy*. These essays were badly written, (the author never made his style better afterwards,) but there was wit in them, judgment, ingenious allusions, and excellent moral principles. I agreed at last to receive this deputy—it was M. Barrere! This curious incident would have sent him to the scaffold, if I had taken notice of it in the reign of Robespierre; but my silence, and the profound oblivion into which his essays had fallen, obtained impunity to the author for having committed the *enormous offence* of displaying humane and religious feelings in the first productions of his pen, which in other respects were poor enough. I got acquainted with him in the way I have mentioned; he was young, enjoyed a very good reputation, to much talent added a supple disposition, a handsome look, and manners at once dignified, modest, and reserved. He was the only person I ever saw from a remote province who had all the refined language and polite manners that would fit high society or the precincts of a court. He was not very well informed; but his conversation was always pleasing, and sometimes fascinating; he displayed extreme sensibility, a passionate predilection for the arts, accom-

plishments, and rural life; these mild and affectionate feelings, joined to a lively talent of satire, gave his person and disposition a very interesting and original character. Such he seemed to me to be, and doubtless he was so then, for cowardice only made him sanguinary; but at any rate, my connexion with him (as with other persons I have known since the revolution) was never intimate. I only saw him once a week, on Sunday, the only day I saw company; and I only wrote him once in my life, to ask him some particulars concerning the manners of the shepherds of the Pyrenees. He replied to me in a letter of three pages, on no other subject than this: he afterwards wrote me one single letter while I was in England, to persuade me to return. In this letter which I have preserved he added, that he could easily imagine *the terrible scenes that had occurred in Paris hdd produced an invincible terror upon my sensitive heart; that he did not propose that I should return to Paris, but he offered me his house in the Pyrenees as an asylum, where I might remain till the conclusion of the troubles; that there I should live peaceful in the midst of my solitude, or amidst the shepherds whose manners and patriarchal virtues I had so finely described, &c.* The rest of the letter

(which was dated the 1st October, 1792) contains nothing but compliments: I did not answer it, and here our correspondence ended.

My connexion with Petion was of the same kind, but I confess that I had a real esteem for the latter, down to the shocking event of the king's death; however, I saw him even less frequently than the other deputies who came to my house, because he was more engaged. I never wrote to him but once, I shall mention the occasion of it bye and bye. When I set out for England with Mademoiselle d'Orleans, and two other young ladies whom I brought up along with her, I was much afraid lest our departure might give rise to a disagreeable sensation in the provinces we were to pass through, particularly as I should have no man with me who could in case of need speak to the people and the municipal bodies, if we were arrested. I communicated my fears to Petion, and he offered to accompany me to London. He was at that time in the very zenith of his popularity, and as I was sure that we should while along with him be protected from every danger and difficulty, I accepted his offer with the utmost joy. The election of a new mayor was just about to take place in Paris, and it was known before hand that Petion would be unanimously elected; he told me

frankly himself that he had no doubt of it, but that he was very glad to leave Paris at the moment, so that he might not be accused of intrigue, and at any rate, added he, it was of very little consequence, as he had firmly resolved to refuse accepting the situation. As I thought I had perceived a mixture of simplicity and want of resolution in his disposition, and an easiness that sometimes degenerated into weakness, I told him that I thought he would be urged so strongly, that he would accept the place at last. He replied to me in these words: *Whatever entreaties may be made, if I accept the place, I agree that you for ever afterwards should hold me as the most contemptible of mankind.* He repeated this phrase twenty times during our journey. When I learned that he had really accepted, I no longer esteemed the firmness or manliness of his mnd, but I still believed him possessed of a most just and honourable heart, and the most virtuous principles. We reached Calais without any important incident; I took Petion as far as London, where he left me whilst we were changing horses as I was going farther, and we bade each other adieu without my leaving the carriage. He remained in London eight days, and then returned to Paris. We did not write to each other, for my private occupations never permitted me to

carry on regular correspondence with any one; and, from my infancy, nothing but my indispensable duties, or my cares as a mother and a teacher, could prevail on me to write letters regularly and correctly: in fact I had long before, that is, some years before the revolution, wholly given up answering letters that came by post while at Paris. Both as an authoress, and as belonging to the household of a prince of the blood, I had been so harassed and injured by them, that I at last adopted this step, which assuredly was not fitted to create *partisans*.

These were all the relations I had with Petion: the following are the names of some of the other persons with whom I was connected. I often saw the unfortunate M. de Beauharnais* (one of the most interesting victims of Robespierre) but I had known him long before the revolution, as well as M. Mathieu de Montmorency, and M. de Girardin. I received sometimes, but very rarely, some

* Viscount Alexander de Beauharnais perished on the scaffold at the age of fifty-four, and was one of the victims of the informers then so common, but the mystery of which has never yet been completely unfolded. He was sent by the noblesse of Blois as their representative to the States General in 1789; he fought in the first wars of the revolution, and was commander-in-chief of the army of the Rhine. The Viscount de Beauharnais, first husband of Josephine de La Pagerie, who afterwards married Napoleon, was born at Martinique in 1760.—(*Editor.*)

literary characters at my house, such as M. M. de Volney, Grouvelle, and Millin; and I likewise saw several artists, *David* among the number. I have no reason to offer any apology for having received the latter, for he was then nothing but the first painter in Europe, and had not become a deputy; besides, I had known him for six or seven years: however, more than a year before I left France, we had discussions which caused a quarrel, and I ceased altogether to see him. The cause of our discussion may be worth mentioning. Louis XVI. was still on the throne, when David made a sketch of the famous oath taken at the *Tennis Court*, and by a fancy, infernal rather than divine, he represented the Castle of Versailles as struck by lightning. I asked him the reason for such an idea, when he said it indicated *the destruction of despotism.* I told him that it seemed rather to indicate *the destruction of the royal family*, and we had a sharp dispute on the subject. Some time after this, I ridiculed in his presence the pompous honours offered to the remains of Voltaire, which was in fact the most foolish, abominable, and ridiculous absurdity that was ever seen in Paris prior to the festival given in honour of the goddess of *Reason.* David had planned the triumphal car on which the corpse of Voltaire was placed, so that

he found my criticisms very impertinent, and from that moment he came to see me no more.

These were all the new connections I formed since the revolution; I had no others, though it is asserted in several libellous publications (by Gauthier and others) that I lived in *the most tender intimacy* with the Abbé Sieyès, whom I do not even know by sight, and with whom I never had the slightest connexion; and that I saw secretly Messieurs de Lameth and Mirabeau, while I never spoke to the Messieurs Lameth in my life, nor even had the slightest connexion with them, even indirectly. I notice this falsehood (as well as many other *lies*) not assuredly as *a charge;* but by thus joining my name with the persons who have borne the most important share in the revolution by their talents, or the situations they held, my enemies endeavoured to hold out that I meddled with public affairs, and spent my life in intrigues. As to Mirabeau, though I felt for his oratorical talent when he spoke extempore, the admiration that cannot be refused to him by every impartial mind, I never wished to receive him at my house; I met him twice in the same house, and he seemed to me as pleasing in his manners as he was eloquent; we conversed on no other subjects than literature. He wrote me only once to ask me to receive him

for the purpose of hearing him *read a sketch of a speech he intended to make on the law of adoption.* I answered him, declined his offer, telling him frankly, that any connection between us would give rise to a thousand calumnies; I never met him since that time, and heard no more of him. I have only now to give an account of my public conduct. As I have already mentioned, my mode of life has always been the same, devoted solely to my pupils from the time I rose till half past eight in the evening, when I received my friends (that is, three or four persons) for an hour and a half; and then wrote till two or three in the morning. During winter, I had some of the persons I have mentioned at dinner, every Sunday: such was my invariable mode of life. I went sometimes to the National Assembly, but very rarely; and certainly none of the individuals known in public life was seen there seldomer than myself. I was twice at the meetings of the Jacobin club, and they were certainly not at that time what they became afterwards; but the speakers seemed to me extremely poor, and the principles maintained violent and dangerous; I never went again. Curiosity led me once to one of the public sittings of *the fraternal society of the Cordeliers;* and it was a sight at once striking, shocking, and ridiculous. The

women of the lower orders spoke in it, though they did not ascend the tribune, for they were continually interrupting the speakers, and making long harangues without leaving their places, to bring back the speak rs, as they said, *to true principles:* the speeches were ludicrous, but the maxims maintained made one shudder. It has been said, that I took Mademoiselle d'Orleans to this sitting, which is absolutely false, for I did not even take her to the Jacobin club.

It has been said, that I had relations with Brissot, which is absolutely false; but I had some connection with him before the revolution: the fact is as follows. Since ever I began writing, that is, since I became an author, the sentiments of humanity spread through my works have often given the unfortunate the idea of applying to me, and the more readily, as my situation afforded me several means of doing good, none of which I certainly ever neglected. About three or four years before the revolution, Brissot, who was employed on some newspaper or other, was put into the Bastile; I had never heard of him; I knew not that he was the author of five or six large volumes very little known then, and very little worthy of being known, which I have since looked over. He was then called *M. de Warville:* he wrote me while in

the Bastile, and his letter as well as his misfortune excited my interest. I persuaded the Duke of Orleans (who was only Duke of Chartres at the time) to make some efforts in his favour. The duke displayed great zeal and activity in the business, and in a fortnight Brissot recovered his liberty. He came to present me his thanks, and in a few days more another letter from him informed me that he was in love with one of the attendants of Mademoiselle, called Mademoiselle Dupont. I was very fond of this young person, and told her that she would act very foolishly to marry a man without talent (such was my opinion) and without any fortune whatever; but as my advice had no effect, I engaged at her request to write to her mother, who lived at Boulogne, to ask her consent to the marriage of her daughter; and promised to solicit some small place for M. de Warville. The consent was given, the marriage took place immediately, and Madame de Warville left Belle Chasse, and set out for England with her husband. She remained there till the Duke of Chartres became by his father's death, Duke of Orleans. I then obtained for M. de Warville a place worth a thousand crowns, with apartments in the Chancery of Orleans. He came along with his wife to thank me for a situation so far surpassing his expectations. This visit was the

last: in spite of the ideas he afterwards displayed concerning the *perfect equality* that ought to reign among men, Brissot was not perhaps very fond of bringing his wife to a house where she had been as a waiting-maid, and where she had dined in the servants' hall, with the same domestics that were now there; that is what the astonishing ingratitude of Brissot towards me has made me fancy, for from that moment I never received from him or his wife the slightest mark of remembrance, still less of interest. But of this I do not accuse Madame Brissot, for that unfortunate individual is as interesting by her virtues and disposition as by her misfortunes.

Since the king's flight to Varennes, and his forced return to Paris, I was burning with the desire of leaving France, and the Duke of Orleans at last gave me leave. The physicians ordered Mademoiselle to go to England to take the Bath waters. We set out with our passports in regular style, declaring that we had permission to remain in England as long as the health of Mademoiselle required. We set out on the 11th of October, 1791: we reached Calais towards evening, and drove to Dessaint's hotel. A well-dressed young man, with two wax-candles in his hands came to light us and show us the way to our apartment,

and walked before us: as soon as we entered our room, he put the candles on the table, threw himself at my feet, and exclaimed, "I am Martin!" This young man's story was as follows: he was the son of what is called *a chasse mareé* (*dealer in fish*). Some months before my first journey to England, he was driving his cart loaded with fish, and was going down a hill, when a drunken man was stretched on the road; in spite of all the cries of Martin, who could not stop his horse, he moved not a step, and was crushed to death on the spot. There were fortunately three men along the road, who witnessed the accident; but Martin, who was only seventeen, was frightened at this involuntary homicide, and instead of going to prison, he returned not to Calais, but embarked and escaped to Dover; he was consequently outlawed. On my first journey, his mother had come to me, to entreat me to solicit his pardon when I returned to France. The owner of the hotel, Dessaint, felt great interest for him, and every one assured me that his character was excellent. I saw him on passing through Dover, where he was serving in a hotel; he had a handsome look, and he greatly affected me by informing me, that the only pleasure he enjoyed was when he got on the top of the

cliffs to look at the coasts of France. When I returned to Saint Leu, I gave the Duke of Orleans a memorial concerning him, and the next day he brought me his pardon in proper form. Dessaint took him into his hotel, and in six months, thought so highly of him, that he gave him his niece, his sole heir, in marriage, and Dessaint's property was at least worth three hundred thousand francs. This young man has since shown me every imaginable mark of gratitude. At the beginning of the period of emigration, he discovered where I was, and wrote me to offer me a passage to England free of expense; and he has displayed many more proofs of his attachment. I have experienced so much ingratitude in the course of my life, that I delight to collect in these memoirs all the instances of grateful feeling of which I have been the object or the witness.

We first went to London, to a house the Duke of Orleans had bought. We spent a fortnight there, and then went to Bath, where we remained two months. There was an excellent company of actors, who played tragedy and comedy. I hired a box, and to render ourselves familiar with the *spoken language*, we went almost daily to the theatre; we could perfectly follow the whole of the tragedy, but it was very different with co-

medies, for the rapid pronunciation, vulgar and provincial dialects, and frequent abbreviations were continually putting us out. But we always took the printed plays with us, so that we read what we could not understand by the ear; and by this means, in six weeks' time, we understood English like the English themselves. At Bath we had but six acquaintances, but all most agreeable company,—an Irish catholic priest, who was our confessor; Lord and Lady Londonderry; Dr. Fothergill, physician at the wells; Dr. Warner, and Mr. Neagle. From Bath we went to Bristol, and from Bristol to Sir —— Colt Hoare's, whose fine seat at Stourhead is in the immediate neighbourhood. There is a very venerable monument in the park—the tower on the top of which Alfred the Great proclaimed the deliverance of England, which he had just rescued from the Danish yoke after a series of brilliant victories. I ascended more than once alone to the top of this ancient tower; and loved to imagine to myself the noble thoughts that on this very spot had engaged the attention of the legitimate sovereign, the liberator, and the legislator of his nation, the prince whose life was as pure as it was brilliant and heroic; of that modest and generous conqueror; that justly celebrated poet; that saint on the throne and in the camp;

lastly, the monarch who received from heaven talents as various, and a genius as mighty as his soul was lofty and magnanimous! We stayed a fortnight at this beautiful seat, and spent our time very pleasantly; and then went to Bury St. Edmunds, where we took possession of a pretty little house I had hired. We became acquainted with several persons, whom I shall always preserve in affectionate remembrance;—Miss Ferguson and her sister, Lady Gage; Sir Charles Bunbury, who had very fine hot-houses, and sent us every Saturday a donkey loaded with magnificent fruits and flowers, amongst which there were always some peaches as fine as those of Montreuil; Mr. Howard, now Duke of Norfolk, with whom we often went to the country; he was young, a catholic, full of kindness and virtuous principles, and most agreeable company. At his house I saw a young man for whom Mademoiselle, my niece, Pamela, and I conceived a warm friendship, for with all the pleasing characteristics of youth, and with all his charming vivacity, he was prudent, and of such perfect purity of habits and conduct, that we naturally felt the same confidence in him as we could have felt for a man of the maturest age; and he merited all our esteem—this was Mr. Hervey, now Lord Bristol. At Bury I likewise

saw the well-known Arthur Young, who had ruined himself by trying experiments in economy and agriculture.

From Bury we went several times to the University of Cambridge and to the Newmarket races; and we likewise took a journey through the English counties. We saw the fine caverns of Derbyshire; the kind of alabaster of which the stalactites are formed, is invariably white, for the vases sold in the shops with blue and violet colours are thus variegated by means of a chemical process, which greatly surprised me on the following account. A justly celebrated architect, M. Bellenger, and who was an excellent painter in water colours, was a short time in England before the revolution, and brought back his portfolio full of charming drawings, all done by himself; he came to Belle Chasse to show them to me, and while we particularly admired the interior of the caverns of Derbyshire, we were struck with wonder at seeing the elegant tapestry of alabaster with which they were surrounded by nature, and all of which (in the drawings) was embroidered and variegated with blue and violet colours. The fact is that M. Bellenger had not seen these caverns, but had drawn them from engravings, and painted them according to the cups and vases he saw made of

the alabaster, which he imagined to be in the same state as in the caverns. That is the danger which often occurs to travellers, of judging by *induction*. In the second volume of the *Souvenirs de Felicie*, I have noticed several remarkable and curious instances of this danger, which is the more troublesome because it has had a powerful influence in producing such general prejudice against the veracity of travellers. Hence, when a young man is sent on his travels, he ought to be forewarned against this kind of mania, which is that of clever persons who like better to *imagine*, than to give themselves the trouble of asking questions, or of ascertaining facts, unless there be absolute necessity. We went into the principality of Wales, and stopped a short time at the village of Llangollen, to see on the summit of their mountains, the two friends (Lady Butler and Miss Ponsonby), who have fixed themselves in this secluded spot. We had letters of introduction to them from Mr. Stuart, now Lord Castlereagh. I have elsewhere *(Souvenirs de Felicie)* mentioned these two interesting ladies. We also went to Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight. After many tours of this kind, we returned to Bury. During the long period I this time spent in England I wrote nothing but the *Cimitiere de Bury*, did not read a single French

book, but I read English for six hours a day, and made extracts. Besides, all the time not employed in my own studies was devoted to Mademoiselle.

I was busy also with my little Eglantine, who was only five years old, and who was the oldest sister of my Anatole: that child was endeared to me the more, as I had to act a mother's part towards her. She brought her own mother to my recollection by her sweetness, beauty, and intelligence: from her I expected, if not some compensation for the most heart-rending loss, at least a source of consolation for my future life! On our arrival in England she did not know a word of English, and yet I perceived that in eight days time she perfectly understood a phrase she heard repeated every time we went out walking, for every one we met looked at her and exclaimed "*Pretty little girl!*" I saw her smile, and asked her the reason, when she told me "That it was because they think me *une jolie petite fille.*" This impulsion of feminine vanity was her lesson in the English language, and in about two months she understood every thing.

I had plenty of books at Bury, for which I was indebted to the kindness of Messrs. Planta and Paradise, who sent me down from London every book I asked for. Amongst other books, I read

with attention every thing relating to English literature, and all the pieces of the English Theatre from Shakspeare and Ben Jonson down to our own times; all the biographical accounts of celebrated men, which are excellent so far as relates to distinguished Englishmen, but full of errors concerning the distinguished men of foreign countries, particularly concerning Frenchmen. I then read over again all the English historians, and satisfied myself of a fact I had only hitherto imagined, namely, that there has been a general misapprehension of the high merits of Charles II., whose virtuous and unfortunate father perished on the scaffold, the victim of an abominable faction and odious revolution. After the restoration, Charles II. acted with a courage, wisdom, and prudence that cannot be sufficiently admired; he reduced the taxes (which were enormous in Cromwell's time); knew how to ally firmness and clemency with great skill; and above all considerations, adopted many measures towards the restoration of religion. Order and peace were the results of these fortunate arrangements. He it was who founded the Royal Society of London, so celebrated at the present day; he solemnly promised to favour and assist all those who should *devote themselves to difficult studies;* he sent to the

neighbouring countries to obtain information of sciences unknown in England; corrected the improprieties, anomalies, and neologism of the national dialect, which in Cromwell's time had become almost barbarous; and made many other important improvements. Certainly these are deeds of great value, and not sufficiently estimated. An excellent book might be made *on historical injustice; oversights, and misrepresentations.*

The close of my stay in England was embittered by the most mournful anticipations, for party spirit gave me every reason to fear the efforts of the enemies of the house of Orleans, and I received anonymous letters of the most alarming nature. Amongst the rest I received one in English, in which I was designated as *a savage fury*, and which threatened to set fire to our house at night. Yet I had never been concerned in a single intrigue. I was fond of monarchy, and used every effort to soften and restrain the Duke of Orleans, who not only, as I have already said, never asked my advice, but had a sovereign contempt for my advice on such a subject, as he considered me by no means elevated to *the height of the new ideas.* When I learned the king's dethronement, and the establishment of a republic, I experienced a singular feeling, for I instantly and

painfully exclaimed, "Alas! alas! that masterpiece of talent, *Athalie* is for ever lost to the French stage!" In my *Parvenus* I have put this saying of mine, which I uttered very naturally upon the announcement of such an event.

In the end of September, 1792, I was still at Bury in the county of Suffolk, when I learned by the French papers that a powerful party was forming the most alarming plans, and were desirous of bringing the king and queen to judgment. As I believed that Petion still preserved very great popularity, I had no doubt that he was strongly opposed to these abominable plans, but I did not feel the same confidence in his talents as I placed in his innate rectitude. Some ideas occurred to me that I thought apposite, and the powerful interests of justice and humanity determined me to communicate them to him. For the first time, then, I wrote to Petion, concerning the trial of the king and queen, which all the newspapers alluded to; and my letter consisted of six pages.*

* A newspaper of the time thus speaks of this letter:—

"The patriot Gorsas complains in his paper of an article inserted in one of our late numbers, concerning the letters that have lately been received from England, containing, as we assert, *non-official* but certainly *officious* opinions for the purpose of carefully preserving the lives of Louis XVI. and his family. God forbid that

I therein proved that independently of principles of humanity, policy of itself enjoined the French to be not only strictly just on this occasion, but even generous; and as it was absolutely necessary in those times to quote Roman history on every subject, I mentioned the conduct of the Romans when they abolished monarchy, neither massacring the Tarquins, confiscating their property, nor restraining their freedom. I explained all the advantages of a just, dignified, and generous mode of treatment, and the alarming consequences which would necessarily flow from conduct of an opposite kind. When this letter was written, I durst not send it by post, and had no private opportunities of sending it to France, so that I thought of sending it to Messrs. Fox and Sheridan,

we should have meant to say that Gorsas or the other worthy journalists who publish these letters, had fabricated them; for then we should have been attacking ourselves, as we too gave them insertion in our columns. The word *officious* relates solely to the writer or writers of these letters, and our sole object has been to excite a necessary and useful distrust of opinions that come from abroad. Joseph Gorsas cannot be ignorant of the fact that London is crowded with *Feuillans Biseamerists*, refractory priests, in a word of all that scum that France vomited from her bosom during the last revolution, and that all these worthy people have very good reasons of their own for giving us or sending us *charitable advice*, that we shall do very well not to mind.—(*Annales Patriotiques, 3rd October*, 1792.)

as I was certain they would approve of the sentiments it contained, and might find opportunities in London of sending it safely to Paris. I scarcely knew these two celebrated individuals, so illustrious by their genius, acquirements, and virtues. I had then seen neither of them more than once in my life, but trusting to the high character they enjoyed, I had several times applied to them for objects of a personal nature, (which I shall notice by and by,) and they had replied to me with their accustomed kindness, so that I felt no hesitation in requesting them to send my letter to Petion. I sent it open, requesting them to read it, and if they approved its contents, to seal it up and send it off. Mr. Fox answered by the next post, and informed me in French that he was *enchanted with my excellent letter*, (these were his very expressions,) and that I might depend on Petion receiving it immediately. I received no answer from Petion, but a short time afterwards I saw my letter in the *Patriote Français*, with the omission of some phrases, but it was not in the shape of a letter, neither my name nor Petion's was mentioned at all, and though the whole gave a very correct statement of the contents of my letter, it was couched in the language of a supposed correspondent; who was said to have heard these argu-

ments used in London towards *a true friend of liberty*. Before sending this letter to Mr. Fox, I had shown it to three or four persons, so that it was easily recognised when it appeared in the *Patriote Français*, and was generally known to be mine, and information of this being sent to Paris, I obtained henceforth the hatred of the faction of Marat and Robespierre. It is evident from this unquestionable fact that I then thought (that is, so shortly before the king's death,) as I have thought all my life; and it likewise displays the sentiments and pusillanimity of Petion. He was desirous of saving the king, but he had not the courage to speak, and as he dared not express his avowed approbation of the contents of my letter, he caused the sentiments to be secretly printed.

Immediately after the massacres in the prisons in the month of September, 1792, I received a singular letter from the Duke of Orleans, telling me to return to France immediately with his daughter! I answered him immediately that I would not do so, as it was absurd to choose such a period for her return. I could write a volume if I were to set down all the painful ideas that now embittered my mind. How many nights have I spent in walking up and down in my chamber, and in recommending myself to divine protection!

I drove from my mind every useless presentiment, every painful fear and reflection, but I felt continually a strange kind of uneasiness and oppression of heart, although Mademoiselle and my two other pupils were unable to discover it. By means of religious principles and constant occupation, the most bitter cares of the heart may be smoothed into peace, and every thought of them, at least by day, be driven from the mind; but how easily can we be roused from this happy forgetfulness! One day, while more than usually overwhelmed by heart-rending sorrows that lay concealed within my own breast, I endeavoured to busy myself in my usual quiet and composed manner, and began to paint—when all at once a well tuned and sweet toned organ began to play in the street a very affecting air, the melody of which went instantly to my heart, and brought back in full flow all the tender feelings that had been for some time repressed by a painful effort of reason. Painful and interesting associations rose vividly in my imagination, fruitless regrets embittered my heart, all my misfortunes rose once more before me in full perspective, with all their sorrowful details, and feelings of melancholy and grief rent asunder the mysterious veil that had hitherto concealed them in part from my view. All the wounds of my

heart opened anew. My pencil fell from my hand, and a shower of bitter tears covered the flower I had sketched!

My well-founded fears were, meanwhile, daily increasing; every thing showed me that a plot had been formed to carry Mademoiselle off, and though I knew not what advantage could be derived from such an act of violence, I am fully persuaded of its existence. I was in a situation full of embarrassment, for Mr. Howard and Sir Charles Bunbury, the persons I would have wished to consult, were absent, and I took upon me to write to Messrs. Fox and Sheridan, to lay before them my difficulties and fears, and to request their advice. They answered me in a manner worthy of the confidence I had felt in their high characters. Mr. Sheridan was so kind as to come down to Bury, (seventy miles from London,) to assist me, and only remained with me for two or three hours, the time absolutely necessary to give me every advice that he thought might be useful to me. Mr. Howard returned eight days after this interview, and his active and generous friendship was of the utmost service to us, for new efforts of malice had again awakened all my former fears. I determined on leaving Bury, and on going to London, to wait for the final answer of the Duke

of Orleans. I had several reasons to fear crossing the solitary plains of Newmarket *without escort*. Mr. Howard made us adopt the precautions he thought necessary for our safety, and had the kindness to accompany us part of the way. I left Bury at the end of October, and arrived in London. As I had every reason to distrust the housekeeper at the duke's mansion, I spent every night in great anxiety. One evening, Mr. Rice, whom I had known at Spa, came to see me, as he had written me to request a private interview. Under the pretence of being strongly interested with my situation, he advised me to go to America, where, he said, I should be *adored*, and offered to be at the expenses of the voyage, and to get me a passage in a vessel just setting out, the captain of which was his particular friend. Such a proposal seemed to me very singular, though I showed no surprise, but firmly refused the offer. He urged me to accept an asylum in a house he had on the sea-shore, or in one of his estates in Ireland; but I refused this likewise, when his look became most alarming; he put his hand in his waistcoat pocket, in which, I am certain, I plainly saw the shape of a pistol. I was five or six steps from the mantel-piece, but without hesitation I sprang forward and rung the bell; the servants came instantly, when Mr. Rice rose up in confu-

sion, but mad with passion, and went out without looking at me, or saying a single word. Some days after this, I was surprised at a singular incident. At London, people always hawked about in the evening the newspapers of that day, but never mentioned the names of the individuals spoken of in the paper; one evening, however, I heard my name and that of M. de Calonne cried several times in the streets by the hawkers. I sent to buy the paper, and there was an article in it concerning me, very false and very circumstantial, and an account of the departure of M. de Calonne, who was said to have had a great many private interviews with me, and who had passed with me all the evening previous to his departure. It was evident enough that this falsehood was fabricated for the purpose of making me an object of suspicion in France, whither it was known that I was immediately about to return. Mr. Sheridan had the kindness to insert in the next day's paper a denial of this unfounded story, which showed equal ignorance and malignity, for not only had I never any connexion with M. de Calonne, but I did not even know him by sight.* I told Mr. Sheridan my adventure with Mr. Rice,

* The only connexion I had with him was a little before the revolution, when I solicited a pension for M. Palisot; a fact I have already mentioned in these Memoirs.—*(Note by the Author.)*

and he took us to his house at Isleworth. We there spent a month most agreeably. Mr. Sheridan was naturally of an agreeable disposition, but he was still more pleasing towards us, as he was passionately in love with Pamela, and, being a widower, was desirous of marrying her. His wife, who died young, had been one of the most beautiful and charming ladies in England, and Pamela had a most striking likeness to her. She had lived very happy with her husband, till she became acquainted with Lord Edward Fitzgerald, who conceived a most violent passion for her, which she returned. Remorse of conscience brought her to the grave.

In the beginning of November, the Duke of Orleans sent to me M. Maret, afterwards Duke of Bassano, with whom I had no acquaintance whatever. He was fully empowered by the Duke of Orleans to ask Mademoiselle to be delivered up to him, if I did not agree to bring her back to France immediately. I answered him very drily, that I should inform him of my intentions the next morning. I was in despair at the thought of being forced to send Mademoiselle home alone, or of accompanying her thither. I asked Mr. Sheridan's advice, and he told me that it was *not worthy of me* to refuse delivering up this precious charge into the

same hands which had intrusted it to me. These words sufficed. It was settled that I was to take Mademoiselle back to France, that I should deliver her up into her father's hands, should give up my place of governess, and return immediately to London. I gave M. Maret an answer to that effect. Two days before we set out, Mr. Sheridan made, in my presence, his declaration of love to Pamela, who was affected by his agreeable manners and high character, and accepted the offer of his hand with pleasure; in consequence of this, it was settled that he was to marry her on our return from France, which was expected to take place in a fortnight. I returned to London, with the intention of setting out the next day, and Mr. Reed was to go to Dover by himself. We actually set out on our return on the 20th October, 1792, but such an extraordinary incident occurred, that I cannot pass it over in silence, though I shall merely relate the facts without explanation, or the addition of any reflections of my own, as the impartial reader can make them for himself. We set out at ten in the morning, in two carriages, the one with six, the other with four horses, carrying our waiting-maids. Two months before, I had sent back to Paris four servants, so that we had only one French domestic left, and another

who was hired to go with us as far as Dover; and we had not gone a mile from London, when our French servant, who had only travelled once from Dover to London, thought we were not in the right road, and when he mentioned it, I saw he was correct. When the postillions were questioned, they answered, that they had been desirous of avoiding a steep hill, and that they would soon reach the high road. In three quarters of an hour, we saw that we were travelling through a part of the country we were quite ignorant of, and I again asked the reason of it from the servant and the drivers, when they again assured me that we were about to regain the common road; yet they continued along this road with uncommon speed, and as I remarked that the drivers and the servant answered my questions with singular briefness, and seemed particularly afraid of stopping, we began to look round us with a feeling of astonishment and anxiety.; we asked them more questions, and this time they told us that we had lost our way, but that they were desirous of concealing it from us, till they came up to a certain cross-road that led to Dartford, where we were to change horses; and that we had already been an hour and a half in this road, and were not more than two miles from Dartford. We thought it

very singular that they could have lost their way on such a road as that from London to Dover; but our belief that we were only two miles from Dartford, drove away the vague fears that had alarmed us for a moment; an hour, however, elapsed, and when we saw that no post-house appeared, our anxiety rose in a moment to absolute terror, and while thus perplexed, a singular and extraordinary incident completed our alarm, for two well-dressed men passed by us on foot, and cried out very distinctly, in French, "*Ladies, they are deceiving you—they are not taking you to Dover.*" In the position we were in, the effect produced by these alarming words may be easily conceived. We found several ways of explaining this singular fact, but they are too voluminous to be mentioned here, and I shall merely state the results. I had much difficulty in making the drivers stop at a village on our right, for in spite of my cries they drove on. However, the French servant (the other said nothing) forced them to stop at last. I then enquired at the village how far we were from Dartford, and my surprise may be conceived, when I was informed that we were twenty-two miles from it! I kept my suspicions to myself, took a guide from the village, and declared that I would return immediately to London,

as I found that I was nearer to it than Dartford. The drivers strongly opposed this resolution, and were very insolent; but our French servant,* aided by the guide, forced them to obey, but as the drivers were unwilling, and the horses worn out, we did not reach London till dark, when I made them drive to Mr. Sheridan's immediately, and that gentleman was greatly surprised at seeing me again. I told him what had happened, and, like us, he thought it quite impossible that it could have sprung from chance; he sent for an officer to take charge of the servants, who were detained under the pretext of paying their bill. They waited patiently, but the hired footman soon disappeared. The drivers were examined before a justice, in the presence of witnesses; and after much hesitation and denial, they admitted that *a gentleman,* whom they did not know, had come that morning to their master's, had taken them to an ale-house, and had persuaded them to take the road we had travelled, by giving them plenty to drink. They were examined very minutely, but no further information could be obtained. Mr. Sheridan told me that enough was proved to send them to trial; but that it would be a

* This worthy servant is still alive; his name is Darnal, and he is in the service of Prince Talleyrand.—(*Note by the Author.*)

tedious and expensive business. The drivers were discharged, and we pushed the matter no further, as he received some anonymous letters on the subject that alarmed him. When Mr. Sheridan saw the fright I was in, at the mere idea of setting out again for Dover, he promised to accompany us, but, he added, that pressing business would prevent him setting out till a few days after, and he took us to the country-house I have already mentioned at Isleworth, near Richmond, on the banks of the Thames.

As Mr Sheridan was unable to get his business finished so soon as he expected, we remained a whole month in this hospitable retreat, which was rendered so pleasing to us by friendship and gratitude. He showed his attachment by accompanying us to Dover, and Mr. Reed came along with him. It was now the month of November, and the weather was extremely boisterous. At Dover we spent two days. I knew that Mr. Sheridan had pressing business at London, so that in spite of the severity of the weather, I would not keep him waiting, and embarked on board the packet. Mr. Reed came to France along with us. I was very much affected on taking leave of Mr. Sheridan, and he shed tears at our departure. This individual, so celebrated by his genius and accom-

plishments, was one of the most agreeable men I ever knew. He was then forty-six years of age, of an open and expressive countenance, and with all the gaiety of youth. He was at once a great statesman, a great orator, and the best comic author that the English theatre can boast of. His mind was solid, lively, and powerful; his disposition thoughtless, indolent, and improvident; his heart was excellent, his company delightful, but his habits altogether irregular. He spent a part of his life in ruining himself by indolence, and another in recovering his fortune by his talents and by sudden bursts of activity, and he died in misery at last. The following anecdote gives a perfect idea of both his talent and his disposition: he was once giving a grand party, while almost overwhelmed with debts of every kind, and there were so many persons invited that the servants, whose number was much reduced, could not suffice to serve them all: when, amidst the bustle of the evening, he was informed that six sheriff's officers were about to seize every thing in the house; he went to them to request they would not trouble the harmony of the party, but wait till it was over, and in the mean time, he persuaded them to take a share in the amusements of the evening, to assist him in doing the honours of his house, and to put on the dress of

footmen, and distribute the ice-creams to the ladies. The party went on very merrily, and when it was all over, and every one had withdrawn, the officers performed their duty by taking possession of the furniture.

We had a very stormy passage, for though the wind was fair, it was extremely violent and alarming; we crossed over in an hour and a half, a thing very seldom done. When we landed, an immense crowd assembled on the shore, and received Mademoiselle with loud acclamations and transports that amounted to enthusiasm, and this was the last homage which her unfortunate name received in France (previous to the restoration). While changing horses at Chantilly, I found a courier which the Duke of Orleans sent me with a note containing these words: "If you have not crossed the sea, remain in England till further orders; if my courier meet you on the road after entering France, remain at the place where this note may reach you, and come not to Paris. Another messenger will let you know what is necessary to be done." I paid no attention to this order, but continued my journey, and arrived the same evening at Belle Chasse, where I was expected, as I had sent a servant from Chantilly on before us. At Belle Chasse I found the Duke of

Orleans, M. de Sillery, and five or six other persons. Our meeting was very sad. I delivered up Mademoiselle, who cried bitterly, into her father's hands; I told him before all the company that it was with sorrow that I gave up this precious charge, that I resigned my place as a governess, and should set out next morning for England. The duke, who had an embarrased and dejected look, took me into an adjoining chamber, and informed me that his daughter, by a new and retrospective law was included by her age (she was fifteen) among the emigrants, as she had not returned at the prescribed period; he added, that it was my fault, because I would not bring her home immediately after he had sent for her the first time, but he declared that he was certain that some would be excepted from this law, and that he was certain that his daughter would be first selected; that in the mean time *she must submit to the law*, and go to a neutral country till the decree concerning the persons excepted was promulgated; that in consequence of this he entreated me to take her to Tournay, (Belgium was not yet united to France,) that the law of exception would certainly be published within eight days, that he would himself go to bring back his daughter, and that I should then be free; and lastly,

that he flattered himself that I would not have the cruelty to refuse this last proof of attachment to a child, to whom I had shown so many others from the time of her birth. I answered drily, that I would take Mademoiselle to Tournay, but under the express condition that if the law of exception were not published in a fortnight, he was to send some one to Tournay to take my place; and he gave me his word of honour that he would do so.

The same evening M. de Sillery took us to his private box at the theatre to dispel our melancholy ideas. Lodoiska was performed. At the play was present Lord Edward Fitzgerald, whom I have already mentioned, and who was so fond of Mrs. Sheridan; the resemblance of Pamela with the object of his bitter regret, struck him so forcibly that he became violently in love with Pamela, and got introduced to us by Mr. Stone, an Englishman of our acquaintance. The next morning we went to Rainsy, and it was settled that we should set off on the following day for Tournay. The duke and M. de Sillery spent the whole day at Rainsy. I thought the duke had a very absent, sombre, and care-worn look, and something wild in his whole appearance that was truly alarming; he constantly walked backwards and forwards from room to room without stopping, as if he had been

afraid of conversation or of hearing my questions. As the weather was mild, I sent Mademoiselle, my niece, and Pamela into the garden, where they were joined by M. de Sillery. Finding myself alone with the duke, I said some words to him about his situation, when he hastily interrupted me, and said surlily, *that he had declared in favour of the Jacobins!* I replied, that after what had taken place, it was both mad and criminal in him to do so; that he would become their victim; and that he had already proofs of it in the last decree, declaring every Frenchman an emigrant, who was above fourteen, and who had not returned to France before the end of September. I added, that any one must be blind indeed, who did not perceive that this extravagant decree had been passed for the sole purpose of harassing him, by ranking his daughter among the emigrants. I advised him to emigrate himself with all his family, and to go to America; because, of all the republics in the world, the French republic, even were it properly organized, was certainly the one least fitted for the princes of the house of Bourbon. The duke smiled disdainfully, and answered me, (what in fact he had told me a thousand times before,) that I was worthy of being listened to and consulted on questions of history

or literature, but that I knew nothing of politics. To change the subject of conversation, and to satisfy my curiosity on a subject that greatly surprised me, I asked him why he had left his arms (three *fleurs de lis*) standing at the back of the drawing-room chimney, as well as on the chimneys of the other apartments, since *these signs* were proscribed by law, and the Jacobins were constantly at his house. The duke's answer was literally as follows: "I left them because it would be *cowardly* to take them away." This singular answer was given with the rough and decided tone that always distinguished him in argument, particularly since the revolution. The conversation became warm, and even very bitter, when he suddenly left the room. In the evening I had a long conversation with M. de Sillery, and entreated him with tears in my eyes to leave France, as he could easily escape, and take with him two hundred thousand francs at least. He listened to me without interruption, and seemed affected; but he answered me, that though he abhorred all the excesses of the revolution, he did not see the future in such black colours as I saw it; that Robespierre and his party had too little talent not to lose their ascendancy in a very short time; that the talent and acquirements of the members of the Conven-

tion were all on the side of the moderate party; (a short time after they were all put to death); that order and morality, without which nothing could be stable, would soon be re-established; and lastly, that he thought, a man of principle would commit a crime by leaving France at that moment, as his flight would deprive his country of an additional vote in favour of reason and humanity. I urgently pressed him, but all my arguments, all my entreaties were unavailing: he spoke to me of the Duke of Orleans and said, that he was ruining himself, in his opinion, because he placed all his hopes in the Jacobins, who made it their pleasure to degrade him, so that he might afterwards fall an easier sacrifice: he added, that though that unfortunate prince was given up blindly to bad counsellors, and led astray by false ideas, he could not entirely get rid of his native good sense; that he was in his own mind sincerely sorry for having entered upon such a career, but that as he thought he could not now leave it, he was boldly and recklessly plunging more and more amidst its abysses, as if he flattered himself with possessing the enthusiasm that fears nothing, though he felt not a particle of such enthusiasm.

We set out the next morning: the Duke of Orleans, more gloomy than ever, gave me his arm

to lead me to the carriage. I was in great trouble, Mademoiselle burst into tears, and her father was pale, and shook with emotion. When I had entered the carriage, he remained silent at the door, with his eyes fixed steadfastly on me; his mournful and suffering look seemed to implore our pity! *Adieu, Madam,* said he to me: the quivering sound of his voice struck me with a still greater shock, and I could not utter a single word, but stretched out my hand, which he took and pressed fervently, and turning hastily away, he made a sign to the postillions, and we set out.

M. de Sillery, the Duke of Chartres, and my nephew Cæsar du Crest, accompanied us as far as the frontiers, and I was very glad of it, for the language and gestures of the people had become very alarming. The passports we received declared that we departed *only out of respect to the law,* that we were going to wait at Tournay for the decree of *exceptions,* which was speedily to be published, and that we were to remain at Tournay until recalled. Thus it appears that we never were emigrants, as we were sent there to wait for our recall; the decree never appeared, but it was so well known that we were not emigrants, that when Tournay was united to France, we were exempted from the order given to all the emigrants to leave

Belgium. We remained at Tournay till it was taken by the enemy, so that if the least semblance of justice had been shown me on my return to France, I should have obtained a compensation for my property that had been confiscated. At Belle Chasse I had left property of the value of more than fifty thousand francs, in furniture of my own, plate, jewels, paintings, books, musical instruments, specimens of natural history, &c. I was so affected at my departure, that I left a large quantity of valuable things I might have taken with me. I chiefly regretted a beautiful collection of miniatures, my historical magic lantern, and some of my manuscripts: amongst the rest, a comedy in five acts, in verse, entitled *Les Nouvelles Precieuses Ridicules*. It had no resemblance to Moliere's play, but consisted of sketches from nature, which I had taken while at the Palais Royal. After my departure, my daughter could go freely to Belle Chasse, and took away a charming collection of paintings in water colours, done by M. Mérys, representing all the noble actions of our times I had either witnessed myself, or had heard related: she likewise saved my piano and some other things I had given her. I also regretted my collection of artificial flowers, the work of my own hands, which I had taken five years to complete,

and which, after the confiscation of my property, was sold for twelve thousand francs in assignats, making about five or six thousand in money. The whole of my collection of Natural History was likewise sold. I was very sorry that I had not taken with me three shells and two agates of very great value.

At the first post-house we found Lord Edward Fitzgerald, whose love for Pamela made him follow us to Tournay. We had scarcely reached that place when he asked me for Pamela in marriage. I showed him the papers that proved her birth: she was the daughter of a man of high birth named Seymour, who married in spite of his family a young woman of the lowest class called Mary Syms, and went off with her to Newfoundland, on the coast of America, where he established himself at a place called Fogo. There Pamela was born, and received the name of Nancy: her father died, and the mother returned to England with her child, then eighteen months old. As her husband was disinherited, she was reduced to great misery, and forced to work for her bread. She had settled at Christ Church, which Mr. Forth passed through four years after, and being commissioned by the Duke of Orleans to send us a young English girl, he saw this girl and obtained her from her mother. When I began to be really

attached to Pamela, I was very uneasy lest her mother might be desirous of claiming her by legal process, that is, lest she might threaten me with doing so, to obtain grants of money it would have been out of my power to give. I consulted several English lawyers on the subject, and they told me, that the only means of protecting myself from this species of persecution was to get the mother to give me her daughter as an *apprentice* for the sum of twenty-five guineas. She agreed, and according to the usual forms, appeared in the Court of King's Bench, before Lord Chief Justice Mansfield. She there signed an agreement by which she gave me her daughter as an *apprentice* till she became of age, and could not claim her from me till she paid all the expenses I had been at for her maintenance and education; and to this paper Lord Mansfield put his name and seal as Lord Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench. When I showed Lord Edward these papers, I told him that after my resignation of my place as governess to Mademoiselle, I had a right to a pension *en retraite* of six thousand francs belonging to the situation; and that I was going to write to the Duke of Orleans, to inform him, that I waved this claim for myself, and requested he would settle it on

Pamela, who had many claims of her own to the grant, as the companion of the childhood and early youth of Mademoiselle, and so far as regarded the English language, of great service to her education. Besides, I felt very great satisfaction in getting rid of this pension, after all the disagreeable treatment I had received, and in thinking that I had taken nothing for bringing up the three brothers of Mademoiselle. I also told Lord Edward that nothing could make me consent to give him Pamela against the will of his family, and without the written consent of his mother, the Duchess of Leinster: he assured me instantly that he would obtain it. He set out for England immediately, returned in a few days, and brought me a charming letter from the duchess, joyfully consenting to the marriage.

The day after his return, the marriage contract was signed, the marriage concluded, and in two days after the new married couple set out for England. This separation made me shed many tears, yet I felt great joy in seeing the fortunes of this beloved child so honourably secured. She was at once my pupil and my god-child, for, as I knew that Christ Church was full of anabaptists, I was afraid that she had not been baptized, and was desirous of getting her baptized *sous condition*,

and for this purpose I went to the archbishop to explain my fears and the plan I had formed. He told me that baptisms of this kind could not be done unless under peculiar circumstances; but that as he was at that very time sending one of his secretaries to England on private business, I might give him all the papers I had respecting the child, that the secretary would enquire into the business, and I should have an answer on his return. I gave him all my papers, and from the enquiries instituted by the secretary, the archbishop gave permission for her to be baptized *sous condition*; thus I became her god-mother.

Meanwhile, three weeks had elapsed, and the Duke of Orleans sent no person to Tournay to take charge of Mademoiselle in my place. I entreated him earnestly to do so in all my letters, but they were unavailing, for he always replied by conjuring me to be patient and to wait a few days longer. In the month of December, Mademoiselle had a very serious attack of illness, for she took a bilious fever from the anxiety with which she was continually depressed, and this was the cause of very great alarm to me. I attended her with all the affection which could be shown by the liveliest maternal care; and during two nights she was particularly ill, when I constantly

remained by her bed-side. This illness, and the painful and lingering nature of her recovery, made me give up every idea of leaving her at such a moment, for it would have been her death. The month of January came at last, as well as the horrible catastrophe of the king's death. The Duke of Chartres, who had joined us at Tournay, showed me a letter he had received from his father, which began thus: *My heart is oppressed with sorrow, but for the interests of France and of liberty, I have thought it my duty . . . . . ! &c.*

This letter produced the same impression on the Duke of Chartres as it did on me; we were equally seized with horror and dismayed. My unfortunate husband wrote me at the same period, and sent me a great many copies of *his opinion* at the king's trial, for though it was inserted in all the papers, he had got it printed separately, and told me to send copies of it to England, which I did immediately. His bold, noble, and courageous opinion was thus expressed: "I do not vote for death, first, because the king does not merit it; secondly, because we have no right to sit as his judges; and lastly, because I consider his condemnation as the greatest political fault that can be committed."

M. de Sillery thus ended his letter: *I am per-*

fectly sure, then, in pronouncing this opinion, I have signed my death warrant . . . Hence, when he left the assembly, he was so struck with horror and so indignant, that he went instantly to the prison of the Abbaye to enter himself as a prisoner! Alas! he might yet have escaped! . . . . . This letter filled my heart with terror, but as I saw no pretexts for taking his life, I thought he would get over his difficulties by a few months imprisonment. I reflected not on the rapacity of the Jacobins, and that my unfortunate husband had more than a hundred thousand livres a-year! . . . Amidst all my horrible anxiety, I felt great consolation in reflecting upon the uncompromising boldness of his heroic opinion. It was the only one of the kind thus expressed. Several other deputies refused to vote for death, but they always adopted circumlocutions in expressing their opinion; M. de Condorcet, for instance, said that he was conscientiously opposed to the punishment of death in general, and could not, consequently, vote for it in this case; and all, with the single exception of M. de Sillery, employed some round-about phrase, to avoid expressing their opinion openly.

Belgium was united to France, and, notwithstanding all that has been written to prove that it was by *the wishes of the inhabitants*, I can safely

assert, that they were noways desirous of such a measure, and were forced to acquiesce. We were witnesses of many horrible scenes; Mademoiselle saw a man killed under her windows; and commissaries were sent, one of whom was very insolent and cruel, and generally detested, yet we were obliged to suffer his visits, and I had personally the misfortune to please him so highly, that I could not hinder him kissing my hands every few minutes. I took advantage of my ascendancy over him to forbid him *tutoyer* me any more, and he had the gallantry to refrain from this republican familiarity in our presence. M. de Jouy, then aid-de-camp of General O'Moran, completed the aversion I felt for this commissary, by informing me that he thought he had discovered he had formerly been a priest, as he knew perfectly all the saints' days in the week; and his conjecture was well-founded. The other commissary was M. Thiebaut, who came often to dine with us along with M. de Jouy, and their company was very pleasing. M. de Jouy was witty and agreeable, and conceived great friendship for me; like M. Thiebaut he deplored and detested all that was going on in France, contrary to reason and humanity. He told me in private that he was in love with a young English lady, named

Miss Hamilton, who was then at Tournay. For the purpose of engaging her relations to give him her hand, I became acquainted with them, and gained the friendship of Mrs. Hamilton so completely, that I powerfully contributed to their marriage, on which M. de Jouy, at that time, considered all his happiness to depend. After this period, General O'Moran, a worthy man in all respects, was guillotined, and his aid-de-camp, M. de Jouy, put in prison, where he would soon have suffered the fate of his general, had it not been for the affection of his sister, who procured his escape by giving a large sum to the jailor. M. de Jouy escaped to Switzerland; and some time after came to see us at our convent of Bremgarten, which gave us great pleasure. He wrote verses for me, which I still keep in my book of recollections, and they are in his own writing, signed with his name, and this phrase after it; *Your friend, in all the ancient extent of the term.* Yet, *this friend* did not come to see me on my return to France, nor even leave his card at my house.

General Dumouriez arrived at Tournay on Tuesday, the 26th March 1793, and like all the French who passed through the place, came to see Mademoiselle D'Orleans. I was delighted at seeing this celebrated man, and though defeated, and in

my opinion pursued, by the Austrians, his presence alone gave me confidence. I never was alone with him a single moment, for, as we were not acquainted, we had nothing to say to each other, and I saw him only along with the officers of his staff whom he brought to my house, and who always accompanied him on his visits. It was on one of these occasions that M. Dubuisson,* the commissary sent by the convention, came one evening to see General Dumouriez at my house. When he came in, the general went up to him, received a paper from him, appointed an interview for the next morning, and left him. M. Dubuisson only opened his mouth to ask at what hour he could see the general next day, made a profound bow, and retired

* This Dubuisson (who was the author of the tragedies of *Thamas Kouli-Kan*, *Thrasemene*, and *Timagene*; of the comedies of the *Vieux Garçon*, *Deux Freres*, and the *Avare Bienfaisant*; and some works *on the Colonies* with an *Abregé de la Revolution des Etats d'Amerique*) seems to have thirsted for nothing but troubles and proscriptions. He had gone to Flanders to join the faction of Vandermoot; and when the French Revolution had taken the most alarming aspect he returned to Paris, and got himself appointed Commissary of the Convention to the army of Dumouriez. He denounced his colleagues Paoli and Paregra, got expelled from the Jacobin club, and was involved in what was called Hebert's conspiracy. He was condemned to death in 1794, and suffered along with Ronsin, Anacharsis, Clootz, and Hebert; he was born at Laval in 1763.—(*Note by the Author.*)

immediately. Such was the interview that the same commissary gave so ridiculous and unfounded an account of to the Jacobin club. He related that General Dumouriez had insulted him openly and in the most *incivique* manner, and that I had *smiled maliciously*. It was evident from such a grave charge that I had conspired against the republic, and I was ordered to be arrested, along with Lady Fitzgerald, whom M. Dubuisson said he had seen in my room, though she had then been three months in Ireland; but, even had she been at Tournay, and had committed the state crime of *smiling maliciously*, what right could the convention claim over an Englishwoman married to an Irishman? Since that period, it has been publicly avowed that there was not a word of truth in the reports made by Dubuisson in his return from Belgium; yet the decrees issued in consequence of these lying accounts, were not revoked.

At this disastrous epoch, I did, for the purpose of making Pamela easy at my situation, a thing which I venture to say deserves to be mentioned, since it proves to what pitch of devotedness I can go for my friends. When the French were defeated in Flanders, my daughter, Madame de Valence, was then with me at Tournay, and hurried back into France. I gave her charge of a box

containing all my little books of extracts and my journals, because I could not carry them with me, as I was compelled to remain in foreign countries. She had already with her at Paris a large box full of all the letters I had kept from my infancy till the revolution, amongst which were many very dear to me, from my father, mother, eldest daughter, and more than forty from M. de Buffon besides, and at least as many from M. de La Harpe.* Along with these, I gave Madame de Va-

* Two months afterwards, my daughter burned all these letters, though they could not have brought her into danger had they been seized, for they were all written before the revolution, and related solely to friendly relations or literary communications. But the most extravagant fears seemed then just and well-founded. She gave my extracts (which were all written with my own hand) in charge to Mr. Stone, who said they were stolen from him. Amongst them was a very full account of my last journey in England, my travels in Auvergne (of which Mademoiselle D'Orleans has a copy that she took herself) and our complete course of manufactures, two things I have greatly regretted. All these little books, about sixty in number, were almost all fitted to go into little morocco cases, which we made ourselves at Belle Chasse. The extracts were drawn from the best French, English, and Italian Authors, in prose and verse, and were classed in such an order as to make them very amusing. There were books of *religion, paternal love, innocence, virtue, temperance, wisdom, ambition, celebrated teachers, death,* and *eternity,* and many other subjects. The miniatures (illustrations) had reference to the subjects of the book. I only took with me eight or ten of these books, which I still preserve. If I had had

lence a hundred louis, which I told her to give, on her arrival in Paris, to M. Perregaux, the banker, who was worthy of implicit confidence, that he might send them to Lady Fitzgerald. The motive of this gift, so considerable in my situation, was as follows :—I knew that Pamela had no occasion for the money, but I thought that the state of public affairs would fill her mind with anxiety and alarm for my fate; and as I knew the sensibility of her heart, and her strong attachment to me, I could find no other means of assuring her of my safety. She received the letter, which perfectly removed her fears, but she did not receive the money, for instead of giving the money herself to M. Perregaux, Madame de Valence gave it to Mr. Stone to do so; he kept the money, and basely refused to give it up to me on my return to France.

I saw that Belgium was about to fall into the hands of the Austrians, and that it would be impossible for us to fly, either to France or to foreign countries; and this dreadful situation gave me the most anxious desire to be recalled to my country, as I was determined in that case not to return to

them all at Hamburgh, I could have sold them to M. Fauche for twelve thousand francs, which would have made me very comfortable and without labour. I wrote to my daughter to send them to me, but they were lost! (*Note by the Author.*)

Paris, but to go to one of my uncles in Burgundy, the province in which I was born, and at a distance of eighty leagues from Paris. Hence I strongly solicited my return; and I was informed, in the month of March 1793, that the Duke of Orleans was about to obtain the recall of Mademoiselle, but that mine would still be *delayed*. Notwithstanding all the sacrifices I had made, I loved Mademoiselle D'Orleans too well to feel bitterly the injustice of making me the only victim on this occasion; yet I confess I was terribly alarmed at my situation, for I was calumniated by numberless libellous publications, and could not without great terror reflect that Tournay would probably be in the enemy's hands in a fortnight or three weeks, and I remembered the fate of M. de La Fayette; and though I cannot compare myself to him in any respect, I foresaw misfortunes pretty nearly similar. Anxiety and want of sleep irritating my imagination by degrees, all my fears soon appeared to me be absolute presentiments, and for the first time, and on this occasion only, my courage and judgment almost entirely abandoned me. Thinking that Mademoiselle D'Orleans was about to be recalled, and that my niece might accompany her, it was surely my duty to reflect on the means of putting myself in safety, yet nothing

could be more difficult; and which way soever I considered my situation, it seemed awful. I had advanced several sums of money for Mademoiselle D'Orleans, who owed me a hundred and thirty-two louis; she had written to the duke and duchess on the subject, to ask them for money, which was more incumbent on them to do, as the progress of the Austrians should naturally have urged them to send her a considerable sum; this, however, was out of their power to do either at this or any other period. This total want of money raised my terror to the highest pitch; I expected money from my own family, but it had not yet arrived. Amidst these harassing cares, I formed a thousand extraordinary plans, without being able to fix upon any. I wrote several letters to England which displayed the disordered state of my imagination. Mr. Sheridan, amongst others, received two or three from me, in which I asked his opinion on the most romantic and extravagant projects, for the real fact was, that I had not my sound senses about me. A few days before the arrival of General Dumouriez at Tournay, I had a long conversation with M. de Jouy on the state of my affairs. I told him that I was desirous of concealing myself in a convent in the character of an Englishwoman, and that I wished

a letter of recommendation from General O'Moran (who was an Irishman). M. de Jouy was as obliging as he was amiable, and showed me great zeal and sensibility in obtaining my objects; from the idea I had given him, he formed a very excellent plan, and assured me a safe and peaceful retreat within a convent for a length of time. General O'Moran at first promised to give me the letter of recommendation I asked for, but he changed his mind next day, retracted his promise, and I was forced to give up the attempt.* In this dilemma I received a courier from Paris, sent by my daughter and her unfortunate father; the courier brought me some money, and letters informing me that they had both so earnestly solicited my recall, and represented the danger I was

* General O'Moran came to France in early life, and served in the American war of independence. In 1790, he commanded the regiment of Dillon, the following year he became major-general, and lieutenant-general in 1792. It was he who began hostilities with the Austrians by a night attack on the abbey of Saint Amand, where they had assembled, and were afterwards driven out. He entered Tournay in 1792, and was at Cassel when General Dumouriez left France, when he was arrested, and sent to Paris in February 1794; the revolutionary tribunal condemned him to death a few days after his arrival, along with his aid-de-camp, M. de Jouy. The latter effected his escape, but General O'Moran perished on the scaffold.—(*Editor.*)

exposed to by the rapid march of the enemy, that a formal promise had been given that my order of recall should be sent immediately, as a committee were instructed to forward it, and I should certainly receive it in a few days. I was then afraid lest the Duke of Orleans should not obtain his daughter's recall, for I received no more notice of it, and felt that nothing could make me abandon that beloved and unfortunate child. Two days after the arrival of the courier, I was informed, while sitting in my room with several persons, that an army commissary, M. Crepin, whom I knew for a short time previous, and who had shown me much attention, asked to speak to me in private, I went with him into a small cabinet, when he told me that, from information he could depend on, he was certain that the Austrians would enter Tournay the next day. I was ready to swoon away at hearing these words, when M. Crepin, affected by the state he saw me in, and knowing my situation, offered me as an asylum in my first difficulties a farm he had near Valenciennes, situated amidst marshes, and so secluded that he assured me I might spend two or three months in it without any one knowing any thing of the matter. I joyfully accepted the proposal, and he immediately wrote me a paper, by which he ordered the farmer

who had the care of the place to receive us as his relations. It will be seen presently that it was out of my power to take advantage of this offer. It was at this time that the Duke of Chartres, who never had ambitious views of his own, and who, in every political act that he did, had no other object in view than of being useful to his country, formed at last the resolution of writing to the convention to ask permission to leave France for ever, for he had fallen into the deepest dejection at the state of his country ever since the king's death.

After writing his letter, he told me, that he thought he could not send it without first obtaining his father's consent. I could easily imagine, that nothing but the difficulty of obtaining an asylum had prevented the Duke of Orleans himself from adopting this resolution, and that he would not approve it in his son's case; but I flattered myself that he would not directly forbid it, and we were decided that the measure should be adopted, unless express orders were received to the contrary. Hence the Duke of Chartres sent his petition to his father, earnestly entreating him to give his permission; and adding, that as the Duke of Orleans was a deputy, he could not leave the convention, and could not consequently ask such a thing for himself. By means of this dif-

ference in their situations, we hoped that the Duke of Orleans would not oppose, at least expressly, his son's desire; but he briefly answered, that the idea was *destitute of common sense*, and that it must be thought of no more. His son respectfully obeyed his orders, and no more was said about the matter.

His brother, the Duke of Montpensier, was passionately desirous of visiting Italy, and asked leave to serve with the troops at Nice; this was granted, and he set out from Tournay, where he had likewise been along with us.

We left Tournay in a few days after, early in the morning of the 31st of March. We travelled in a berline with the window blinds lowered, and had besides large hats and veils that quite concealed our faces. The great utility of this precaution will be seen presently. While following the army, we had no gentleman in the carriage, the troops marched in disorder, the soldiers making a tumultuous noise; both their language and manner alarmed me in spite of all my resolution, and we all felt more at our ease in hiding ourselves and not looking at them; in fact, I had never till this moment performed such a disagreeable journey, though I soon after this performed one still more painful. The evening before our departure from

Tournay, I had despatched a courier with letters to Paris, to inform my friends that I was going to Saint Amand to avoid falling into the enemy's hands, and to request them to send me thither my order of recall. I lodged with Mademoiselle d'Orleans and my niece, in the heart of the town of Saint Amand, and General Dumouriez resided at a mile from it, at a place called *les Boues de Saint Amand*, where the cold and vapour baths are situated. On the day of my arrival, I learned that General Dumouriez had raised the standard of revolt; from himself I obtained no information, for he never said a single word about his plans to me; but a person in whom he placed unbounded confidence, and whom I had never seen before this period, showed a strong feeling of interest in my safety, and very frankly answered the questions I put to him. That officer was the unfortunate M. de Vaux, who was executed afterwards.*

* This young officer was the natural son of Prince Charles of Lorraine, and came to France to seek his fortune. General Dumouriez thought highly of him, made him his aid-de-camp, and took him to the army of the north, where he soon rose to distinction, both by his own merit and the protection of Dumouriez, and attained the rank of adjutant-general. He followed the fortunes and opinions of his general; but less fortunate than him he

I was highly indebted to General Dumouriez for having received me into his camp, notwithstanding the dangers we encountered in it, for, as I had nothing to do with his conspiracy, if he had left me in a place which the enemy retook, it was evident that Mademoiselle d'Orleans and I would have been long deprived of our liberty: this conduct of his, I ought, therefore, to remember. Perceiving the signs of plots and alarming conspiracies which I wholly disapproved of in every sense, I had but one object of desire, that of leaving Saint Amand, but the difficulty of obtaining horses retained me in spite of all my wishes. We had arrived on the 31st of March, and on the 2nd of April General Dumouriez intercepted despatches full of orders to arrest almost all the principal officers of his army, amongst the rest M. de Valence and the Duke of Chartres. These arbitrary orders were sent by a simple committee, (and not by the convention,) and were signed *Duhem*. It was on the evening of the next day that the commissaries sent by the convention were arrested; at twelve at night I was informed of this strange circumstance, which greatly increased my desire

did not effect his escape. He was arrested at Lille, taken to Paris, condemned by the revolutionary tribunal, and perished on the scaffold in 1793.—(*Editor.*)

of setting out, but I could obtain no horses till ten o'clock next morning. I did not go to bed, but spent the night in reflecting upon my situation, and in preparing my mind for what I foresaw. I could no longer be blind as to the system of proscription that was establishing in France, and since General Dumouriez had been proscribed on mere suspicion, along with many other persons that could not reasonably be suspected of doing wrong, what measures would not be adopted as soon as the convention learned the seizure of the commissaries, and the correspondence of Dumouriez with the enemy.

It was easy for me to foresee that without delay or examination they would instantly proscribe every one who fled from Saint Amand, and that notwithstanding my unquestionable innocence, I should be enveloped in the general condemnation. Thus I saw myself a fugitive, snatched from my family, my friends, and my country, forced to live by my own labour, and given up to the most horrible anxiety as to the fate of those whom I loved, and whom I left behind; on the other hand, I shuddered at the very thought, that in all probability, the camp was about to be divided into two parties, that the first rays of the morning's sun would most likely shine upon scenes of

blood and desolation; that amidst such a tumult, I could not possibly escape; and that even were the revolt not to break out so speedily, I could not in any case escape except after encountering the greatest dangers; and that, after all, if I were so fortunate as to get out of the French territory, what should I become in a foreign land,—without recommendations, without protection, without friends, exposed to such malignant, bitter, and persevering calumnies—where should I find a place of refuge? What could I oppose to the hatred and the persecutions of my enemies? Then again the situation of Mademoiselle d'Orleans powerfully affected my heart. Since I was no longer her governess, I was determined to associate her neither with my misery nor my dangers, but to leave her in her brother's hands—yet what a dreadful parting was this!—Was this the way to leave a child who had been entrusted to my care at the age of eleven months, to whom I had devoted so many cares, who had profited by them so greatly, and who felt such a powerful attachment towards me! . . . Whilst I was silently making these painful reflections, she was lying by my side, though not asleep, and I heard her moaning to herself; for she had seen the preparations made for my departure, and knew too well that

it was not my intention to take her with me, but she merely wept in silence. Towards five o'clock in the morning, her excessive fatigue produced a drowsiness that soon laid her fast asleep: I then approached her bed, cast my eyes on her; the tears fell bitterly from my eyes; I thought I looked towards her for the last time; I gave her all the benedictions of maternal affection, and hastened out of the room. I entered another apartment to wait for daylight. This night I spent in prayer, without going to bed. An idea struck me all at once of making a great sacrifice to God, and of delivering myself from numberless cares, and many difficulties. I made a vow that if God restored my property to me, or enabled me to obtain a fortune, I would never spend for myself more than what was indispensably necessary, and would give all the rest away. This vow I have fulfilled. With the accomplishments I possessed, I knew I could always gain a competent subsistence, so that I hereby got rid of all the regrets of fortune, and all the allurements of ambition. During this painful night, immediately preceding my departure from Saint Amand, I was supported only by religion, but it is all-sufficient; it was it that consoled me during the terrors that embittered the close of my stay in England. I

recollect that I was one day at Bury, alone, absorbed in reflection, and my situation seemed so hopeless that I never felt before or since such an oppression of heart: to drive away these terrible thoughts, I took a prayer book from the shelf, opened it by chance, and fell upon the ninetieth psalm, beginning with these words: *He that has the Most High as his sole support and guide, shall receive constant marks of the protection of the God of heaven*—All the rest of the psalm is full of consolatory reflections, promises of happiness, and the assurance that we shall pass safely through every peril, *guided and borne by the angels.* I had not seen it before, as it is not among the penitential psalms. After reading it, I shut the book; I twice opened it again, and fell always upon the same psalm. I felt myself completely strengthened and encouraged, from the bottom of my soul I relied on the divine goodness, which in effect has always deigned to preserve me from dangers and misfortunes that seemed altogether inevitable. Such were the feelings and thoughts that formed my reliance at Saint Amand, and that have in after times enabled me to support all my misfortunes.

At seven o'clock I bade the Duke of Chartres adieu; he repeated anew the entreaties he had

made me the evening before, for me to take charge of his sister; he told me again and again, that he knew not as yet what measures he should adopt; that every thing indicated an early revolt in the camp, and that, in such circumstances, his sister would be a terrible drawback upon his motions, and would be exposed to a thousand dangers. I replied, that the dangers of my own family were equally alarming; that it seemed to me impossible, unless by a miracle, to pass all the French posts without being recognised and arrested; that we should, in that case, be taken to Valenciennes, so near at hand, which would be our immediate destruction, as we should be sent to the scaffold immediately; that, in the choice of evils, it was better for Mademoiselle to go voluntarily to Valenciennes alone, and as of her own accord, after my escape; that, in that case, I thought the utmost severity employed against her would be to send her out of the country, by putting her beyond the frontiers, which would make her leave France without danger; that, at any rate, I did not point out this step as the proper one to be adopted, for there might be unforeseen obstacles to surmount; that I gave no opinion on the subject; but that whether she adopted the latter plan, or that of escaping with her brother and his friends, she

would run much less risk, in my opinion, than in company with me. Finally, I was unshaken in my opposition, till the last moment; but, at the very instant I was entering the carriage, the Duke of Chartres returned, with his sister in his arms, all bathed in tears; I took her into the carriage beside me, and we instantly set out with so much haste, that neither Mademoiselle d'Orleans nor I thought of taking any of her things with us, not even her jewels, as we ought to have done, but we forgot every thing. Mademoiselle d'Orleans had just jumped out of bed, and had nothing on but a thin muslin gown; that was all she took with her, along with her watch, which was very beautiful, and which was only not forgotten, because it was at her bed-side. At St. Amand she left her trunks, dresses, linen, and jewel-box; every thing was lost, with the single exception of her harp, which a servant put into a waggon that was going past, and that came up with us some days after; of the rest, not a dress, not a shift was sent after her; but as I had saved the greater part of my own things, I was happy at being able to supply her wants. I might have set out with passports, which would have made a great difference in our situation. I was offered them by Dumouriez, but, as I knew his conduct, I firmly

refused them; the party he had first engaged in had become sanguinary, and it was, therefore, quite natural that he should leave it, but it was shocking to betray it, and to deliver up to foreigners the few troops that agreed to follow him.

There were four of us in the carriage, Mademoiselle d'Orleans, my niece, M. de Montjoye, and myself I had known M. de Montjoye* only for a few days, but as he was also desirous of escaping, and of going to Switzerland, where he had relations, he wished to travel along with me, which was very pleasing to us, as he spoke German perfectly well. As soon as we had got beyond the town of St. Amand, I embraced the two young associates of my misfortunes, and promised them, that, in the career of adversity we were about to enter upon, my courage and resignation should remain unalterable. I told them to follow the example I was determined to show them, and they promised to do so faithfully; the reci-

* At the commencement of the revolution, M. de Montjoye was a captain in the regiment of Darmstadt. The emigration of almost all the officers of the regiment, procured rapid promotion to those who remained, and M. de Montjoye became a colonel. In that capacity he was engaged in the campaign in Flanders, at the time Dumouriez joined the enemy, when he thought proper to retire to Switzerland, where he died.—(*Editor.*)

procal promise we had made, was kept by us all, and I can truly assert, that, from this moment, by the particular favour of divine Providence, I have always been able to preserve as much coolness and presence of mind in dangerous situations, and as much firmness and resignation in misfortune, as I had displayed weakness and depression during the last months of my stay in England, and during the time I spent at Tournay.

We had agreed, that none of us but M. de Montjoye was to speak to the French military posts we were about to pass, and that he was to say we were English ladies on their way to Ostend, to embark for England, and that he was accompanying us as far as Quevrain. We were, fortunately, quite unknown to the troops, for if our faces had been seen at St. Amand, it would have been out of our power to escape; but we had taken due precautions to prevent that danger, as we had come, as I have already mentioned, in a carriage with the window-blinds lowered, and had never left our rooms during the two days we spent in that town. When we left the camp, it was in a very doubtful position towards its revolted commander, but it was even then foreseen that the majority would be against him. We had no passports, and took bye-roads, so as to meet as few

troops as possible. M. de Montjoye had forgotten to ask for the countersign, and the want of this brought us into great danger more than once. After travelling for two hours, we got into wretched cross-roads, and the carriage broke down. We had been making the circuit of Valenciennes, which was at this moment not more than half a league off, and entered a village crowded with recruits; our alarm was very great, yet we had to enter an alehouse, and wait more than an hour and a half till the carriage was repaired. At length, after the recruits had put many questions to us with a very suspicious and alarming tone, we were allowed to depart. The roads became worse and worse, night came on, and we were obliged, in spite of the excessive cold that prevailed, to come out of the carriage. We had walked about a mile and a half forward, when we were all at once stopped, not at a military post, but by a captain of volunteers, and some soldiers, who had seen our guide at a distance with his lantern. This captain was not satisfied with our answer, for he told us he suspected us to be emigrants, and was determined in taking us to Valenciennes. The alarm I felt at this moment may be easily imagined; but I immediately pretended to consent very gaily to the proposal. I took the

officer's arm, and in a very unintelligible jargon, said a great many jokes about his want of complaisance; but all the time I was talking and laughing, I still went forward briskly, as if I had no intention of making him change his resolution. He stopped in a very few minutes, and told me that he saw very well that I was a real English woman, and that he would not take us out of our way, but that we might continue our journey to Quevrain. He advised us to put out the light in our lantern, as it might cause us to be stopped again; and then led us into a little bye-path, by which, he said, we might reach the Austrian advanced posts without meeting any more soldiers. When he had left us, we began to breathe freely; we followed his advice, and reached the enemy's posts without further accident. I felt inexpressible joy on my entrance into Quevrain, when I reflected, that my two companions and I had escaped the imminent danger of being taken to Valenciennes; but then, when I reverted to the strange and terrible situation, that forced two children, and a woman, fond of their country, to seek for refuge in a country allied to their enemies, and to escape from their countrymen, the French, lest they should fall into the hands of their most implacable enemies, I felt a deep depression of

heart, and burst into tears. M. de Montjoye desired to speak to the commandant, the Baron de Vounianski. I did not insert in my *Precis de conduite* an incident that led to our safety, because it was so extraordinary that it would have given a romantic colouring to my narrative, which I was desirous of avoiding in a simple apology. I have only mentioned the Baron de Vounianski in it, by relating what he did for our interests; but I shall now state, in these memoirs, what was the real nature of his great kindness and attention.

On leaving Tournay, I was not blind to the horrors of my situation, and even saw my own future fortune more wretched than it ever became; I felt that party spirit, and the misfortune of having been attached to the house of Orleans, would expose me to every kind of calumny and persecution; but I resigned myself to my lot, and submitted patiently to the views of Providence, for I felt that my fate was deserved, since, had I kept the promise I made to my friend, Madame de Custines—had I done my duty, by remaining with my second mother, Madame de Puisieux, instead of entering the Palais Royal—or had I, at the death of the Marechale d'Etrée, left Belle Chasse as my husband wished, no emigrant could have been more quiet and happy in foreign countries

than me; with the general predilection that was entertained in them for my works, with the literary reputation I enjoyed, and the accomplishments I possessed, I should have found powerful protection, and every kind of resource, as well as every compensation as to views of ambition, had I been desirous of putting in further chains. I now promised to expiate my faults, by patience, courage, and implicit submission to the divine will. Neither did a single murmur escape my lips. I had not lost my time at Tournay, for we had led a regular and secluded life; an inhabitant of the town lent us books; I read a book aloud for an hour and a half, I played on the harp with Mademoiselle, as at Belle Chasse, and she painted a great many flowers, as I did likewise. Besides this, we constructed a great many pretty little things together, and I learned to make beautiful small straw baskets. The parish church was close to our house, we went daily to mass, and our time slipped away quickly and agreeably. According to my usual habit, I sat up every evening two or three hours after the rest had gone to bed, and wrote *my journal,* along with some detached maxims, which I afterwards inserted in the *Petit La Bruyere.*

I shall now relate my singular adventure with the Baron de Vounianski.

As soon as we had crossed the frontiers and had entered Quevrain, our passports were demanded, and we were asked who we were; I said I was an Irish lady named Madame de Verzenay, and was travelling with my two nieces; but that as I had set out amidst a tumult in the camp, I had not been able to get my passports, and as they were required before we could be received, I desired to see the commandant. I was told to wait in my carriage, and they would go and receive his orders. In a few minutes the baron came himself, desired us to leave the carriage, gave me his hand and led us to his house. It was now dark, and I had a large black lace veil that concealed my face. When I entered the hall, which was well lighted, I lifted up my veil, when the baron looked to me, started back, and exclaimed, *Ah, Princess!* My first impression on hearing this expression was that he had recognized Mademoiselle d'Orleans, and I was terribly alarmed for a few seconds, till the baron's language tranquillized my mind, and I saw that a truly miraculous resemblance of features made him take me for the Princess *de Lansburg* of Moravia. It was

exceedingly difficult for me to persuade him to the contrary, for the sound of my voice was also the same. To this princess the baron was indebted for his rank, and he was passionately fond of her. There was never, surely, a more complete likeness of two persons, for in spite of all my disavowals, he was continually adopting anew the opinion that I was the princess *incognito*. He gave us a supper in the Hungarian fashion, which in quantity would have been sufficient for twenty persons, but which was the worst in quality I ever tasted in my life; for all the dishes were floating in grease. I was painfully affected during supper, for the baron spoke much about public affairs, and bitterly cursed the Duke of Orleans. I saw Mademoiselle turn pale, and about to swoon, and tried vainly to change the subject of conversation, but the baron always reverted to the same thing. The baron kept us in his house, and the next morning brought me my breakfast on a tray himself, exclaiming again as he saw me, that I was the Princess of Lansberg. We walked down to the drawing-room after breakfast, quite ready to set out for Mons with an escort the baron had the kindness to grant us. He told me, after our entrance into the drawing-room, that he was about to show me that the astonishing resemblance he

found me to have to the princess was not the effect of fancy, for that in the escort he was sending with us there were two young officers who had arrived from Moravia, where they had been the princess's pages, and were particularly recommended to him by her, and that they were about to come in, when I should see the effect I produced on them. I had my veil down when they came in, and the baron requested me to raise it. When they looked at me, they started with surprise, and came towards me to kiss my hand, for they took me for the princess in reality. All this took place in presence of Mademoiselle and my niece. I asked the baron many questions concerning this princess, and he told me that she was exceedingly clever, spoke French perfectly well, and was an accomplished performer in music. I enquired her age, when I found that she was three years younger than me. It was to this singular circumstance that I was indebted for all the services the baron rendered us. He gave me his hand to lead me to the carriage, and on the way told me that if I confessed that I really was the Princess of Lansberg, he would be much less astonished than he was at hearing me assert the contrary. Along with the escort which the baron gave us, he took good care to send the two young officers who had

mistaken me for their princess, and they placed themselves close to the carriage, kept their eyes constantly fixed on me, and showed from time to time their surprise and astonishment by loud exclamations.

We arrived at Mons, and went immediately to an inn, where we felt ourselves very uncomfortable, as all the best apartments were already taken. The day after our arrival, I found it impossible to leave this place, for a new difficulty delayed us. My bed was in the same room as that of Mademoiselle, and as I could not sleep I heard her moaning and coughing all night. I rose at daylight to see her, and saw that she had got the meazles; I then went into the closet where my niece slept, to inform her of this melancholy event, and found her in the same state. They were both so ill, and had such a violent fever, independent of the evil consequences that I feared from delay, that few events have ever given me so much anxiety. We had no waiting-maid, and only one man-servant; the inn was full of company, and we could get none of the servants to attend to us. I could find no physician till the evening, and no nurse till the fourth day of their illness; yet with all these disadvantages they were carefully and skilfully tended. I knew perfectly

how to treat this disease, and was of more service to them than the physician. The three first nights I never went to bed, and when I got a nurse to attend them, I still remained constantly in the chamber of Mademoiselle d'Orleans, besides sitting up with her all the nine days of her illness till three or four in the morning. Amidst all the cares with which I was harassed, I enjoyed however the satisfaction of believing that I had saved the life of Mademoiselle d'Orleans by bringing her with me; for in two days after our departure the Duke of Chartres and General Dumouriez effected their escape only after being exposed to the utmost danger, and being fired at repeatedly by the soldiers, and what would have become of that unfortunate child amidst such a scene of confusion? Independent of this, she then had the foundation of illness laid in her constitution (for she left Saint Amand feverish) the meazles would have appeared next day, and what assistance could she have obtained! These reflections somewhat softened the painful emotions I felt on seeing her sufferings; but the grand misfortune of this illness was that it betrayed our travelling *incognito*, and gave an opportunity of recognizing us, though it must be allowed that the Austrians treated us very generously. One day on going to seek some

medicines at the apothecary's, which was fortunately in the same street as our inn, I met the Prince de Lambesc* on the stair. Though he recognized me instantly, he did not speak to me, but his gloomy and ill-natured look foreboded me no good; and in fact he went immediately to the Baron de Mack to denounce us, for he guessed very naturally that one of my young companions was Mademoiselle d'Orleans.

The Baron de Mack,† with whom I never had

* The Prince de Lambesc, of the house of Lorraine, was a relation of the Queen Marie Antoinette, and was devotedly attached to her. A short time after the breaking out of the revolution, he took refuge in Austria, from the charges and persecutions that harassed him on account of his conduct at the memorable riot on the 12th of July 1789. On that occasion the Prince of Lambesc commanded the regiment Royal Allemand, and after dispersing the crowds assembled in the Place Louis XV. galloped sword in hand into the garden of the Thuilleries to clear it of the people. In this affray it was said that an old man was killed and a lad wounded, but no proofs of the fact were ever brought forward. The prince became a general and field-marshal in the Austrian service. He was in several campaigns on the Rhine and in Italy against the French, but he never obtained any command or found any opportunity of distinguishing himself from the common run of officers. It is to his devoted attachment to the queen and to the affair that happened at the Thuilleries, that he is indebted for his celebrity in France.—(*Editor.*)

† The Baron Charles de Mack, so celebrated for his plans and his reverses, was the son of a tradesman of Neuslingen, in Franconia, and was a soldier of fortune. He entered a dragoon regi-

any connexion, came to see me. When the servant girl announced his arrival, his name alone made me terribly afraid, and I hastened to meet him on the landing-place. I told him that I could not have the honour to receive him, as a young lady, who was ill with the measles, slept in the room I occupied: but he answered me with the kindest look and manner: "What is not contagious for you, Madam, cannot be so for me." My alarm was dispelled in a moment, and I considered him only as a protector. I led him to our room, closed the curtains of Mademoiselle's bed, and we sat down beside one of the windows. The baron told me that he had been told who we were, but that this information would be of no harm to us. He assured me that we might remain in Flanders if we pleased, and fix ourselves in what-

ment as a private soldier, rose from rank to rank, or it may be said, from defeat to defeat, till he obtained the chief command of the great Austrian army, which, in 1805, obtained such a quick possession of the kingdom of Bavaria, from which it was so speedily driven out. After the capitulation of Ulm, he was tried by a council of war and condemned to death, but his punishment was commuted to military degradation and imprisonment; he was soon liberated, and absolutely forgotten till the period of his death, which arose as much from sorrow for his son's loss, as from any chagrin at his defeat and disgrace. Never did a general give rise to, or disappoint greater hopes than General Mack.—(*Editor.*)

ever spot we chose for our residence. I replied, that our intention was to go to Switzerland, when he had the kindness to offer me to obtain passports for us from the Prince of Cobourg,* which would protect us from every difficulty in our journey through Germany, and I gratefully accepted his offer. He stated to me that he could not give passports under a fictitious name. I told him that the name of Versenay was not fictitious, but that it was the name of a small property inclosed in the estate of Sillery. I had to give him my word of honour that such was the case, when he obtained for us the passports we desired. They were of no use to us, however, for they were not once demanded. As soon as my young friends were able to bear the motion of the carriage, though they were still very weak, we left Mons on Saturday the 13th of April, along with M. de Montjoye, who had joined us again after leaving us at

* Few foreign names are better known in France than that of the Prince of Cobourg. His campaign of 1793, was an uninterrupted series of successes, but its glory was effaced by the reverses of the succeeding one. He was forced to retreat after disappointing the hopes of the emigrants, whom he insulted so far as not to allow them to enter the towns conquered from the French. After passing more than twenty years in retirement and oblivion, he died in 1815.—*(Editor.)*

Quevrain. Our journey was tedious, but pretty fortunate. On the 20th we passed by Wisbaden, took a cross-road to avoid meeting with the troops; but during four or five hours we travelled close to the Hessian camp, with nothing but a narrow plain betwixt us. We saw them perfectly well, for they covered the banks of the Rhine on our side, and further on we observed Cassel, where the French were posted; had they made a sortie, we should have been in the most imminent danger, and the fear of such an event made me feel the time painfully long. On the other side of the river we saw Mayence, with a village on fire, so that this assemblage of objects formed a terrible picture, the effect of which was still more increased by the cannon that were fired from time to time, which we heard very distinctly. When I thought that these cannon were fired at Frenchmen, I felt that neither injustice nor persecution, can root out of a feeling and generous heart, the love of country and the powerful interest we feel for our countrymen. After travelling seven days, we reached Schaffhouse in Switzerland on the 26th of April. My satisfaction on entering a neutral territory was very great. Besides many vague fears that oppressed me, I had been in a state of great uneasiness during my involuntary residence at Mons, and in my journey

through Germany. When I saw myself amidst the enemies of my country, it was in vain that reason showed me the folly of my involuntary remorse, which was as painful as it was unfounded, for most assuredly I had nothing to reproach myself with; yet I can truly assert that I never met any Austrian troops without feeling a most painful emotion, though any thing was better than what predominated in France during this sanguinary period, and the conquerors even, who invaded it, could only be considered as its deliverers.

The extreme want of repose felt by Mademoiselle d'Orleans, made us stop some time at Schaffhouse, where the Duke of Chartres came and joined us. We left it on the 6th of May, and went to Zurich, where we intended to reside; but when we found it necessary to send our names to the magistrates, the ill-fated name of Mademoiselle d'Orleans and of her brother, destroyed all our arrangements. Independent of this misfortune, we had been recognized by several emigrants, who did us all the harm in their power.* We

* The emigrants who, in foreign countries, were so hostile to their countrymen whom they imagined to possess *liberal* opinions, were all, without exception, petty provincial proprietors who had never been presented at court, and were completely ignorant of the world.—*(Note by the Author.)*

were walking one evening in the public square at Zurich, when an emigrant walked past Mademoiselle in a very impertinent manner, and purposely tore away part of her gown with his spur. From M. Ott, the worthy landlord of the *Hotel de l'Epée* (where we stayed) we received every mark of attention and kindness,* but we found it necessary to leave the place. On the 14th of May we went to Zug, and took a small house in a secluded situation on the banks of the lake, not far from the town. For our own tranquillity, we had taken every precaution to remain unknown; and even the magistrates of the place knew not our real names, and thought that we were an Irish family. When I reached Zug, I had a safe opportunity of writing to France, and took advantage of it to write to the Duchess of Orleans; (for the duke was already in prison;) I informed her where we were, and entreated her to have the goodness to send me orders respecting Mademoiselle d'Orleans as soon as possible. Her two children wrote to her also, but we received no answer, and we afterwards sent letters by many different opportunities.

* The innkeepers in Switzerland and Germany are generally highly respected, and deserve to be so by their education and attention to strangers. The landlord of the *Hotel de l'Epée* was one of the magistrates of the place.—(*Note by the Author.*)

Never, during more than a year that I spent in Switzerland, burdened with the charge of Mademoiselle d'Orleans, did we receive even an indirect answer, nor did Mademoiselle receive the smallest sum of money from France; but I long flattered myself with receiving some, and consequently; formed no final determination respecting her, and devoted to her service as long as I could be useful, I formed no settled plan of my own. We spent a month at Zug in the greatest tranquillity; we needed no assistance, regular occupations engaged all our time, we received no company, and never went out but to walk or to go to church. The peasants loved us, as did the poor in our neighbourhood, who were always received most kindly by the Duke of Chartres and Mademoiselle, the persons of our party who were specially enjoined to distribute the alms which it was in our power to give.

Such was our situation, when some emigrants travelled through Zug, and though we did not know them personally, they had seen the Duke of Chartres at Versailles, recognized him here, and the same day all the little town of Zug knew who we were. The magistrates acted very politely, and displayed a very strong desire of retaining persons in their canton, who, they said, *gave such*

a virtuous example by their whole conduct and demeanour; but in a few days some articles appeared in the German papers, relative to my pupils, stating that they were at Zug. This public notice began to displease the magistrates, and they soon received letters from Berne, reproaching them for having given refuge to Mademoiselle d'Orleans and her brother. The chief magistrate became uneasy, and finally requested my unfortunate pupils to seek another retreat; but this request was couched in the most respectful manner, for the magistrate merely stated his embarrassment and anxiety; this language we understood, and stated publicly that we should set out in a fortnight. In the whole of the business I was never alluded to, so that the magistrate told me I might remain if I thought proper; but I was bound to the fortunes of Mademoiselle d'Orleans. Meanwhile we consulted together on the measures we should adopt in this painful situation. I maintained that, before we formed any plan, it would be necessary to agree to separate from the Duke of Chartres, who would always cause us to be recognized. This I had already said and proposed at Zurich, but the Duke would absolutely remain along with us, and I had but too truly foreseen the necessary consequences. Experience now

taught him that I was right in my opinion, and it was settled that we should remain together no longer. But where could we go, without protectors, without friends, when we had been unable to remain in the two most tolerant cantons in Switzerland? We formed a thousand romantic projects, and, notwithstanding their extravagance, we should undoubtedly have been forced to adopt something very similar to them, had not accident led us to think on a much simpler method, which we found successful. While thus engaged, M. de Montjoye, who had settled at Basle with his family, came to pay us a visit, and told us that he came by Bremgarten, where he had seen M. de Montesquiou,* who had rendered great services

* The Marquis de Montesquiou-Fezenzac had taken refuge in Switzerland, to avoid the consequences of an order for his arrest, sent by the National Convention. In 1792 he commanded the army of the south, ordered to defend Provence and Dauphine, then threatened by foreign troops. He counteracted their plans, by acting on the offensive, and by taking possession of Savoy. In 1789, the Parisian noblesse had nominated him their deputy to the States General, and he was one of the forty members of his order who first joined the *tiers-etat*. In 1795, he presented a memorial, justifying his conduct, and demanding a trial, when his recall was pronounced, and his name struck off the list of emigrants. He returned to Paris, where he died in December, 1798. Besides his reports on the finances, and the memorial we have just mentioned, he was the author of a work, *Sur le Gouvernement des*

to Geneva, enjoyed high esteem throughout all Switzerland, and possessed very great influence. This made me think of writing to M. de Montesquiou. I described to him the situation of my unfortunate pupils, and asked him if Mademoiselle d'Orleans could not be received at Bremgarten, that is, in a convent a short distance from that little town. I had not the least acquaintance with M. de Montesquiou, for though I had sometimes seen him in company, I never had had the least connexion with him. At any rate, the favour I asked was not for myself, but for Mademoiselle d'Orleans; and I felt assured, that wherever party spirit did not master the judgment, nobody would fail to embrace every opportunity of doing a service to a child, in all respects so interesting. My confidence was not disappointed. M. de Montesquiou sent me an answer in the politest and most obliging terms, and took upon himself to get Mademoiselle d'Orleans, my niece, and me, received into the convent of St. Claire, at Bremgarten.* The Duke of Chartres resolved to make

Finances de France; of another, entitled *Coup d'œil sur la Revolution Française,* and of several comedies, performed at private theatres. He was elected a member of the French Academy in 1784.—(*Editor.*)

* The convent is in the country immediately adjoining the town.—(*Note by the Author.*)

a pedestrian journey through Switzerland, which he performed, and was every where taken for a German. How often, since my misfortunes, have I congratulated myself on the education I gave him, on having made him learn from his childhood all the principal modern languages, on having accustomed him to serve himself, without assistance, to despise every kind of effeminacy, to sleep habitually on a wooden bed, merely covered with a straw mat; to face the sun, cold, and rain; to habituate himself to fatigue, by daily practising violent exercises, and by going five or six leagues with leaden soles, in his usual walks; and lastly, on having taught him many branches of knowledge, and on having inspired him with a taste for travelling! All that he was indebted for to the chance of birth and fortune, he had lost; and nothing now remained to him but what he held from nature and from me . . . . .

When we were about to leave Zug, my pupils had to pay all their little bills, and found their money insufficient; but, fortunately, I had enough to satisfy all demands, and to take upon me to pay a year's board for Mademoiselle d'Orleans in the convent, besides my own, and my niece's; and this I performed for the first six months. When that time had elapsed, Mademoiselle received

some money from Italy, from her uncle, the Duke of Modena. The evening before our departure, an atrocious piece of villainy gave me one of the strongest alarms I ever felt in my life. Our little dwelling was situated in a large meadow, at the bottom of which was the high road, with the lake beyond it; all our windows looked into the meadow, and had no shutters. Mademoiselle d'Orleans remained in the *salon* on the ground floor, every evening, till a quarter to eleven, and sat doing some needle-work, while conversation was going on; and as her eyes had been rather affected since she had the meazles, she had always a large bonnet on her head, to keep the light off. On the 26th of June, the evening before our departure, I was sitting at a quarter past ten in my own room, immediately over the parlour; the Duke of Chartres, as usual, had gone to bed, as well as the only servant in the house; when Mademoiselle had, fortunately, something to say to me, rose from her seat, left the candle on the table, took off her bonnet, hung it on the back of the chair, and came up to me along with my niece. I was writing at a table likewise placed beside the window, and rose when I saw her come in; I sat down in an arm-chair, between the two windows, and took her on my lap; but scarcely

had we sat down before we heard a very loud noise produced by a large stone, thrown at the parlour window; in half a minute more, several other stones were thrown at the window I had just left, and broke the windows with such a crash that it awakened the Duke of Chartres, who jumped from his bed, laid hold of a stick, (which is a powerful weapon in his hands,) and ran to the door, calling for the servant, who also got up. They ran out of the house after the murderous ruffians, (for surely those who committed such an action deserve the name,) but the villains made all haste off. The duke thought, by the noise they made in running off, that they were not more than two or three in number. We went down to the parlour, and saw that the first stone had been thrown at the place usually occupied by Mademoiselle, and at the bonnet which, as I have already said, she had hung on the chair back, for the villains had taken the bonnet for her head, which was natural enough at the distance they were at. They had taken their aim with great precision, for the pane of glass opposite to the bonnet was broken, the bonnet thrown down, and the stone, which was as large as one's fist, had gone straight forward to the other end of the room, and had broken a piece of earthenware belonging to the stove. I picked up

the stone, and returned my sincere thanks to heaven for not having permitted the innocent child they were about to murder to remain one minute longer in her place, which she would not ordinarily have left till half an hour afterwards. I carefully preserved the stone, and got it polished and cut into the shape of a medallion, with these words engraved on it, *Innocence—Providence.* Two sets of harness belonging to the Duke of Chartres were the same night not stolen, but cut in pieces. We made a legal deposition of these occurrences, concerning which I shall offer no conjectures; but I may assert, that we were particularly beloved at Zug, and that when we went out daily to walk in the fields or to go to church, often going through the town on foot, we not only never received the slightest insult, but the people always displayed to every one of us the utmost kindness and goodwill. The day after this event took place, we set out at ten in the morning; we passed through the town, and saw on every face the expression of interest in our fortunes, and regret at seeing our departure.

M. de Montesquiou obtained our reception into the convent of Saint Claire, but recommended us to conceal carefully who we were; and told us, that he had told the secret only to two of his

friends, the one a magistrate at Bremgarten, the other at Zurich. To the prioress of the convent he had said that we were an Irish family, whom the war, and the fear of privateers, had prevented from returning to their country. He had fixed upon other fictitious names for us, and informed me on my arrival, that my name was Madame Lenox, the aunt of Mesdemoiselles Stuarts, my sister's daughters, whom she had left to my care at her death. Under these names we entered the convent; the Duke of Chartres left us, and travelled through Switzerland, and then, in a fictitious name, entered the college of the Grisons as professor of mathematics. He remained there more than a year to my certain knowledge; and he was still there when I left Switzerland, for he had been unable to go to America: in fact, it was the best measure he could adopt; and was worthy of him, for no other could be more honourable to his character and his education.*

* No man, more than the Duke of Chartres, has preserved by firm and prudent demeanour the respect due to his unparalleled misfortunes, and the dignity of his illustrious birth. Men, who in the flourishing state of his illustrious house would have bent before him, dared to treat him arrogantly. He was scarcely more than twenty years of age: in more than one military action he had shown the most impetuous and distinguished gallantry; yet, at the age

As Mademoiselle d'Orleans was indebted to M. de Montesquiu for the asylum she had found at last, she received his visits on our first arrival; but in the course of two or three months she fell ill of an epidemic dysentery, which every one in the convent had but myself. I sat up with her five nights, and spent all the day in her chamber; she was ill more than two months, and gave me great anxiety. On account of her illness she could not receive M. de Montesquiou: then came a horrid catastrophe* of which I was informed on the 9th of November, 1793; and I became unable to receive him, or any one with whom I had not the most intimate acquaintance. I was ill

when reason scarcely begins to allay the heat of youthful blood, his firmness and constancy were unalterable. He calmly suffered the severity of his lot and the injustice of men without complaint, without even seeming to be astonished. Under a most inclement sky, and amidst the snows of winter, he rose every morning at four o'clock, to give lessons in the higher branches of geometry, in the college of the Grisons, at Coire, where he had been nominated professor, under the name of Corby. That name belonged to a shopkeeper in the Palais Royal; it recalled his absent country to his mind, and the palace of his ancestors. During fifteen months, the duke did not once fail in fulfilling his duties with scrupulous punctuality and care; nor once, during his long exile, cease to render his misfortunes honourable, by the noblest resignation.—(*Editor.*)

* The death of M. de Genlis.—(*Note by the Author.*)

myself, for the first time since my exile. . . . . During the illness of Mademoiselle d'Orleans, as we received no news from her mother, (who was at Vernon, in full liberty,) I thought fit to get her to write to her uncle, the Duke of Modena. She described her situation, and asked him for an asylum within his territories; not at his court, but in a convent: she added, that I would take her to whatever place he should point out, and that, if necessary, I would cross Mount St. Gothard. The Duke of Modena answered, that *political* reasons prevented him receiving Mademoiselle d'Orleans. He sent his niece 180 Louis, that was all she got from him, and there ended their correspondence.

We had received no company at our convent but M. de Montesquiou, and his friend M. Honeggre, a magistrate of Bremgarten, who came, however, very seldom to see us, as did M. de Montesquiou; so that the last nine months we resided here were spent in absolute solitude, interrupted only by visits from my nephew, my dear Cæsar du Crest, who though yet in very early youth, had given numberless proofs of courage and presence of mind. I was justly proud at having formed such a pupil, who joined to the most distinguished bravery an excellent heart and

lofty talents. He had joined us at Bremgarten, after making a pedestrian journey through the whole of Switzerland; but as he was in absolute want of money, I was very happy in being able to retain him beside us by paying the trifling amount of his expenses, which he restricted to what was absolutely necessary with as much readiness and gaiety as economy. He came to see us every day, and in the evening went to a café frequented by *the politicians* of the place, whose discussions he was wont to relate to us in the most ludicrous style. We were never weary with admiration of the evenness of his temper, and his charming gaiety. He brought us charming landscapes in water colours drawn by himself, representing the country round Bremgarten. He played exceedingly well on the piano, and as I had hired one, he practised on it for an hour every day. From his father he derived great talents in accounts, which he brought to perfection by constant practice.

Amidst anxious cares of every kind, I had the consolation of restoring, by unwearied attention, the impaired health of Mademoiselle d'Orleans. I knew her constitution so well, and had so carefully studied whatever was proper or hurtful to her, that in all her illnesses, I have always been of

more service to her than a physician; and one of my greatest sorrows in leaving her was the thought that no one could take care of her like me. I had concealed from her the death of her unfortunate father. As she was not so precocious as the greater part of young ladies, she was always on the eve of a dangerous crisis, which a powerful emotion might have rendered mortal; I knew her great sensibility, and her affection for a father by whom she was so beloved; hence I took every precaution to prevent her learning that horrible event; and this was not difficult, as we received no company, and were constantly together. Even before this period, I had desired her not to read the newspapers, as I told her (which was the fact) that they were full of impiety and gross insults upon good morals. After this notice, I felt assured that she would never be tempted to read them; but I dressed her in mourning, telling her that it was for the unfortunate queen of France; and this she would have always worn, had it not been her duty to put on another more interesting to her feelings. Knowing that constant and varied occupation is much more powerful than amusement in dispelling sorrow and anxiety, I did not allow her to be idle for a single moment in the day. Three times a-day she walked in the garden,

and ran round it several times, a practice I had accustomed her to from infancy. She heard mass daily, and on Sundays of her own free-will she remained at least two hours and a half at church; during one hour she wrote letters, sometimes to her brother or Lady Fitzgerald, and sometimes letters of fancy.* We had no books, but I had a great many extracts, and we read some of them every day: during three hours she painted, played for about the same time on the harp, and as I had a piano, I gave her lessons on it, so that she was able in a few months to play airs and variations, which procured her a new source of amusement: in the evening she employed herself in sewing, spinning, embroidering, or working tapestry. She was naturally exceedingly gay, but she had abso-

* She took a fancy to write regular letters to her mother, father, and younger brothers, and when she could not send the letters, she collected them together, in the hope of giving them at some future time to the individuals for whom they were intended; she continued to do so till her father's death, and even wrote him several times after that event. For fear of rousing her suspicions I dared not prevent her, and it may easily be imagined how much I suffered when she brought me these letters to correct. Lastly, I told her that to vary her style, it was necessary to write on all kinds of subjects, which I would furnish her with, and I gave her my reasons so as to dispel any anxiety. I took care to give her fresh subjects of composition every day, which required all her time.—*(Note by the Author.)*

lutely lost this gift of nature, though her disposition had been altered without becoming peevish, and her melancholy was so sweet, that it was less allied to sadness than the developement of excessive sensibility. I can truly say that a complaint or murmur never escaped her lips; when she is sorrowful she weeps in silence, and with greater zeal addresses her supplications to heaven. She never regretted the high fortune and splendid luxury by which she was surrounded, nor seemed even surprised at the change that had taken place in all the common circumstances of our situation; in fact, one might have thought on beholding her that she had never lived elsewhere than in a little cell, that she had never enjoyed a plentiful table of her own, and so it was with every thing else. Her piety, which is truly heavenly, gives her that Christian philosophy which consists in patience, courage, resignation, and a sincere contempt for pomp and grandeur. I may add, that without religion Mademoiselle d'Orleans never could have borne her misfortunes; she found in the gospel all the consolations necessary in her situation, and no where else are they to be found; and most assuredly she never could have found any in the pages of Seneca and Epictetus. Her mildness is unalterable, though her feeling heart is firm and

undaunted. Numberless times has she told me that she could not conceive *how those who were in misfortune and did not enjoy the consolations of religion, did not, poison themselves.* She was so struck with this idea, that she mentioned it twice in the letters she wrote me after our separation. Our time passed along heavily, but without ennui. We were most tenderly loved in the convent by all the nuns, who were truly heavenly in their demeanour. During our seclusion here, I remarked several customs which I have described in my journal; those that have struck us most were the following: At all the weddings that took place in this catholic canton, the bride wore a small bunch of silver and gold flowers on her head, which she was to keep ever after. The day of the wedding a woman was hired, who had the privilege of being always beside the bride; she was called the *femme jaune,* and held a fine cambric handkerchief in her hand, with which she occasionally wiped the bride's eyes, as if to wipe away the tears she was supposed to shed on leaving her mother and her family. The following are other customs which I should like to see introduced into France, as they would be delightful to children:—on St. Nicholas' day, on getting up, they all find little presents put in their shoes, which generally makes them waken

before day-light. Another custom on that day is still prettier. They are all put into a small garden, in which all kinds of playthings and presents are hid amongst the flowers and fruits, and a part is also put on the top of the trees for the boys. We have seen this amusement take place in a large garden, and the crowds of children assembled formed one of the most animating and pleasing sights one could possibly behold. In my peaceful retreat I should have been as happy as any one could be in my situation, had it not been for the malicious tricks and persecutions raised against me by private enemies. It was not difficult to oppress me in a country where I had no protection, and where I knew no one. I had one friend in Switzerland, who shall always be dear to my heart, and who has been constantly serviceable to me; but she was at Lausanne, fifty leagues from Bremgarten, and at that distance could neither prevent the troubles I was involved in, nor even know of their existence.* Some people were very anxious to make me leave Switzerland, but either they did not venture to solicit it, or could not obtain the order for sending me off. However, they

* That friend is a justly celebrated lady, the Baronnè de Montolieu.—(*Note by the Author.*)

let me know through a person who came to my house on purpose, (under the pretence of giving me information,) that I should do well to seek another asylum, as they were *certain* that the government would force me to do so at last. I replied that I would act so as not to merit such treatment, and not to be humiliated, if such a strange occurrence did take place; that I had no particular liking for Switzerland, but was fond of our monastery; that Mademoiselle d'Orleans could not be in a more decent and suitable retreat; that I was bound to her fortunes, and as long as I could be useful to her, should remain in this secluded spot. They told me, that *I ran great risk;* and when they saw that I felt no alarm, they pretended to speak *confidentially* to my niece, and in a much more positive and threatening manner. She knew as well as I did the source of all these petty intrigues; but without putting any faith in them, we remained, and I never heard a word more about the pretended order. Mademoiselle and my niece were witnesses of all I suffered, and of the unalterable patience, (as I may justly call it,) with which I supported unparalleled conduct and injustice of every kind. I gave them all my letters to read, those I wrote myself, and those I received, and I found a pleasing consolation in the

warmth of their gratitude, and the sincerity of their affectionate friendship. But, if the ill-will and ingratitude of some persons have sometimes afflicted me, I have received ample compensation by the constant friendship of others, who are very dear to my heart. The conduct of Lady Fitzgerald did not surprise me, for I knew her heavenly soul, and nothing could increase the high opinion I entertained of her; but her husband displayed towards Mademoiselle d'Orleans, my niece and me, all the affectionate behaviour that could be shown towards a beloved mother and affectionate sisters. We had accepted none of her generous offers, but the recollection of them will never be effaced from my mind; yet this conduct had been dictated by her affection, when she thought us a thousand times more fortunate than we were in reality, for she never knew of our miserable situation. How much more did this render her conduct affecting in our eyes? It shows me to what a pitch the active affection of Pamela can go in favour of the friends of her childhood and for me.

Let me here be allowed to mention honourably the names of the persons who, since my misfortunes, have shown me every proof of the sincerest friendship: Mr. Sheridan, who wrote me after my escape; Prince Talleyrand, Mr. Hayley, Mr.

Howard, (now Duke of Norfolk,) Mr. Hervey, (now Lord Bristol,) Lord William Gordon, Sir Charles Bunbury, Sir —— Hume, Mr. Davis, Dr. Warner; in Germany, M. Hoze, the physician, M. Conrad, of Bremgarten, Messrs. Lombard, Mayet, Parandier, Poulh and Texier, Professor Uncer; Lady Londonderry, Lady Hume, the Duchess of Devonshire, Miss Wilkes, and Miss Ferguson; in Germany, Cordelie de Vedercop, Madame Boquet, Madame Cohen, the Countess de la Lippe, and Mademoiselle Itzig. To this list of friends I ought to add my grateful homage to a kind and gracious prince, who condescended to show me, while in my cottage, every possible proof of goodwill—I mean His Highness the Prince of Hesse, brother-in law of the King of Denmark, who was then viceroy of Norway, and governor of Holstein.

In this nomenclature I have not mentioned the French friends whom I found again at Paris in my return, nor the new friends I acquired afterwards; but, gratitude compels me not to omit the name of one whom I did not know till six or seven years after my return—I mean M. Morand, a notary public at Paris, who is as eminent for his talents and the dignity of his mind as for his high and well-merited reputation, and his distinguished ability in business. His conduct towards me has

been of the noblest and most delicate kind, and this feeble tribute of gratitude can give him but a very imperfect idea of the strong regard in which I shall hold him to the end of my life.

Let us return to Bremgarten. In the month of December, we were really about to leave Switzerland in consequence of an affair with which we had personally nothing to do. There arose in the town of Bremgarten a violent dispute between the principal inhabitants, who formed the council; two parties were formed, the one friendly and the other hostile to M. de Montesquiou; the hostile party gained the superiority, and through ill-will to the partisans of M. de Montesquiou, obtained an order from the council that all the French in Bremgarten should leave the place. M. de Montesquiou was thus included in the order, which was in fact only given for the purpose of getting rid of him, to harass what his enemies called his party; but the worst of all this was, that the misfortune fell upon us, for every one knew who we were for the last two or three months, and as the lower classes had decidedly embraced the hostile party, we received notice on the 23d of December that we must prepare to set out in two days' time, and that we could not possibly obtain a longer delay. Our uneasiness and embarrassment were at first very

great, for we had no carriage, very little money, and were in the middle of winter; and we knew not what to do, or where to go, without servants, without passports, without recommendations, without friends! We spent a whole day in packing our trunks and in forming plans of operation; and the best thing I could imagine was to leave our trunks with the prioress of the convent, to disguise ourselves as peasants when we got a few leagues from Bremgarten, and to go either on foot or in waggons to the canton of Schwitz to board ourselves at a farm-house. My young friends were so much pleased with the idea, that they almost regretted we had not an opportunity of seeing it realized. Happy period of life! when a few uncommon or romantic incidents can afford consolation for the most afflicting misfortunes, when these misfortunes do not involve the affections of the heart. I have often thought that if I had had persons of my own age as my associates in misfortune, I should have been much more dejected and much more to be pitied; but I could be melancholy at our situation only when I saw them afflicted, and they never were so but from causes that did honour to their feelings; as to every thing else, I constantly remarked that the most disagreeable things had in their eyes some charm of

novelty or singularity that afforded them amusement; and so far was I from endeavouring to make them abandon this fortunate childishness of feeling, which produces all the effects of sublime philosophy, that I pretended to feel it myself; or to express myself more correctly, I derived so much consolation from it, that I often joined sincerely in the same feeling.

However, the very day that our sentence of banishment was pronounced, M. de Montesquiou went to Zurich, which is only three leagues from Bremgarten, and is the seat of government. He defended the cause of the French refugees, and speedily obtained a revocation of the order, so that our alarm was the only misfortune we suffered, and we discovered by means of this incident how much we were beloved in the convent. There the news of our departure spread terror and consternation, and all the worthy nuns gave us the most affecting testimonies of their affection and sensibility. It was not till two months after this event that we learned that the Princess of Conti, aunt of Mademoiselle d'Orleans, was residing in Switzerland, at Friburgh, for I thought she was in Italy with her brother, the Duke of Modena; but I thought it so surprising, that she should reside in the same country and not be desirous of taking her niece

out of the hands of a stranger, that I could not believe the first information I obtained on the subject. Hence I wrote to Friburgh to obtain information, and learned that such was really the case. Since we saw no company and lived perfectly secluded, it was quite natural that we should know nothing of the residence of the Princess of Conti in Switzerland, but she must have known that Mademoiselle d'Orleans was at Bremgarten along with me, for all the newspapers had reported the fact, and commented on it times without number. From this I drew the conclusion that she thought Mademoiselle could no where be better than with me, and I was highly pleased in thinking so; but had it not been for the great affection which I bore to Mademoiselle, I would never have spent a whole year in a place where I was so abominably persecuted, and where no resources could be expected; for my support I found it absolutely necessary to go nearer to a printing office, and though I could remain a few months longer at Bremgarten, still I must have left it at that period to get my work printed, as I would not send the manuscript to a printer. Though I was determined never to leave my dear and interesting pupil so long as I could be useful to her, I at the same time felt that I could not leave Switzerland clan-

destinely along with her, when she had an aunt there, though that aunt seemed to have forgotten her; I saw, therefore, that it was the duty of Mademoiselle d'Orleans to take the same step with the Princess of Conti as she had fruitlessly taken with the Duke of Modena. This I told her, and the tears fell bitterly from her eyes! . . . But always docile to the voice of reason, and knowing too well that the grand duty of life is only a continual sacrifice of our secret wishes and dearest affections, she resolved on writing a letter to ask permission to leave me. She gave me a copy of her letter to the princess, which I here transcribe from her own hand-writing.

LETTER OF MADEMOISELLE D'ORLEANS TO THE PRINCESS OF CONTI.

"MY DEAR AUNT,

"I have now been eleven months in Switzerland, and ten in a convent. At my arrival, I knew not that my aunt was in the country; I wrote to my mother, who was then at liberty, to ask for her orders; I sent four letters to her by my servants whom I was sending back to France; besides this, I have several times written to her by persons I could depend on; but not one of her

answers has ever reached me, though I have been anxiously looking for one for more than four months; at last I lost all hope, and applied to the Duke of Modena, as the only person of our family who could afford me an asylum; it was immediately after this step, five months ago, that I learned that my dear aunt was in Switzerland. Till that time I had been ignorant of it, for I lived totally secluded. The Duke of Modena was unable to receive me. When his answer came I was dangerously ill from the effects of the meazles I had had, and from an attack of languor, from which I am not yet perfectly recovered, and my illness was the cause that I had not the honour of writing to my aunt immediately. Six weeks afterwards, I requested M. Honeggre, a magistrate of this place, to be so good as to get my letter sent safe l to Friburgh, as I did not wish to send it by post, because I imagined that my aunt was not known under her own name, and I knew not the one she had taken. M. Honeggre would have nothing whatever to do with the letter, without giving me any reason for his refusal. I was busy in finding out some other person to do me the favour. M. Hoze, a celebrated physician, passed through this place two months ago, when I consulted him on my health, and likewise asked him if he knew

any person at Friburgh to whom he could send a letter to be delivered to my aunt. He told me that he knew no one there, but that he would endeavour to do so, and would take charge of my letter. These are the causes, my dear aunt, why the step I am now taking the liberty to take has been so long deferred. I left France in 1791, spent a year and a half in England, when my father recalled me, on account of the law concerning the emigrants, and I set out on my return in November, 1792. When I reached Paris, my governess, Madame de Genlis, delivered me up to my father, and resigned her place; but the very day after our arrival, a law was passed declaring us emigrants, and we found it necessary to set out again immediately. Madame de Genlis wished to return to England, and my father would not allow me to go back thither. He requested her to take me to Belgium, (which was not then united to France,) and told her that I had no one to take me thither, as every one was afraid of being put on the list of emigrants, and I could not even find a waiting-maid. My father added, that he asked her only to go to Tournay, and to remain with me there three or four weeks, for that, in the interval he should seek, through the family of M. Valkiers, for a person at Brussels to go to Tournay in her

place. On these conditions Madame de Genlis consented to take me, but would merely accompany me as a friend, and remain only till the person came to take her place. After spending two days in Paris, we left France in the month of November 1792. When we reached Tournay, Madame de Genlis made every thing ready for her departure for England. A month after our arrival, she gave Pamela, a young lady she had brought up, in marriage to Lord Edward Fitzgerald, who both set out for England immediately afterwards. As the person my father promised to send had not arrived, Madame de Genlis did not depart along with them; but she wrote continual letters to hasten that person's arrival, and was always told in reply, that she would be with us in eight or ten days. Still she came not, the king's death happened, and war was declared. I was very seriously ill at the time, and had a relapse three weeks afterwards. In the state I was in, Madame de Genlis would not abandon me. Finally, Belgium was retaken, and General Dumouriez arrived at Tournay; we had no acquaintance with him, but he pitied our situation. We could not remain at Tournay, as the Austrians were about to enter it; and could not return to France, as a law forbade us to do so, upon pain of death; M. Dumou-

riez offered us an asylum in his camp. We set out with his army, and stopped in the town of Saint Amand, while he remained at the mineral springs, a quarter of a league distant. A revolt broke out next day, when Madame de Genlis wished to set out immediately, and to travel to Mons as an English lady, then traverse Germany and enter Switzerland; but as she foresaw many dangers on her way, she told my eldest brother, that, as she had not been my governess for the last four months and a half, she would not take charge of me. My brother presssed her in vain to take me with her; she absolutely refused; but at the moment she was entering the carriage, my brother carried me to her, and I was in a most shocking state: she could not resist my tears, and my brother's entreaties; she took me into the carriage, and we instantly set out. All this was so unforeseen, that not one of my trunks was put into the carriage; I took with me only what I had on; my jewels and every thing belonging to me I left behind me, with the exception of my watch, and every thing was irrecoverably lost, as the camp had revolted. After encountering very imminent dangers, we reached the Austrian advanced posts through bye-paths, and represented ourselves as English ladies. The Baron de Vounianski believed us, and gave us passports, along with an

escort to conduct us to Mons. I can truly assert, that Madame de Genlis saved my life by consenting to take me with her, for my brother was obliged to remain in the camp three or four days after our departure, and could only escape from it on horseback and by fighting his way; while I had the measles the very day of my departure, and was detained by it ten days at an inn in Mons, where we had no intention of stopping at all. The Austrians recognised us, but offered me an asylum, which I did not accept, lest my staying in the country might increase the dangers of my parents. Though still very unwell, I set out on the tenth day after being attacked by the measles, and arrived in Switzerland; where I have had several fits of illness from the effects of my former complaint, and where I have taken all the steps I have just mentioned to my aunt. It will undoubtedly be very painful to me to leave a person whom I have never left since I was in my cradle, who has taught me all that I know, who has sacrificed every thing to me, and who, for the last seventeen months particularly, has rendered me every species of care and services, to which I owe my life; but for the last three years, since the period when she gave in her first resignation, I have always seen her on the eve of leaving me, so that I have unfortunately been for a long

time prepared for this separation. She has carefully cultivated in my mind the feelings, respect, and affection I owe to the dear authors of my existence, and the attachment I owe to my family. It is, therefore, most sincerely, and with the strong desire of obtaining this favour, that I take the liberty, my dear aunt, of earnestly requesting you to receive your unfortunate niece. My age is only sixteen years and six months; I have been out of France for two years and a half; I have neither sufficient experience nor sufficient knowledge to form any opinion on public affairs; not only have I never heard any conversation on the subject, but for two years past I have not been allowed to read the newspapers; all I know of them is, that they are so full of cruel and impious deeds, that a young lady cannot possibly read them. Nothing I have ever heard could change the principles of religion and humanity that were inculcated in my mind from my childhood. If my aunt deigns to receive me, and to give me the most valuable and most honourable asylum I can now enjoy, she will find in me all the submission, love, and respect of the most affectionate daughter. At any rate, I am sure, that, in placing myself in your care, I shall follow my mother's wishes, and for her safety it is doubtless

better that this should be done after she was deprived of freedom, for, had I gone immediately to you while she was yet free, it might have been said in France that I acted by her orders, which, of course, would necessarily require a regular correspondence, and that would have been held to be a crime. Unfortunately, such is not now the case, for she has not been at liberty for several months, and I have been nearly a year in Switzerland. I entreat my dear aunt to have the goodness to reflect, that if she does not deign to give me an asylum, and Madame de Genlis leaves me, I shall not know what to do, for without her I cannot remain in the convent where I now am. Besides the air of the place being unfavourable to me, the convent has no large garden; the apartments are wretched, and I know that I could not survive my misery, if I remained in it with a stranger. My eldest brother is but twenty, and cannot act as my guide and guardian, both on account of his age and the circumstances he is placed in; and even if he could, as it is thought he might, come in a few months hence to reside with M. de Montesquiou, I could not reside in the same house with him, as M. de Montesquiou has a great many other young men with him who are unmarried. Besides, I confess that Bremgarten, where I have

been exposed to so many misfortunes, would even now be hateful in my eyes, if I were not along with her who brought me up from infancy, and would become utterly odious to me at her departure. I take the liberty of mentioning these particulars, that my aunt may be perfectly acquainted with my situation; in regard to every thing else, I wish only to obey her will. I ask her to give me her orders, which I shall faithfully execute, whatever they may be. I earnestly request her to have the goodness to give me them speedily, as Madame de Genlis will, in all likelihood be soon forced to take a journey on her own private business. I hope that my dear aunt will have the goodness to excuse this long letter, and to receive kindly the assurance of the respect and attachment of her unfortunate niece.

"ADELE D'ORLEANS.

"*Bremgarten, 3d April*, 1794."

In about eight or ten days, the Princess of Conti answered Mademoiselle d'Orleans, in a very kind and affectionate letter, stating, that she would receive her, but could not do so before a month. This month passed very dully: it was in vain that Mademoiselle d'Orleans tried to conceal her tears and affliction from me; her heart, which partook

of my griefs, only saw its extent too well; she could neither eat nor sleep; and though always busy, she was continually crying in secret; her situation deeply affected me, and I restrained myself little more than she did. I had become attached to the convent of Bremgarten; we were serviceable to it, for my niece with all her charming accomplishments, was practically acquainted with all the details of housekeeping, and successfully taught cookery to five of the nuns, who were enabled by means of her lessons to make seven or eight kinds of *ragoût*, and all sorts of side dishes. Besides this, we had taught them to work at a great many little arts, and I had myself become absolutely necessary to a young boarder of the convent, who was as interesting as she was unfortunate. Her name was Antonia; she was about nineteen years of age, and was of a most charming appearance. Some months before this, she had been on the eve of forming an advantageous marriage, with the consent of her relations, and from the choice of her heart, when she was abandoned by her lover in the most cruel manner; and from this cause lost her reason. She was attacked with fits of furious madness, which occurred generally twice a week, and in the intervals, was in full possession of her senses and of her ordinary

disposition, which was exceedingly mild. I had met her in the garden, where her fine person, and the accounts I heard from the nuns concerning her, had given me great interest in her situation. She was passionately fond of music, and when we played on the harp, she was wont to come to the passage, to listen at the door of our room; this made us feel for her, and when Mademoiselle d'Orleans asked me for leave to let her come in, I agreed; for the nuns assured me that she always knew beforehand when a fit would attack her, and gave notice of it; and when she was not in her own room at the time, always returned to it immediately. She thus came to hear us perform, and as we received her only on the day after a fit, she never felt any of the symptoms of one while with us. We entered into conversation one day after our music was over: when she saw me take out of my pocket a smelling bottle I was in the habit of using pretty frequently; she wanted to smell it also, and was so delighted with the perfume, that, in spite of her customary reserve, she asked me to give it her; I hesitated for a moment, for a singular idea had just occurred to my mind: "My dear Antonia," said I to her at length, "you ask me to make a very great sacrifice, and I cannot do any more than lend it to

you, for I must confess to you that I am also subject to this terrible complaint with which you are afflicted, and this scent is a certain remedy for it; for as soon as I feel the first symptoms of its approach, I smell this essence, and am instantly safe from every attack." Antonia, on hearing this, threw herself at my feet in tears, and with clasped hands, entreated me to lend her this precious *specific*. I omit all the conversation we had, in which I resisted her desire of obtaining this miraculous perfume till it became absolutely irresistible: I then yielded, and after a moment's apparent recollection said, I thought I could obtain another perfume of the same kind. Never was a strange fancy of more advantage, for the moment Antonia felt the approach of a fit, she hastened to smell the essence, and the imagined security she felt enabled her to maintain her perfect senses. In this way six weeks and three days elapsed, without the slightest appearance of a fit, and during the ten months she had been in the convent, not only had she never been seen so, but it had been observed that the fits for the last three months had been more frequent than formerly. The inmates of the convent thought her perfectly cured, but she had a slight attack after this, which afflicted her exceedingly, when I consoled

her by declaring that the sole cause of it arose from the essence having lost its virtue, but that I would obtain her another bottle, which would completely accomplish her cure. I was now obliged to depart, and involuntarily to leave for ever poor Antonia, who was heart broken on bidding me adieu. To calm her fancy, I pointed out two or three essences to her that might, I said, supply the place of the one I had given up to her. I felt assured, from this incident, that it might be very possible to cure madness that occurs in fits, by gradually soothing the fancy by the panacea of hope; for it is surely the beginning of a cure, to make the interval between the fits longer. I offer this fact to the reflection of those, who, infinitely more learned than I am, have already treated with success this horrible complaint.

A few days before the departure of Mademoiselle d'Orleans, such a strange adventure happened to us, that I cannot omit mentioning it here. At eleven o'clock one night, every one had gone to bed but myself, when I suddenly heard a knock at the convent gate, a surprising thing at such an hour: I heard a great noise of people moving backward and forward in the house; the nuns rose, whose duty it was to watch the gate; and when the noise got louder and louder, I went

into a passage to listen, recognised the voice of the prioress, who had risen in great haste, and hurried past the end of the passage on her way to the parlour. I called to a lay sister who was accompanying the prioress, but she said she knew nothing about the matter, except that two men had come to speak instantly to the prioress. I requested the nun to learn what was the matter, and come and let me know. I then went back to my room, convinced in my own mind, without being able to tell why, that this interview was somehow connected with us. The interview of the strangers with the prioress was long, but I heard her return to her apartment in about an hour's time, the gates of the convent were opened and shut again, and still no nun returned. After waiting for her some time, I thought fit to go to her cell, where she had gone to bed, and seemed much disconcerted at seeing me. I again asked her what had occurred, when she replied with great embarrassment, that she had not been able to learn. I saw plainly, that she was deceiving me, and went down to the prioress, whom I found in bed: she told me a long story that was destitute of common sense; and I could feel no doubt in my own mind, that a suspicion I had myself scouted as extravagant a short time before, was

perfectly well founded. I returned to my room, where anxiety prevented me sleeping the greater part of the night. Next morning, Mademoiselle d Orleans and my niece came into my room to tell me they had just received notice that we were prisoners, that is, could not leave the house. I asked an explanation of this strange news, when they told me that they had felt an inclination to go and take a walk in the fields with a lay sister, when they were told that that was *impossible;* and on asking the reason, the nuns told them that they had strict orders not to let us leave the convent till *further orders.** "How so!" cried I, "and who gave this order?"—"The chief magistrates of the town."—"By what right?"—"We know no more than you."—"At whose instigation?"—"At the request of M. Diffenthaller."—"And in whose name does he act?"—"In the name of the Duke of Bourbon."—"And the motive?"—"Because," said Mademoiselle d'Orleans, "M. Diffenthaller pretends that you have formed a plan of *carrying me off* in a few days, and of taking me out of Switzerland; he says he has received orders from the Duke of Bourbon to prevent you doing

* In general, we never walked any where but in the garden, and had not been more than five or six times in the fields in the course of a whole year.—*(Note by the Author.)*

so; and from the account he has given, he has obtained the *order* to detain us here, and if by accident we escape by a back door, he has taken care that we shall be stopped and brought back, by placing guards all round the house: at any rate, that is what a man called the *grand sceautier* (Chancellor to the Council,) came last night to tell the prioress, who was unwilling to tell you at the time, lest it might prevent you sleeping." My surprise at this account may be easily imagined; I thought I was still asleep and in the mazes of a dream. I ought to mention that this M. Diffenthaller was a Swiss or German officer, who called himself much attached to the emigrant princes, and had come to spend a fortnight in an inn at Bremgarten; from that place he had sent a letter by some secret channel to Mademoiselle d'Orleans a few days before our detainment, and asked her to grant him an audience in the parlour without my knowledge. Mademoiselle showed me the letter, and as he said he had extraordinary news to communicate, I advised her to hear him: and she received him accordingly in the presence of a nun who did not understand French. Mademoiselle d'Orleans began the conversation by saying she had shown me his letter; but this did not hinder him from saying a

great deal of ill of me, while he spoke highly of the Prince of Condé and the other emigrant princes —these were all the extraordinary things he had to communicate. Mademoiselle received him with the openness, dignity, and sound judgment that distinguish her, and left him little satisfied with his visit, and this was the result of it. I fancied that the slightest appeal to the magistrates would have been sufficient to recall this unjust and arbitrary order, for the emigrant princes had no right over Mademoiselle d'Orleans, and if they had, M. Diffenthaller had shown neither letters nor authority from them; and after all, if he had had letters to show, who was to prove their signature? Could they, without inquiry or investigation, all at once declare three women prisoners, three foreigners who had secluded themselves in a convent for more than a year, and who had conducted themselves, I venture to say it, in such an exemplary manner? What was then my astonishment, when we demanded to be set at liberty, to be told that it could not be done unless M. Diffenthaller desisted from the demand he had made, and agreed to the recall of the order he had obtained! I could not go to Zurrich to offer my complaints, for I could not leave the house; and as I knew no one here, I was obliged to suffer

patiently this unaccountable violence. Whilst I was reflecting on our situation, Mademoiselle d'Orleans received a letter from M. Diffenthaller, in which he very respectfully stated his motives, founded, as I have mentioned, on the fear he felt lest I should carry her off. It was in fact an indirect inquiry into her plans and my own; and was answered by the following letter from Mademoiselle d'Orleans :—

Bremgarten, May 7th, 1794.

"SIR,

"I am greatly astonished at all the questions you put to me, after the conversation I had with you on Saturday, for I told you plainly, that I had earnestly requested the Princess of Conti, more than a month since, to receive me, that she had had the goodness to consent, and that I was waiting for Madame de Pont to take me to Friburgh. My intentions are still the same. What you tell me, Sir, about what you call my *intimate friends* is exceedingly unjust; it is by my own inclination and the advice of the person who brought me up, that I formed the plan of placing myself under my aunt's protection. The delay that has occurred arises from the Princess of Conti. She sent me yesterday a letter written by

Madame de Pont, informing me that some private arrangements of the Princess would defer her arrival here for the moment. I have her letter, my aunt's, and copies of all my own; so that it will be very easy for me to prove the truth of the facts I have mentioned. After all, Sir, I do not acknowledge any right over me in any of my relations but my brother and aunt; I can gratefully receive their advice, and I cannot believe that they ever authorized you, Sir, to write to me in such an unbecoming manner, and to excite the violent proceedings that have been adopted through your means. I demand your immediate disavowal of the past, or shall carry elsewhere my loud complaints for your unjust violation of my personal rights; but I think, Sir, that one moment's reflection must convince you of the injustice of your proceedings, and that you will hasten to repair it as far as lies in your power.

"ADELE D'ORLEANS."

As this kind of persecution seems so strange as to appear improbable, I think it just to give the letters that verify the facts. I have those of M. Diffenthaller, signed by himself, and copies of those of Mademoiselle d'Orleans, in her own

hand-writing. The following is the reply of M. Diffenthaller to the letter we have just seen :—

"MADEMOISELLE,

"I shall never in my life feel consolation for having done any thing to displease your Royal Highness; and now take the liberty of entreating you to pardon expressions, which my ignorance of the French language may have caused to slip from me. Yet I do not think I have used any terms towards your Royal Highness that are *unbecoming*, but if I did not perceive all the force of the expressions I used, allow me to throw myself at your feet, to make my humble excuse. None can be further removed than I from taking the liberty to ask proofs of the facts you have had the goodness to mention to me, and I venture to entreat you to consider only the purity of my zeal for your august person. A time will perhaps come, and speedily I hope, when your Royal Highness will feel no doubts of the zeal that I am so bold as to show in your service, and of my implicit submission to your orders.

"I did not think I had merited from your Royal Highness the terrible word of *violence*. My orders bear that I am to watch over the safety of

your Royal Highness, and I had been told certain facts, which I can prove, that made me adopt such measures as would render of no effect whatever was done without your consent. This is all I have done, Mademoiselle; if you blame it, after this explanation, I shall submit to your will, which I entreat you to let me know. I fancied that the rights of the house of Condé or at least those of the Duke of Bourbon, were equal to those of the Princess of Conti. If I am in error, I have the honour to beg your pardon.

"Finally, I entreat your Royal Highness to do me the justice to believe that the vows I form for your perfect happiness are unbounded and eternal.

"I am, with the most profound respect,

"Mademoiselle,

"Your Royal Highness's

"Most humble and most obedient Servant,

"DE DIFFENTHALLER.

"*Bremgarten, 9th May*, 1794."

To this letter, which gave us the hope of recovering our liberty, Mademoiselle d'Orleans, returned the following answer:—

Bremgarten, 9th May, 1794."

"SIR,

"I am satisfied with your last letter, if, as you mention, you immediately get revoked the strange order you obtained. The Duke of Bourbon is not my uncle, for he is only my aunt's husband; and at any rate, I again say, Sir, that I am certain that he will highly disapprove of all that was done yesterday. I assure you that I shall remember nothing of all this business, except the zeal you profess, if you speedily repair the offensive measure you have adopted towards me.

"ADELE D'ORLEANS."

An hour after sending this note, she received the following answer:—

"MADEMOISELLE,

"I shall obey the orders of your Royal Highness. I see with the greatest satisfaction that you have considered only my zeal for your service, but am exceedingly sorry that you should regard my conduct as *offensive* to you personally. God is my witness that all my actions have had no other object than your safety in view, and that I have

never formed a thought of doing any thing that could be in the slightest degree disagreeable to you.

"I am,

"With the most profound respect, &c. &c."

In effect, when M. Diffenthaller saw that it was not *agreeable* to Mademoiselle d'Orleans to be confined to the house, he had the generosity to withdraw his demand from the council, and we were soon informed that we were free. A few days after this strange incident, the Countess de Pont-Saint-Maurice came, on the part of the Princess of Conti, to take Mademoiselle d'Orleans. I knew in the evening that she was to come the next morning, but concealed it from Mademoiselle, who thought she had a fortnight longer to stay with me. When she went to bed that night, I felt a cruel oppression of heart when I embraced her, for I was determined on sparing her the pain of a formal separation, and would, consequently, see her no more. I kept her more than half an hour in my lap, and never felt how truly I loved her so much as upon this occasion. . . . The next morning, the 11th of May, (a day that never will be effaced from my memory,) I rose, contrary to my usual custom, at seven o'clock, but did not

open the shutters, dressed myself quietly, and went down to meet Madame de Pont, who was waiting for me in the parlour. I told her all that I thought it necessary for her to know concerning Mademoiselle d'Orleans; she had been already informed, that her young charge was ignorant of her father's death; and I impressed on her mind the necessity of not letting her know of that event, till the sorrow caused by our separation should be somewhat lessened, and till she had passed the period so critical to young ladies. I gave her a very long memorial, addressed to the Princess of Conti, containing the fullest particulars of the disposition of Mademoiselle d'Orleans, her accomplishments, health, regimen, &c.; besides this, I added moral and religious exhortations for my young pupil, and as she had been very desirous of obtaining a portrait of Lady Fitzgerald, I gave her one. This portrait was inclosed in a pocket-book, containing some sheets of blank paper, in which I wrote the exhortations, and gave them to her eight days before our separation. As I was sorry that I had no copy of them, Mademoiselle d'Orleans made out one for me, which I have carefully preserved, and which I shall presently transcribe from the copy in her hand-writing. After the interview with Madame

de Pont, I went and shut myself up in my chamber, and sent my niece to tell Mademoiselle d'Orleans, that when I learned that Madame de Pont would arrive in the morning, I had left the house at day-light, and had gone along with a servant towards the pine wood, a mile from Bremgarten. The grief of Mademoiselle d'Orleans was excessive, and it will be impossible for me to describe it, as I felt equally affected at that painful moment. . . . . In about three quarters of an hour, I heard her coming down; she went along my passage, stopped before the door, which was shut, and the key of which, she was told, I had taken with me; I heard her sobs, her lamentations . . . . When I thought that this separation was probably eternal, I was many times tempted to open the door to see her once more, to embrace her again, to press her in my arms, and mingle my tears with hers;—but she could not have borne such a scene. She was taken from the passage, and set out. I heard the rolling of the carriage as it departed, and one must feel a mother's love, to conceive the emotions that at that moment overpowered me. Dear child! you were entrusted to my care when eleven months old, and, till the age of sixteen years and six months, were never absent from me but twice during so many years;

once for a month, and another time for a fortnight; you were truly, in spite of your youth, my darling friend, from whom I had no secrets; you have given me every proof of affection and gratitude. —Yes! for you shall I always preserve the love of the most affectionate mother; I have had all the cares of one, and of one shall preserve all the feelings! It is out of the power of fortune to break the bond of love that connects us together; it may separate our persons, but our hearts it can never divide.

Half an hour after the departure of Mademoiselle d'Orleans, an old man, the gardener of the nuns, returned to the convent, and said he had met her. I wished to see him, when he told me that she had observed him on the road, and had stopped the carriage to speak to him; that she was in tears, gave him a louis, and then, added he, *held out her little hand*, which he took and kissed; that she was crying so much, that she was unable to speak, but had, however, pronounced my name. In giving this plain statement, the good old gardener wept also. Mademoiselle wrote to me on the road, and Madame de Pont had also the goodness to write me the day after her departure, to inform me how they were; she said that she had slept in the same room with Made-

moiselle, who had been unable to sleep, and whose affliction gave her the highest opinion of the qualities of her heart. Alas! I had no doubt of that; I had no anxiety but for her health, which, in fact, since the period of our separation, has always been in the most wretched state.

To fulfil my promise of giving a full description of all the relations I had with Mademoiselle d'Orleans, I shall now transcribe, from the copy she made for me, the last advice she ever received from me. It is as follows:—

"*Bremgarten, May* 2, 1794.

"We are about to leave each other, my dear child; believe that my heart partakes of all the emotions of yours; but I wish to talk to you of your motives of consolation, and consequently of my own, and not of our regrets nor our sorrows. All your duties towards me, you have fully fulfilled; you are virtuous, and you love me—I am, therefore, fully rewarded for all I have done. I feel within myself the pleasing consciousness that I have devoted to your education my time, my midnight hours, and all the little accomplishments I possess—that, for your safety, I have sacrificed my dearest plans and my repose—that I have preferred you to every other consideration, when

I saw you in adversity. You will never forget our exile at Tournay, our flight from Saint Amand, and the year we have spent in this secluded abode; and I shall never forget the bitter tears you shed on leaving this melancholy retreat and this wretched place of residence. . . . . Oh! who would not love you, who saw with what heart-rending sorrow you were snatched from this little cell, and this secluded convent, where no kind of amusement could soften your cruel chagrins, where study and conversation occupied every moment of your time! . . . . You, who were born amidst all the illusions of grandeur, and who had every reason to expect a lot so different! . . . . Alas! what are happiness, pleasures, glory, and fortune but fugitive shades upon earth! We find on it but two solid realities, virtue and friendship, for these precious gifts of heaven spring from the soul, that never dies; but the pleasures that spring from the imagination are frail and chimerical; while whatever arises from the feelings of the heart, is independent of fortune—these are our sole, our real possessions, our true riches. In bewailing your misfortunes, reflect on the value of what survives; all the revolutions of the universe cannot take away your profound submission to the will of God, and the certain consciousness that

there is another world, where innocence and virtue shall receive immortal rewards—with belief and with a conscience so pure as yours, all can be borne with the patience and resignation you have hitherto displayed. Carefully preserve that piety for which you are distinguished; lose no part of it, not even those little devotional practices that render it more tender and consolatory. Were it permitted to compare the love due to the supreme Creator with ordinary sentiments, I would say that the friendship which would exclude as childish all the daily little attentions inspired by deep sensibility, and would care for nothing but important services, would be a cold friendship indeed; in the same way as devotion restricted within the duties prescribed by the church, never acts as a powerful and governing principle. The gospel orders us to love God above all things; you ought, therefore, to increase the opportunities you enjoy of thinking of him, and to despise no means of devotion. What are the most brilliant gifts of the mind in the eyes of God? What is all human knowledge and learning, compared to the supreme intelligence of the Creator of the Universe? In the Holy Scriptures, you have read these sublime words: *It is through pride that evil entered into*

the world. It was pride that corrupted the angels, and caused the fall of the first man; with pride there is no real piety, no virtue in the eyes of God; hence does he particularly reprobate this vice, and those who draw from it the desire of vengeance, for it is pride that chiefly renders revengeful. Every time that you perform an act of humility, you do what is highly agreeable in the sight of God. He loves, in the worship that is offered to him, simplicity and faith above all things; and this is precisely what pride most unjustly confounds with superstition. What the church authorizes is not superstition; belief in relics and in the efficacy of pilgrimages is not an article of faith necessary to salvation, but it is authorized by the church, and consequently merits at least our veneration, and furnishes the unfortunate with consolatory prospects and hopes. Pascal, one of the greatest geniuses that ever existed, did not disdain any of these exercises; he loved to humble his reason before the Supreme Being; he knew that we ought to follow the lights of this reason only to guide us in the diversified situations of life, and not in matters of religious faith. But never put a little devotional exercise instead of a positive duty, and ever think that it

is better to tend a sick person and sooth his mind by reading a novel, than to go and say your chaplet. Never put your private acts of devotion instead of the pious duties commanded by the church; when these are performed, then go to your private devotions without affectation or any appearance of singularity, and neither find it wrong that others should have less piety than you, nor should have it of another kind, for you would lose all the fruits of your devotion, if you were wanting in toleration and indulgence. Remember the words of the gospel: *Judge not lest ye be judged.* Think only of your own conscience, and not of that of others; lay down daily a regular plan of duties, and never lose the habit of examining your conscience every evening. Try to conquer every temptation to indolence, and be ever busy. Out of friendship to me, cultivate your accomplishments that have been to me the objects of so many cares;—and for that purpose, you must play on the harp at least two hours and a half daily, an hour on the piano, and paint at least two hours; write an hour and a half, read for an hour, and follow all your different occupations in regular order. I recommend to you walking and temperance, both so indispensable to your health.

If you adopt the habit of taking tea or coffee; if you drink wine, eat ragouts, pastry, or beef; if you make a daily use of acids, you will totally and irrecoverably ruin your health: moreover, religion orders us to be temperate, and reckons the opposite vice amongst sins that are mortal. Hence a true Christian who has reflected at all on his duties ought to be temperate. After the examples and the lessons you have received on this subject, and with such a delicate constitution as yours is, you would be inexcusable and altogether mad if you did not follow this virtue.

"I deliver you into the care of virtuous and respectable persons, and you will with them be fully confirmed in the principles I have inculcated on your mind. You are little more than sixteen, and your education is consequently not completed, for it never can be so perfectly till the age of eighteen; but, along with the Princess of Conti you can easily improve your mind and your judgment, and you are sufficiently forward in external accomplishments to lose none of them if you have a mind. Endeavour to surmount your natural timidity, and to take a greater share in conversation. Your disposition and talents will naturally

make you be beloved, and you ought to be anxious to please a person whom you should in every sense hold so dear, and who receives you with so much affection. Place the most implicit confidence in her; carefully preserve that evenness of temper and demeanour you have hitherto possessed, and ever detest tale telling and petty intrigues. I will write to you often; show all my letters as well as your own to the Princess of Conti; neither you nor I have any thing to conceal. Since you have reached the age of observation, you have always been a witness of all my actions, have read all my letters, and I have always shown you a confidence that is very rarely indeed put in persons of your age. You know if I ever merited the absurd calumnies with which I have been aspersed, particularly for the last five years. Justify my conduct by your virtues, your lively feeling for the unfortunate, your attachment to your relations, and above all to a mother so worthy of all your affection, by her heavenly virtues and the extent of her misfortunes. These are the sentiments I have always cultivated in your mind, and this last exhortation is nothing more than a repetition of what I have always told you since your earliest infancy. I permit you, my dear child, to say, if ever you speak of me, all that you know, and all

you have seen without disguise or omission; falsehood is always hateful, and if I required you to alter, for my sake, truth in the smallest degree, I who have been your governess and guide, I should do a most debasing and vile action, and should be most justly worthy of your contempt. It is true that I might ask you, without doing any thing blamable, to be silent on all that took place within my household; but, I venture to say, that it would be a happy thing for me, if all those who judge me from afar had seen me closely; hence, I say again, I authorize you to tell all you have seen me do, and all that you know concerning me. When you write to me, give me a full account of your occupations and the books you read. I will endeavour to render my letters useful to you. As you have lost all our extracts in our flight, make new ones. I advise you, if you can get French books, which we have been deprived of for a year past, to read over again—I. the gospels, but with greater attention than heretofore, and each part several times over; II. the Imitation of Jesus Christ; III. the *Petit Carême* of Massillon, and then the Sermons of Bourdaloue. As books of amusement, read Telemaque, *les Annales de la Vertu, les Veillées du Château,* and the works of Racine, Corneille, and Crébillon. I shall from time to

time send you parts of my extracts for you to copy.

"Adieu, my dear child, my beloved Adele! may divine Providence recompense you for the ills you have suffered, may heaven reward, even in this life, the purity and goodness of your excellent heart; may you merit, by your conduct and virtues, to become one day the consolation of your worthy and unfortunate mother, and of the other objects of your affection; and may you merit the love of the Princess of Conti, and the esteem and friendship of all the individuals among whom you are about to dwell! These are the sincere wishes of a friend, who till her last sigh, will feel the most powerful interest in your happiness. I ask you, my dear friend, to wear this pledge of the most affectionate friendship always in your breast, and occasionally to read its contents."

The departure of Mademoiselle d'Orleans succeeded in rendering the spot I inhabited completely hateful to me, notwithstanding the sincere attachment I felt for the worthy nuns of the convent; but here I had suffered so much, had felt so many troubles of every kind, that without any other cause, I could not possibly have remained in it longer without dying of a consumption. My

kind and affectionate niece felt the same desire of speedily leaving this melancholy abode: and had I ever been desirous of remaining, our further stay was perfectly impossible. Mademoiselle d'Orleans had not been able to return any thing near the sum I had advanced for her service.* The agreement that had been made for our board was by far too dear, without taking into account what we were forced to give out of compassion to our unfortunate countrymen who travelled by Bremgarten, and applied to us Besides this, the persecutions and calumnies I had been exposed to gave me the most anxious wish to abandon a seclusion in which I had been so cruelly oppressed. I was continually receiving letters as abominable as those I received at Bury, towards the close of

* In this I do not at all include the expenses of my board and those of my niece at Bremgarten, nor our travelling expenses along with Mademoiselle d'Orleans, with the exception of the post-horses, for which she only paid her share, though these journeys were only undertaken on her account, and I remained at Bremgarten solely for her. M. de Montesquiou, who had settled our board with the convent, had made it at much higher terms than suited our circumstances, or a place where every thing was so cheap, and yet our board was so poor, that it would not suit the regimen adopted by Mademoiselle d'Orleans, and we had consequently an extra expense for private dishes for her.—*(Note by the Author.)*

my stay in England. I was often attacked in the newspapers in the most absurd manner, and in one, *La Gazette de Leyde,* it was stated, that *loaded with the favours* of the court of France, I had been concerned in all the intrigues of the revolution, that I was along with M. de Montesquiou and the Duke of Chartres, in a palace built by the former; and this extravagant article concluded by stating, *Finally, Madame de Sillery is passing her time very quietly in Switzerland.*

A friend of mine, far distant from me, sent me the Gazette in question, and informed me that the editor, M. de Luzac, was a very worthy man, and had certainly not seen this article: she requested me to write him to complain of it, when he would certainly retract what had been stated. In consequence of my friend's request I wrote to M de Luzac, desiring him to keep my proceeding secret, so that I might not be obliged to refute so many other calumnies. I told him that it was true *I was passing my time in Switzerland,* but that I was very far from doing so *quietly;* that at any rate, I was not along with M. de Montesquiou, nor had any kind of connexion with him whatever, though I knew that he was not building a *palace,* but was living very retired in a very small, common house; that instead of the Duke of

Chartres living in a *palace* at Bremgarten, he was in a college fifty or sixty leagues from it; that I was myself in a convent; that I had never been concerned in the revolution, for want of time at any rate, since the education of nine children and the composition of twenty volumes had left me no leisure to overthrow empires; that I had never received a single favour from the court, for the very plain reason that I had very seldom been at it; that for fourteen years I had never been there at all, and had never solicited a single favour. I concluded by requesting him to contradict what had been said about the palace I lived in with M. de Montesquiou, and the residence of the Duke of Chartres at Bremgarten, and I sent the names and addresses of M. Honeggre, a magistrate at Bremgarten, and of Madame Müller, the prioress of the convent, so that if he doubted my veracity, he might ascertain the truth from either of these two persons. M. de Luzac wrote me no answer, nor contradicted his former statement. Every journalist, who without inquiry or certain knowledge accuses a person he does not know, must be unprincipled; if that person be in misfortune, his conduct is also ungenerous; if he endeavours to bring down persecution or banishment upon his head, he is without a spark of humanity; and

what can we think of the uprightness of an editor, who, when he has been informed that his statements can be shown to be unfounded calumnies, takes no steps to retract his assertions? As M. de Luzac was said to be a very worthy man, I must believe three things; that he did not write this article, that he did not read it, and that he never received my letter.

Meanwhile I was very busy in preparing for my departure, but had many difficulties to encounter, for I had no servant, and the mere idea of travelling three or four hundred leagues with nobody but my niece, alarmed me greatly, for I had always been accustomed hitherto to travel with company. Another difficulty was that I knew not how to get passports under a fictitious name; I had written to the only friend I had in the country, to ask her to lend me one of her servants only to pass through Switzerland, and to request her to obtain passports for me; but she was unable to do either, and I was really in the utmost embarrassment. Not knowing how to get out of my difficulties, I thought at last of writing to Dr. Hoze, a skilful and famous physician, one of the most honourable of mankind, who, by accident, came through Bremgarten, and I consulted at the time on the health of Mademoiselle d'Orleans. We

had only seen him once, but he had shown me so much interest, that being unable to give him any other proof of gratitude, I gave him a flower I had painted, below which I wrote four verses I had made for him, but which I do not now remember, as I kept no copy. He thought so highly of this trifling present, that I thought I could take upon me to write him two or three letters on different little affairs, which he had the goodness to settle for me. In the situation I have just mentioned, I wrote him again. While waiting for his answer with the most intense anxiety, heaven sent me a new friend, who had been unknown to me till this moment; this was M. Conrad, the brother of a nun in the convent. He lived at Bremgarten, and knowing that Mademoiselle d'Orleans and I amused ourselves by painting flowers, he was continually sending us very fine and valuable ones; but afraid of intruding upon our secluded retreat, he had never paid us a visit. But when he learned that we were about to depart, he thought he might be of usè to us, and came to offer us any service in his power. His handsome conduct gained my confidence and esteem; and, as he was as clever and well-informed as he was obliging, I told him all my fears and embarrassments, and the steps I had taken to obtain the assistance of M. Hoze. M.

Conrad said that he would immediately go and get passports at a particular place he mentioned, and he set out the same day. While he was absent, I received the answer of Doctor Hoze, who sent me both passports and a servant, for whose fidelity he said he could answer fully, and who in reality was a very excellent man, and of great use to us. M. Conrad returned with passports, when I showed him those sent me by Doctor Hoze, which he thought better than his own, and advised me to make use of instead of his. I did so, but to prevent any one knowing whither I was going, and the fictitious name I was adopting, (all but my two kind friends,) I sent openly to a man of importance in the country, with whom I had no acquaintance, to ask for passports by the name of Madame Brown, which I never bore. The passports were sent to me, but I made no use of them, as they answered my purpose by securing my secret from being known. Nothing detaining me longer at Bremgarten, I set out at last on the 19th of May, with my young and dear companion, the only one of my pupils and my children who remained with me..... M. Conrad was desirous of accompanying us to the frontiers of Switzerland, but this I declined: he lent us his carriage and horses, which took us four leagues

from Bremgarten. I departed, very grateful for his services, and for the kindness of the worthy nuns of Bremgarten, who all, as well as Antonia, had shown us a warmth of affection and sensibility I shall never in my life forget. I promised them to come and spend the remainder of my life with them, when it was in my power to choose a place of retreat, and to live by my own name. To do so was not then the abandonment of one's country, family, and friends; for France was no more, since public worship was abolished as well as public government, and all the laws and customs of civilized society; and every friend who remained behind and was a man of principle, had no other desire than to leave that unfortunate land. I hoped that my daughter might be able to escape; and then I knew that she would come and join me and settle in Switzerland. When the reign of terror was over, I naturally adopted the feelings of a French woman; but I have never lost the recollection of Bremgarten, and particularly of the convent of Sainte Claire; and I can truly assert, that if real happiness consists in the union of virtue, piety, innocence, unalterable serenity, and open, pure gaiety, it has sought refuge in this peaceful and respectable mansion.

When I left M. Conrad's carriage, I took a

hired one sent me by Dr. Hoze, who had settled all our terms and arrangements, and thus we went as far as Schaff house. We there met with a singular individual; while the diligence was stopping at the post-house, two young men came up, and while one came to take his place, the other clasped him in his arms, and bid him adieu. He instantly disappeared, and we set out: this incident made me feel an interest in the new traveller, who soon engaged my attention in another way. He was seated opposite to me, and looked to me fixedly with an interest that seemed constantly increasing. That nothing might disturb his attention, which indicated nothing but curiosity and goodwill, he placed his hand beside his face, as if to separate himself from the rest of the travellers. In this attitude he remained the whole day. I, three or four times complained of thirst, when he made a great noise for the drivers to stop, jumped out of the coach, and went and brought me some excellent milk, for which he would pay in spite of all my remonstrances. He spoke French tolerably well; he was charitable as well as obliging, gave a great deal of money to the poor. I asked him his name, which he said was Smith. We reached Stuttgard, where M. Smith stopped at the same inn; I invited him to supper, which he accepted

without hesitation. In the course of the evening he took out of his pocket two pretty miniatures he had drawn himself, which we thought more highly of because he was not an artist by profession. We agreed before separating, that we should next day go together and walk in the beautiful and princely gardens of Oheim. Accordingly my niece, M. Smith and I went thither early in the morning. The general plan of these gardens is very ingenious and picturesque, and was particularly calculated to interest expatriated Frenchmen. The various works represent the vicissitudes of fate and of human life: but I was most pleased by the part where pretty huts are erected on the spacious ruins of colonnades and palaces. We returned to our inn at Stuttgard, and M. Smith stayed to dine with us: the evening before, we had parted immediately after supper for the purpose of going to bed; but this day we remained talking after dinner, and I saw such a mixture of singularity, whim, goodness and melancholy in our travelling companion, that I felt an eager desire to examine him. I asked him what he was travelling for; and his first answer, (which I did not fully comprehend,) surprised me greatly; for he said with a sigh, that after being the victim of the wicked, he was seeking for consolation from

the good, namely, those who were kind and upright; he added, that I and my niece had seemed to him to be *good;* that he was bound to us, and was determined on never leaving us. As this determination seemed to me very singular, and I saw some wildness in his eyes for the first time, I remained dumb and confounded; but he went on, and told us with great volubility a story very similar to Antonia's—a treacherous friend had supplanted him in his mistress's favour, when on the point of marrying her. When he finished his account, he rose and walked up and down the room, with an agitation that increased my terror, which he perceived, and coming up to me, "I must confess," said he to me, "that this misfortune made me lose my senses, and I sometimes have fits of madness, but be not afraid, I am never wicked! . . . . . ." Tears interrupted his voice, and the pity I felt for him, completely drove away my alarm; we wept for his sorrows, but we could do no more than pity him! . . . . . He expressed his grateful thanks to us in the most affecting manner, and then left us to go to bed, but still added that he would never leave us, that he would follow us every where, and would set out with us at six o'clock next morning. As I had never consented to such a plan, it may well be imagined that I had no desire to yield to it.

Henriette advised me to set out at three o'clock, while he was asleep; and this I did, but not without remorse, for I felt as if I were betraying this unfortunate youth, and few things in my life have been more painful to me than this very prudent action; and I am certain, that if I had known him for a longer period, I should never have been able to have abandoned him.

Our manner of travelling, without stopping either night or day, seemed to us very singular; and we were much alarmed lest we might meet any emigrants in the way: this, however, did not occur. Our health was not injured by the fatigue we felt; my niece was a little worn out the second day, but I was never in better health in my life than during this journey. At Mayence we left the diligence, and descended the Rhine in a barge as far as Cologne, where we hired a carriage and travelled to Utrecht. M. de Valence was living in the neighbourhood of this town, and we had always kept up a regular correspondence. I had written him immediately before I left Bremgarten, when I knew that I should be separated from Mademoiselle D'Orleans, and requested him to obtain for me under a fictitious name, a housekeeper's place at a seat in the country. In that case I would have left my niece at the Convent of Sainte Claire, in the care of the abbess, to whom I

would have paid half a year's board; I would have gone to the country seat, where I should have been at no expense, and where I might compose new works in secret. I should have sent my works to Mr. Sheridan in England, who would have sold them well; and in this way I was flying from calumny and persecution, and might have acquired a considerable sum of money. One thing only embarrassed me, and that was my harp, for I could not resolve on leaving it behind. I was determined to take it with me, by hiding the shape of the case within the packing, and I hoped that I should find means of playing *incognito* in some secluded part of the mansion; and fancied I saw the effect I made on my masters in a very short time; and on these imaginary ideas I constructed one of the finest romances possible, for I considered myself in absolute solitude during the winter, and uncontrolled mistress of the mansion during all the time my masters were living in town. M. de Valence at first rejected this proposal, which he called a *romantic foolery;* but I pressed him so earnestly, and gave him such good reasons for it, that he soon afterwards wrote me that he had found what I desired, well-informed, clever, wealthy masters, with an unmarried daughter, to whom I could be useful as a teacher; an

ancient and spacious castle, and that nothing might be wanting to the good luck of this *God-send,* (trouvaille, that wast he expression he used,) he assured me that there was a splendid library in the castle. This letter delighted me; but in a few days he sent me another to retract all he had said, and told me, that he could not think of making himself ridiculous by making a housekeeper of me; he requested I would come immediately to Utrecht, and that when I had got there, we might form more reasonable plans. It was in vain that I told him, that out of an immense number of French emigrant ladies as good as myself, some had (without being *ridiculous*) become milliners;* and others had become private teachers; he would listen to nothing.

We arrived at Utrecht, where M. de Valence was waiting our arrival, and took us to Oud-Naarden a fine country house he had taken on the banks of the Zuyderzée. Here I remained five weeks, rejected in my turn all the plans proposed to me by M. de Valence, and determined on putting myself under the protection of the Danish government. I had still a little money left, and asked none from M. de

* Amongst other instances, the Baronne de Crussol in England, where her excellent conduct was fully appreciated, as well as her noble courage in misfortune, which made her prefer honest industry to living on the goodwill of others.—(*Note by the Author.*)

Valence; I only settled that I would leave my niece with him, along with a foreign lady who was there, and that I would prepare his household at Altona, as he had also the intention of settling there. I separated for myself sometime from my niece, because I wished to be absolutely unknown, and she would have contributed to make me recognized. Before joining my friends, I wished to study the country in which we intended to settle, and to ascertain, by my own observation, if the government was as prudent, tolerant, and mild as it was reported to be. I left Oud-Naarden, without waiting-maid or servant, (I had sent back to Switzerland the one procured for me by Doctor Hoze,) along with a man I knew very little of, who was going to Hamburgh on his own business. I had become quite a traveller and feared nothing. With my associate I got into a post-waggon, half-covered over, full of bales, and more wretched than the rudest cart. I found myself quite comfortable after all, for I slept extremely sound the second and third night, which I have never been able to do in travelling in the handsome carriages unjustly called *dormeuses;* I found that sleep, which flies from luxury and indolence, is the sure reward of real fatigue. I reached Osnabruck in perfect health, took a cabriolet and post-horses, was upset

on the road and in the most alarming manner, but sustained no injury; and arrived at Hamburgh on the 23d July 1794. That night I spent in writing in my chamber,* and next day embarked on the Elbe, though there was a very boisterous wind mingled with heavy showers of rain at the time, and the boats were open. I had taken one for myself, but when about to embark, a Jewish shopkeeper and her son asked leave to go in my boat, which I granted with the greater pleasure as the son, who was about thirteen years of age and very handsome, had a very striking resemblance to one of my pupils. I did not know where to go on landing at Altona, for I had no letters of recommendation, and knew no one. The worthy shopkeeper was very talkative and obliging, and I got some information from her respecting the inns of the place; I asked her the name of the one where the master was said to be fondest of the French Revolution, and she named *Plock's*. I thought that in his house I was not likely to meet any emigrants of the class by whom I was known, and to Plock's I went accordingly. I had every reason to be satisfied with the choice I made, for the master of the house was all honesty and kind-

* There I composed my epistle; *A l'Asile que j'aurai.*—(*Note by the Author.*)

ness, the daughter was full of mildness, talent, and feeling, had received an excellent education, and soon became my friend. I intended at first to remain here only the time necessary to find a suitable family to board with in the vicinity of the town; but in the first days of my arrival I was exposed to a very awkward embarrassment. When I wished to take my meals in my own room, I was told that it was not customary in the house, and that I must dine at the *table d'hôte*. The novelty of the proposal, and the fear of being recognized, gave me great uneasiness; but I was told that the company I should see were only French and German patriots, and I thought there was no probability of finding in the former any person who had known me formerly; and I therefore followed the usual custom. At any rate, I could not have done otherwise. I was much embarrassed for the first fortnight; but when my fears of meeting enemies were dispelled, I got completely accustomed to this kind of life, and it led me to make many new observations upon life and manners.

The friendship I entertained for Mademoiselle Plock retained me in that house eight months and a half. The whole period passed away in a very peaceful and pleasant manner; I never went out of my room, but to go to dinner, and out of the

house but to go to church; I received no company whatever, and was lodged in the most retired part of the house. One of my nearest neighbours in this house (M. de Kercy) was a French patriot, French *chargé des affaires*, very amiable for the qualities of his heart, and distinguished by his great information and the striking originality of his character; he was a virtuous philosopher without pride or pedantry, and the most sincere philanthropist I ever met with. He was almost as sedentary as myself, and though I never received his visits, I dined almost daily at the same table with him, where his conversation was highly agreeable and instructive to me. I did not go to dinner till half an hour after the company, because the dinner was very tedious; as soon as it was over, I returned to my chamber, where I had a tolerable piano, a harp, a guitar, colours and brushes for painting, a writing-desk, a few books, an herbal that was lent me, and my time flew away with inconceivable quickness. Thus I spent nine months in the most complete *incognito*; I was generally thought to be a teacher of feminine accomplishments, born in Ireland and brought up in France; some person said I was an emigrant nun, but the real truth was never suspected. Very often I heard the company speaking about me at table, particularly

at the time that a strolling company of English actors were at Altona and Hamburgh, where they performed English plays, and several translations of mine, among the rest *Zelie ou l'Ingénue*. As the performances formed almost the only subject of conversation at dinner, the author of these plays was likewise often talked-of. As every one ought to respect his own honour, I had determined, in case I was spoken of in a disrespectful manner, to rise up from table, and mention my name, for to conceal my name in this case, would have been denying it, and, consequently, base and cowardly. But I had no occasion to adopt this extreme measure, for I never heard my name mentioned in an offensive manner; and in fact, Mademoiselle Plock and M. de Kercy were so fond of my works, that they would not have suffered, except with great impatience, even the slightest literary criticisms.* It was universally said that I was along with General Dumouriez since his arrival in the country; several per-

* Yet in a few months I was recognized by two travellers who seemed to me to be foreigners. One of them had seen me only once, eighteen years before, and, notwithstanding the change in my dress and age, he recognized me immediately but only mentioned it to me, and behaved with infinite prudence. The other was equally honourable, and my secret thus discovered by chance, was preserved with as much fidelity as if I had entrusted it to their honour.—(*Note by the Author.*)

sons declared positively that they had seen me, and perfectly *recognized me;* so that, during the nine months I spent in this house, it was held to be an undoubted fact, that I spent the whole time with General Dumouriez, whilst unknown amidst a crowd of my countrymen, I was living under their own eyes, and knew not whether he was in the country at all, for, as I have already said, I never had any kind of connection with him, direct or indirect. The Germans who dined in the house were in general very good company; I remarked two amongst them, who will always be distinguished wherever they go; M. Texier, holding an important situation in Holstein from the King of Denmark, and Professor Uncer. On account of their high character, and the opinion I had formed of them by my own observations, I told them my secret before I left Altona. They have both shown me every service that could be required from the most active and affectionate friendship; and it is to them that I am indebted for the connections I have since formed, and the other friends I have acquired in the country. Convinced, that in spite of the efforts of calumny, innocence will always find an honourable asylum in the territories of Holstein and Hamburgh, when I left Altona on the 1st of April 1795, I declared my real name,

that all the French who had seen me for nine months, might be fully assured that it was false, *that Madame de Genlis was living along with M. Dumouriez.**

It was not without emotion that I left a house where I had lived so peaceably, where I was so generally beloved, and in which I left a sincere friend, who has always shown me the most affectionate care. I requited her attentions on a melancholy occasion; whilst I was in the inn, she lost her father, a respectable old man, who had shown me many marks of friendship. I had not told him my secret, and as he firmly believed that I was *Miss Clarke*, he would absolutely have me to marry, that I might settle in Holstein, and for that purpose cast his eyes on a baker, a widower retired from business, with a property of two hundred thousand francs. This baker was a man about forty-six years of age, and spoke not one word of French; he came often to dine at the *table d'hôte*, and as I remarked that he was always staring at me, I asked Mademoiselle Plock the

* This falsehood when exposed, was very useful to me, in so far as it prevented any belief in those that were told about me afterwards; the lady who lived in the same house with General Dumouriez, was Madame de Bauvert, sister of M. de Rivarol.—(*Note by the Author.*)

reason, when she told me that he had become in love with me from listening to me in the court while I was playing on the harp. M. Plock, who had persuaded him *to ask me in marriage*, took upon himself to make the offer, which he did very gravely, and was exceedingly surprised at my firm refusal; he died a short time afterwards, and his interment gave me an opportunity of learning the funeral ceremonies of the country, which astonished me very strangely, because they have a remarkable resemblance to the same customs in the time of the ancient Greeks, accounts of which may be found in Athenæus and other writers. As soon as M. Plock was dead, clean sheets were placed in his bed, and pillows fringed with muslin. The face of the dead was uncovered, the body clothed in a fine vest and seated upright on the bed, with his hands spread on an embroidered counterpane, on which flowers were strewed and a great number of rosemary branches; and his bed was surrounded by candles that burned night and day. His room was at the extremity of the court, exactly opposite mine, and had no shutters to the windows; hence during the whole time of the exposure of the body, which lasted six days, I continually saw these funeral lights, which rendered me excessively dull and melancholy. According

to the usual custom, all the people in the house went to kiss the hand of the defunct, but I declined the visit. The funeral was very handsome; there were an immense number of men present, the married people had a lemon in their hand, and the boys a branch of rosemary; and after their return, Mademoiselle Plock gave them the *funeral dinner*. I was invited, for there were several ladies present, Mademoiselle Plock did the honours; all the guests, like her, were in deep mourning; every thing went off very gravely, but the dinner of three courses was excellent, and the company partook of it very heartily.

It was in the house of Mademoiselle Plock that I enjoyed the first consolation I received since my misfortunes;—it was in my little chamber at Altona that I learned several events of the utmost importance to me, amongst the rest the fall of Robespierre, the deliverance of my daughter, whose horrible danger I knew nothing of, though I knew she had been arrested; it was there that I learned the peace concluded with Prussia; it was a fortunate event for France, and I felt as much joy on account of it as if I had not been a fugitive.

It was in a singular way that I learned the death of Robespierre, at one o'clock in the morn-

ing. I was greatly surprised at hearing loud and repeated knocks at my door, and was still more so when I heard the voice of my peaceful neighbour M. de Kercy. He cried out to me: "Open, open, I must embrace you." As I did not yield to this singular request, he again cried out "It is you who will wish to embrace me, open, open." I opened the door, M. de Kercy sprang towards me, and exclaimed, "The tyrant is no more, Robespierre is dead!" then in fact I embraced him myself, and with all my heart. Next day we learned that the news had produced quite a contrary effect on one of the most violent partisans of Robespierre, of whom there were many in Holstein. One of these *profound politicians* was struck with such sorrow on hearing of his tragical end, that he instantly fell dead on the spot.

After this period there came to the inn a charming lady, called Madame Gudin, with her old husband and her niece. She was a great performer in music, was extremely fond of the arts, and soon became greatly attached to me. Instead of remaining eight days in the inn, she remained four months. I went every day to her apartment, where she collected several excellent German artists; we had music, played at small games, and danced waltzes: I could not get away from

this kind of dissipation, which, very frequently, interfered with my studies. Towards the end of my stay in the inn, my real name began to be suspected, and when Madame Gudin was told of it, she burst out a laughing, and replied, "*Miss Clarke an author!* Depend upon it, that with the exception of her prayer book, she never cast eyes on a book in her life."

My niece came to join me, and we went together to Hamburgh, where we spent four months in a most respectable family, whose company was the only one we enjoyed during the whole time. This was the family of M. Volters, the clergyman; we had an apartment on the first floor, and the walls of our drawing-room were washed by the waters of the Alster, upon which our windows opened. I was one day looking upon the course of the stream, when I saw and followed with my eyes a very fresh and beautiful rose-branch; a few houses below ours I saw a long wooden fork thrust out of a window into the stream, and seizing hold of the branch, which was instantly taken into the house. Out of this incident I fancied a romantic intrigue I have placed in the *Mères Rivales*, which I was beginning at the time; and which afterwards obtained me a charming present from the Duchess of Chevreuse, who sent me a beautiful

China box full of roses, with the following inscription in her own handwriting :—

" To her, who by the incident of a rose, has adorned one of her most charming works."

It was a long time before I knew to whom I was indebted for this kind present, and only learned it at last by Madame de Chevreuse herself telling me the secret.

While in the house of M. Volters, one circumstance struck me greatly. His house was very near to a protestant church, of which he was the clergyman, and instead of a bell, it was the blowing of a trumpet from the top of the steeple that gave notice of baptisms, marriages, and funerals. I was chiefly struck with the uncommon beauty of the funeral notice, and I thought so highly of it, that I expressed my admiration to M. Volters, who told me that the air had been composed by the celebrated Haydn, who had been at Hamburgh three years before, and found the funeral call of the trumpet so inexpressive, that he had substituted in its stead the music I so much admired, which had been adopted by all the protestant churches in the city.

At the end of July I went with my niece to live with M. de Valence, at a pretty country house he had taken at Sielk, five leagues from Hamburgh;

but I only agreed to do so on condition of paying for my board. I had sold my *Knights of the Swan* to M. Fauche, the bookseller, for three hundred gold Fredericks;* a long time had elapsed since I had received so much money at once, but this was the price offered me by that respectable publisher, whose conduct towards me has always been most perfectly honourable. I was so destitute of every thing at the time I sold the work, that if he had offered me but fifty Fredericks I should have accepted them without hesitation.

M. de Valence cultivated his garden with his own hands; and we led a very quiet and solitary kind of life, for we had but one neighbour near us, (the proprietor,) and he proved a very agreeable and trust-worthy friend. M. de Valence was in want of a secretary, and took a very strange sort of one, namely one of the two Amazons who had served with so much valour and distinction in the army of Dumouriez, without a single reflection being cast upon the purity of their morals. They were named Mesdemoiselles Fernig;† the younger,

* A gold Frederick was at that time worth twenty-two francs. —*(Note by the Author.)*

† The necessity of a speedy and vigorous resistance, made these two modest and timid young girls (one of them was no more than thirteen) the boldest and most formidable of soldiers. To protect the women and children of the village

Théophile Fernig, who was about one and twenty, of a very handsome and modest appearance, with

of Mortagne, where they resided, from the nightly attacks of the Austrians, these young ladies, Félicité and Théophile Fernig, put on their brother's clothes, armed themselves with fowling-pieces, mingled with the national guards, and charged the enemy's plundering parties, and drove them from the neighbourhood. It was in the very front ranks of these intrepid defenders of the honour of families, and the repose of every one's fireside, that they were discovered by General Beurnonville, from the very precautions they took to avoid being noticed. He presented them to Dumouriez, who attached them to his staff, as well as their father and brother. Amidst all the licence of a camp, these two young girls became the object of the respect and admiration of the whole army. They fought with the most distinguished bravery at Valmy, Jemmapes, Anderlecht, Nerwinde, and in every action that took place previous to the 5th of April, 1793. In an action near Brussels they were borne along by their impetuosity into the very midst of the enemy's rear guard, when a general officer ordered them to surrender; the younger dashes forward, and as an answer, lays him dead at her feet with a pistol shot. At the assault of the village of Quaregnon, during the battle of Jemmapes, the same sister charged a Hungarian battalion with a few light horse, and with her own hand disarmed and took prisoner the strongest and most formidable of the enemy's grenadiers. The height of her prisoner on foot was nearly equal to her own on horseback. The other sister accompanied the Duke of Chartres (now Duke of Orleans) in all the actions he fought, and never left his side in his most destructive charges upon the enemy. Both sisters assisted General Dumouriez in effecting his escape, and accompanied him to the enemy's lines; but the moment they entered upon a foreign soil, they again assumed the dress of their

beautiful, small, delicate, fair hands, was the one that came to live with us at Sielk. Her handwriting was very beautiful, and she had a good knowledge of grammar, while the mildness of her disposition, and her evenness of temper made her company exceedingly agreeable. Dumouriez had formerly told me many interesting anecdotes concerning her, the following among the rest. In some action or other she rushed forward discharging her pistols, and made prisoner a tall Austrian, whom she took instantly to the General, and said to him in a shrill childish voice, *General, that is a prisoner I have brought you!* The soft sounds of her voice startled the Austrian, and nothing could console him for the dishonour of having surrendered to a young girl. I saw her perform an action of a similar kind at Sielk. We were one day at our neighbour's, Madame Clrhost, and all the gentlemen had gone with their menservants to the chace, when the cook rushed in

sex, and appeared, what they had ever been, timid and reserved young girls. They were not by any means tall, and though of strong hearts, their voices and the features of their countenances were exceedingly sweet. They wandered for some years at a distance from France, consoling and supporting their old father by their own exertions. Félicité married a Belgian general;—Théophile died at Brussels, where, (says one of her biographers,) she modestly reposes near the scenes of her glory.—(*Editor.*)

great alarm to tell us that a robber had entered the kitchen, and was plundering every thing. Théophile immediately assumed a martial look, rose, and laid hold of a large stick in a corner of the room, and rushed out; she entered the kitchen, attacked the robber, and after giving him a sound beating, made him beg for mercy, and then turned him out of the house. After performing this exploit, she returned to us with a look as unaffected as if she had performed the most ordinary action. During the remainder of the day, we could not prevent ourselves from constantly looking at her pretty delicate hands, which were so powerful and valorous on occasions of difficulty and danger.

It was during my residence at this country-house that I wrote my *Précis de Conduite,* which produced such a powerful effect in my favour throughout Germany, because it contained facts that were undeniable. I cannot help noticing in these memoirs the concluding pages of that work.

"What have I done, before or since the revolution, to bring down enemies upon my head? I have always lived as secluded as my situation would allow; I have always been reckoned to be *wildly solitary;* and constantly occupied with my children, literature, and the arts, I have never

solicited a single favour from the court; I have been there but seldom, and I have never been seen at a minister's. If one of my friends became a minister, I have lost his company altogether, for as I never went to see him, we soon became strangers. I have all my life displayed a disinterestedness and want of ambitious views that have often been reckoned singular and extravagant. Before I succeeded to the property left me by the Maréchale d'Etrée, I was certainly by no means wealthy, yet I have invariably refused all the advantageous offers that have been made me in a variety of undertakings. At that very time I refused any salary, while I took charge of the education of three princes of the blood; and I not only performed this service for no remuneration, but instead of merely superintending their education, as a tutor would have done, I gave them, during the space of twelve years, regular lessons in history, mythology, geography, literature, and the French language, (by accustoming them to composition,) and I superintended their lessons in German, Italian, and Greek which were given in my own room, without including long lessons on the harp, which I gave regularly every day to Mademoiselle d'Orleans, who never had any other teacher on that instrument but myself.

While I gave so little attention to my own private interests, I never allowed a single opportunity of assisting others to escape, and I had the good fortune to be often successful in my endeavours. During the nine years I resided at the Palais Royal, I never employed the influence I then possessed but to do good and to be of service to others. It was at the earnest solicitations of the Viscount de la Tour-du-Pin, and long afterwards, at those of the Marquis de Chastellux, that I obtained situations for Madame de la Charce and Madame de Chastellux; and it was in the same way that the Countess de Blot applied to me to obtain a place for her niece, a young lady of fourteen, (at present the Duchesse d'Aumont.) There was a great unwillingness felt to give the place to a mere child, but I solicited it with so much zeal that I obtained it. I afterwards took charge of the same young lady in my travels in Italy, and took the same care of her as if she had been my own daughter, so much so that she styled me her *dear mamma*. I have kept several of her letters, that are full of affection and gratitude, and corroborate the facts I have stated, which I am certain that her excellent heart will never disavow. I became sincerely attached to her, for she was beautiful, without a spark of coquetry, was graceful and

lively, had a feeling heart, and great natural talents. Moreover, I rendered a service, at that very time, to a man who had belonged to the household of the Palais Royal for twenty years before, (the Chevalier de Durfort,) which made him comfortable for the rest of his life, so that he always called me his *benefactress*, and gave me this title in all his letters. I have rendered numberless other services of less importance, and obtained an immense number of subordinate situations for people in misfortune, belonging to another rank in society, whom I knew by their ill fortune only, as they applied to me in their distress. Though I seldom saw literary men, I have taken every opportunity of being useful to them, even to those I knew to be my enemies, such as M. de la Harpe, and M. de Marmontel. Not only I never showed a wish for revenge, (which I could have done very frequently,) but never, either in my writings, or in my conduct, have I been in the smallest degree unjust to those who hated me, but was pleased in praising what I found praiseworthy, and in returning them good for evil every time I had an opportunity.* In ordinary circumstances, it would undoubtedly be quite ridiculous

* It may not be useless to state, that I published these facts in foreign countries, at the commencement of the revolution, and

to say so much in praise of one's self, and I have never done so, but when I was actually compelled; but after being exposed to so many calumnies and innumerable sorts of injustice, I am only but too much justified in offering this apology at last. If any one take the trouble of comparing the prefaces of my works with those of the greater part of other authors, he will certainly find the former infinitely more modest, for I never wrote them with any view to praise myself, or to enumerate the successful works I had written.

"In many satirical works I have long been accused of excessive pride, and at the time when I could not be blamed for ambition or intrigue, the same reproach was made to me again and again. That pride was neither to be found in my prefaces nor in my works, but though no particulars were given of my peculiarity, some thought that a woman who dared to undertake the education of princes of the blood, who dared to write works on education and religion, and had the hardihood to criticise the works of modern philosophers—that such a woman must necessarily be possessed of intolerable pride. I have educated, it is true, three princes of the blood, but I might

that no work, of whatever kind, has ventured to contradict a single statement.—*(Note by the Author.)*

think, without much pride in the case, that I could fulfil this duty as well as a follower of the court, who would not fulfil it at all; for the common practice of the tutors of princes is to abandon all care of their education to the under tutors and preceptors; and at any rate, there was no great presumption in thinking, that after having devoted my life to study, I could possess as much information, and acquired knowledge as a courtier. Lastly, these children were well educated, and this is a fact they have not thought proper to deny. I have written works on education—so have other ladies, and nobody has accused them of pride; others have written works holding out much more ambitious pretensions, have published poems, tragedies, dissertations on Greek authors, geometrical works, and no author has complained of them. I wrote one work on religion, but it is not a theological one. I do not discuss the mysteries of religion, but merely give a treatise of morality, founded on the eternal maxims of the Gospel, that is, (as the title expressly says,) on *the only solid basis* on which morals can be founded. I have examined the pretensions of the *Encyclopedists*, and modern philosophers, and that is my real offence. If I had been proud, and been desirous of obtaining praise, securing powerful

patrons, and a host of partizans and puffers, I should have held my tongue about religion altogether, and, therefore, said nothing about the philosophical party; I should have been pardoned, (I was well aware of it,) for not being an *unbeliever, (un esprit fort,)* if I would only keep quiet, and my silence would have been rewarded by the most unbounded flattery. I felt the desire and the hope of producing works that were both pure and of some public utility, at a period when I saw corruption in morals spreading every day wider. I saw very clearly that I should raise up a number of enemies, and I described the fate I foresaw in the *Lettres de M. de Lagraye au jeune Porphyre,* in my second work, *Adèle et Théodore.* My object was to show, even then, that I expected all the evil that resentment, and wounded pride could bring forward against me; and the event has fully justified my prediction. Yet I confess that my view of the future prevented me publishing my works for some time; and had it not been for the urgent call of humanity, that induced me to publish the first; (for the purpose of procuring the liberation of three unfortunate men, who had been unjustly condemned to spend the remainder of their lives in prison, from their inability to pay a large sum;) perhaps I never should have had

the courage to appear in print before the revolution, for after that period, my literary labours became my principal means of subsistence. It is painful to a feeling heart, to excite the anger of a multitude of persons, who have never given it any offence, and whom it holds in esteem for many reasons. At any rate, I cannot be blamed for taking the smallest responsibility upon myself; if I have criticised works, I have never said ill of the authors, though they have not observed the same courtesy towards me; and I have never blamed but what seemed to me contrary to religion and good morals, still paying a just tribute to the talents of the writer.

"It was thought excessively ridiculous that I should write that the *Nouvelle Heloïse* is the most improbable and immoral of novels, and it was said that I could not have maintained such an assertion had I not been envious of the talents of Rousseau. Other writers have both before and after me, maintained and proved the same opinion, which is certainly not a difficult task, and nobody ever ranked them among those who were envious of Rousseau.* If I had possessed the pride I was so

* I am acquainted with two excellent *critiques* of this work. One of them was written by M. de Marmontel, and is to be

unjustly charged with, when I renounced the good opinion of the sectaries of the *Encyclopedie*, I should have solicited the suffrages of others, but I never endeavoured to form partisans among the clergy, was not acquainted with the members of the ecclesiastical body, and never paid any visits to the archbishop's palace; nor did I ever flatter the followers of the court and the aristocracy. Amongst many similar allusions in my works, there are several passages in *Adèle et Théodore* respecting kings, queens, princes, and courtiers, that made such an impression that my friends became alarmed, and it was stated in the English newspapers of the time, that I was put into the Bastile in consequence.*

found in his *Essai sur les Romans;* it is powerfully written, and infinitely more severe than any thing I ever wrote. The other notice is able, ingenious, and witty, but contains many statements that a lady could not insert in works intended for the use of young people, for there are things so licentious in the novel itself, that no teacher could quote them to her pupils, and they are noticed by the critic with equal severity, judgment, and good sense.—(*Note by the Author.*)

* This was a very exaggerated statement, like many others, on the alleged *despotism of the censorship;* for I can truly assert, that far from giving umbrage to the court, *Adèle et Théodore*, was very favourably received. In former times the censorship very properly restrained the publication of insolent attacks and seditious appeals, but never stifled a single moral and Christian truth. Let

"Lastly, had I possessed the pride attributed to me, I should have formed acquaintance with the editors of papers, kept up a regular correspondence with literary men, published, like many others, *verses in my praise*, and the flattering letters I received; I should even have begged foreign suffrage, by sending my works to foreign princes, should have got myself nominated a mem-

any one peruse the good works of the time of Louis XIV. and of the last age, and he will find a virtuous boldness in them which has almost entirely disappeared since the revolution; for instance he will find that no preacher has spoken more forcibly against conquests and conquerors than Bossuet and Massillon; no literary man, more powerfully than Boileau and Jean-Baptiste Rousseau; but the same fact cannot be asserted of modern philosophers and of the *Encyclopedists*, particularly of M. de Voltaire, who, in his private letters (which have all been published) lavishes the vilest flattery, relative to war and the spirit of conquest, upon the Empress of Russia and Frederick the Great. It was to the King of Prussia, (who had sent him some pills,) that he addressed the following infamous lines:—

Enfin, je vais être purgé
Par la main royale et chérie,
Qu'on vit, bravant le *préjugé*,
Saigner l'Autriche et la Hongrie.

The fear of shedding human blood is *a prejudice*, and the comparison of the carnage of battles with *blood letting*, a very poetical and graceful image! . .—(*Note by the Author.*)

ber of several foreign academies, from which ladies are not excluded, &c. &c. Instead of all this, I never had any connexion with journalists, never sent my works to foreign princes, never made a display of the private testimonials of good-will and esteem which I received. I never boasted but of one mark of respect paid me, which had nothing to do with literary qualifications, but which necessarily affected my heart; that was a deputation sent me by the six companies of tradesmen of Paris, with an address signed by them, returning me their thanks for having written my work, entitled, *Course of Education for the Children of the working classes.* I felt proud at being the first author who had written a work on the education of a class so interesting, at that time so despised, so much flattered afterwards, and so degenerate at the present day. I never was a member of any academy. I was so far from keeping regular correspondence with authors, and was so overwhelmed with letters, that several years before the revolution, I received none that came by post, so that all foreigners who wrote to me after that period, were very little pleased at my politeness, for they probably knew not (though I had mentioned the circumstance in a note to one of my works) that this was an in-

variable sacrifice I imposed upon myself. From this statement of facts, it must be concluded that were I proud and desirous of dazzling successes and the breath of applause, my stupidity must be unexampled, for I surely did not act so as obtain the object held in view by such a disposition. No, I was too much struck, from my early youth, with the ills attendant upon this abominable vice, not to be able to protect myself from its snares; base envy, mercenary flattery, injustice, ingratitude, implacable hatred, such are the detestable fruits of pride. Alas! who has lived long in the world and reflected on passing events, and appreciates not the little value of the opinions of the great mass of mankind! There are but two suffrages worthy of desire by a feeling and upright heart, one's own conscience and the voice of friendship. I have seen so many brilliant names rising and disappearing, I know so many more which will soon undergo a striking change, or be altogether annihilated; I have so well known all the secret springs employed by base intrigue, for the purpose of obtaining a certain but ephemeral celebrity; I have seen this vain desire give rise to so many falsehoods, so many black designs and villainous intrigues, that without any trouble or effort on my part, I have been able long since to rely upon the tes-

timony of my own conscience, and to rest satisfied with my own approbation. In fact, whoever reads my works with attention, will certainly recognize all the characteristics of truth and invariable impartiality; and the proof of it is, that there is something in every one of them to displease all parties."

I have thought that the preceding detail, far from being unsuitable to these memoirs, ought necessarily to have found a place. I shall again take up the thread of my narrative.

I was much beloved at Hamburgh, which is one of the most hospitable cities in Germany; but this did not prevent libellers from going on with their calumnious charges against me, which, as is well known, prove nothing, and which were so destitute of foundation, and became so extravagant that they excited nothing but contempt and indignation. Some instances of this will enable the reader to judge of the whole; in one of these books I was said to have been seen along with the Count de Potocki at the theatre, dressed as a footman; in another, that I had been in Switzerland to marry M. Necker, who had become a widower; and in an article dated Hamburgh, inserted on the third *Floreal,* in the paper called the *Spectateur de Paris,* an anonymous writer

makes me and a person I have not the honour of knowing, to be one and the same individual; he calls me the *ci-devant Comtesse de Flahault Genlis,* not knowing that these two names indicate two different persons, who are noways connected with each other. What reliance can be placed on the statements of calumniators so ill-informed, and who make such ridiculous blunders.*

After having suffered so much, I found myself as happy as I could expect, with the painful recollection of shocking events of such recent occurrence. I was very intimate with Madame Matthiessen and the whole of her family. Her son, one of the most eminent merchants of Hamburgh, by his high character, excellent disposition, large fortune, and the esteem in which he was held, became in love with my niece Henriette de Sercey, and his mother asked her in marriage for him. I spoke to Henriette, who replied, that she willingly consented to the offer, as he was one of the most estimable men she knew. I required however, that they should both reflect upon the matter for the space of six months. My niece was twenty-one years of age, and M. Matthiessen forty-four, when they were married at the expiration of the six

* These blunders I have seen renewed in the *Biographie des Contemporeins.*—*(Note by the Author.)*

months. I declared on the day of their marriage, in spite of the regrets of my niece and the obliging offers of M. de Matthiessen, that I would not remain with them, either at Hamburgh or Sielk. Nothing could dissuade me from this resolution, for I wished to prevent any one imagining that I had married my niece to a merchant from any views of personal interest. The great merchants in this commercial city were at the head of soicety, and M. Matthiessen was one of their most worthy members, from his virtues and high character. The separation from my niece left a great void in my heart, for Henriette is one of the worthiest persons I ever knew; to an excellent heart, she joins pleasing accomplishments, a clever, delicate and well-cultivated mind, perfect evenness of temper, and great liveliness and good-nature; no friend can be milder, more lively, or agreeable.

I set out for Berlin eight days after this marriage, and went immediately to live with Mademoiselle Bocquet, who kept the first boarding school in the city. She was about forty years of age, was tall, handsome, and would have been still beautiful, had her complexion not been extremely bloated; she had large black eyes of great brilliancy and expression; there was a certain sternness in her look which she knew how to

soften down when she was in good humour, and the expression of her countenance was then thought very animated and lively. She was very clever, knew French perfectly well, wrote well in it and composed very pretty verses; her disposition was violent and imperious, and all her feelings in extremes; she hated and loved with equal violence, and her friendship displayed all the susceptibility, imperiousness, and jealousy of love. She had become violently attached to me from reading my works, and received me with open arms. I was delighted with her conversation and the reception she gave me, and immediately found myself at home. Her acquaintances consisted of the most agreeable and clever persons in Berlin; amongst the rest were M. M. Hermann, father and son, M. Ancillon, M. Mayet, director of manufactures, of a French emigrant family, a very clever and agreeable man, and the writer of many pleasing pieces of poetry. He wrote a great many for me; but of these I shall only give the following stanzas :—

Il est au ciel une déesse
Assemblage heureux de bonté,
De force d'âme, de sagesse,
De Modestie et de fierté.

Dans tous les beaux arts elle brille !
Faites lui prendre, à votre choix,
Le pinceau, la plume ou l'aiguille,
Un chef-d'œuvre naît de ses doigts.

Lorsque la harpe ravissante
Se fait entendre dans les cieux,
Du nectar la coupe énivrante
S'échappe de la main des dieux.

Ce fût elle qui dans Ithaque,
Sous la figure de Mentor,
Forma le jeune Télémaque
Aux vertus du beau siècle d'or.

On ne la peint pas dans cet âge,
Qui fuit si vite et sans retour,
Où la fraîcheur d'un beau visage
Est le seul droit à notre amour.

Mais sous les fruits dont se décore
L'immortel été de ses ans,
L'œil enchanté découvre encore
Toutes les fleurs de son printemps.

Pâris jugea comme un jeune homme,
Séduit par un éclat trompeur:
Ah! Minerve auroit eu la pomme,
Si Pâris avoit eu mon cœur.

Mais à ce mot, chacun observe
Qu'avec tous ces traits embellis,
Le portrait flatté de Minerve,
N'est qu'une esquisse de Genlis.

Lit-on Genlis, chacun désire
De la voir, de l'interroger ;
La connoît-on, notre délire
Ne permet plus de la juger.

Several other persons of what was called the French colony, or the refugees, wrote verses very successfully, particularly Madame Reclam, a friend of Mademoiselle Bocquet.

I became very intimate with three charming ladies among the boarders, one of whom was Mademoiselle Gerlach, as beautiful as an angel; and I taught them to make artificial flowers. Mademoiselle Bocquet had a brother, a clergyman of great learning, and a member of the Royal Academy of Berlin; his wife was a fine young woman, very pleasing by her talents, good-nature, accomplishments, and manners; she had a fine voice and sung delightfully. M. Bocquet was fond of the arts and sciences, and played well on the piano, so that we had very agreeable parties; my harp delighted Mademoiselle Bocquet, and I played on it as long as she wished, and we had concerts regularly every evening. I enjoyed every comfort in the house of Mademoiselle Bocquet, who displayed for me every attention that could be expected from the warmest and most affectionate friendship. I was very glad that I had come

to Berlin; the only objection I had to make to my situation was, that Mademoiselle Bocquet made me see too much company, and took up too much of my time; but every thing is pardoned in favour of friendship, and I willingly gave up a part of my studies for her sake. I had again begun to write parts of my *Vœux Temeraires*. Besides my other studies I began to read German novels, which I did regularly every day with Mademoiselle Bocquet; she made me completely conversant with the language, for I had already learned it from a teacher while at Belle Chasse.

Lunatics seemed to cross my path wherever I went, for I had fallen in with the interesting Antonia and the unfortunate M. Smith, and had not been more than a few days in the house of Mademoiselle Bocquet, before I discovered that she had a sister completely silly, but who was said to be always extremely peaceable. She lived in the apartment adjoining mine, with only a simple partition between us, and I confess that the noise she made during the night gave me great alarm; but as I had the peculiar quality of gaining the affections of all mad people, I made a strong impression on the heart of this poor girl also. I often met her in the passages, while she was going out to walk, when she always rushed forward to em-

brace me, and I soon became the theme of her nocturnal reveries, for almost every night she called me with a loud voice, and gave me the most tender names. ' One evening I desired her sister to come and listen to what she said, which she did, and laughed heartily at her warmth of language, but perceived, at the same time, that it was necessary to remove her from her present abode to secure my quiet, and it was accordingly determined that she should be sent to board in another house. To persuade her to consent, she was told that when she *behaved quietly*, she would be allowed to come and dine with us occasionally, and she was at table with us the day of her departure. She would have a seat beside me, while Madame Bocquet was on the other side, and during the former part of the dinner, all passed off very quietly, only she would constantly put half of every thing she received upon my plate; but towards the conclusion I saw plainly that she was in ill-humour, and was casting menacing looks towards Madame Bocquet, for she had become jealous of her friendship for me. She did not follow us when we returned to the drawing-room after dinner, but we had scarcely sat down before Jenny, a niece of Mademoiselle Bocquet, (who lived with me afterwards,) rushed into the room, shut the door

hastily, and bolted it, while she held in her hand an enormous stopper belonging to a chrystal decanter. Upon our asking what was the matter, she told us that she had seen the mad girl suddenly lift up the stopper, and on being asked what she was going to do with it, she had said that she was going to throw it at *that insolent little Bocquet*, who had charmed my heart away. This account greatly alarmed us. Her sister went immediately to her, and found her in a furious fit of rage and madness. She was obliged to be taken to her house by force, where she was kept in penance for more than a fortnight, but she made so many promises of good behaviour that she was allowed to return, but only as a casual visitor, and in the absence of Madame Bocquet. Her fondness for me still continued, and she brought me little presents from time to time, amongst the rest, a pair of mittens she had knitted for me. That they might have something peculiar, she took it into her head to work a little stocking in miniature on them, which was exceedingly well done, and the whole was a masterpiece of labour and extravagance. I had given orders not to allow her to come into my room, unless when she was accompanied by her sister; but one day she passed through without being remarked by the servants, and I saw her

suddenly appear in my room, and shut the door at her entrance. I was making some straw plait when she approached, and notwithstanding her usual wildness and inattention, she perceived a strong expression of alarm on my countenance, which displeased her, and she said to me with a menacing tone: "Are you afraid of me?" The flashing of her eyes raised my terror to the highest pitch; but I endeavoured to conceal my emotion, and said two or three good-natured things that softened her a little, but did not altogether calm her fury. She looked at my work, and laying hold of my scissars on the table, she said with a bitter smile, "I have a great mind to cut all that to pieces! . . . ." I was alarmed at this, but still maintained my presence of mind, told her that I should never be afraid of her, and that I had the utmost reliance on her; this completely quieted her wild fancies, and she gave me back the scissors, asking in return for a book she saw on my shelf, which she laid hold of; but while she was doing this, her sister came in, and took her away without any difficulty.

I had been six weeks at Berlin, when M. Mayet came one day to inform me, that he knew, from undoubted authority, that the emigrants who enjoyed the king's favour, were employing all their

influence to get me sent out of the kingdom. The king was the father of the one now on the throne, and was an ardent admirer of music; and what some of the emigrants mostly feared in my residence at Berlin, was my performance on the harp, which was much spoken of; and as the king showed some curiosity to hear me, this was sufficient to excite such fears as to urge them to make every effort for my removal. An accidental circumstance, likewise, powerfully assisted their designs. At Berlin then resided the Abbé Sieyes, whom I did not know, not even by sight; I hated all that I knew of his political conduct, and all that I had read of his works, so that I had no kind of connexion with him whatever. While looking out one morning for some person of his acquaintance in our neighbourhood, he entered our house by mistake, but remained a considerable time in trying to obtain some information concerning the person he wished to see. It was reported, that he had been at Mademoiselle Bocquet's, and this mistake was held out to be a visit he had paid to me. The king was informed of it, and believed the story, while Madame de ***, (with whom I never had the smallest connexion,) presented a memorial to the king against me, in which I was held up in the most odious light,

as having powerfully contributed to the revolution, and being capable of overthrowing the government of *Brandenburgh and Prussia.* After reading the memorial, the king said these identical words: that *he would not banish me from his library, but that he would not allow me to remain in his territories.* In consequence of this, he sent me a police officer at twelve o'clock, with a written order, which he showed me, informing me that I must set out from Berlin, and the king's territories in two hours' time, and that he had orders to go with me to the frontiers. This was a real thunderbolt—sent away in this public manner, it was to be expected that every one would think that such a violent measure could only have been adopted on account of very singular and culpable conduct on my part, and that I should be received nowhere else afterwards. I felt this misfortune more keenly at this moment, because Mademoiselle Bocquet had just entered into an excellent agreement with a bookseller for the sale of my *Vœux Temeraires,* not more than a fourth part of which was yet finished. I had still eighty louis in money, for besides the *Knights of the Swan,* I had sold my *Precis de Conduite* for a hundred louis, and had received six hundred francs for some poetical pieces, which I printed at Ham-

burgh, including the lines entitled *Epître à l'Asile que j'aurai.* I had written the latter at an inn at Hamburgh, where I had sat up all night, on account of the disgusting state of the bed assigned to me. Mademoiselle Bocquet offered to lend me any sum of money I wanted, but I declined her generous offer. To this unexpected and unmerited persecution, I displayed nothing but unalterable courage and coolness; but Mademoiselle Bocquet burst into tears, as did all the young ladies of her establishment, and even the very servants of her household. This affecting scene brought to my recollection my departure, in a similar way, from Bremgarten; and I reflected, that a person is not altogether without consolation, who is so fortunate as to be thus beloved. Meanwhile the officer, with his watch in his hand, was urging my speedy departure, when Mademoiselle Bocquet took me aside, sobbing very bitterly, and told me that she was afraid I was going to be shut up in the fortress of Landau, in which case all my papers would be seized, and though they would be found perfectly harmless, they would not be given back to me, and she therefore advised me to leave them in her care, as she had the means of keeping them in safety, if by accident a search should be made for them in her house. I left them all in her care,

along with the greater part of my baggage, several boxes, my harp, my music, and the half of my linen and clothes, for I had purchased a great many things while at Hamburgh; in fact, I could not help leaving them, for I had no carriage to set out with, the minister's order requiring me to set out immediately, at my own expense—a singular act of despotism, which made Mademoiselle Bocquet think that the object of government was to send me to a fortress. As I had no time to seek for a carriage, I accepted the first I could get, which was one that a neighbour of ours (M. Parandier) had the kindness to lend me. It was a small sort of open chariot, that held four persons. I took nothing with me but a portmanteau. Mademoiselle Bocquet came with me during the first stage, for the purpose of ascertaining the road taken by the carriage, that in case I was taken to Landau, she might immediately employ her own and her friends' influence, to take every step necessary to procure my liberation. She wished also, that when she left me, her nephew should accompany me to Hamburgh.

When Mademoiselle Bocquet, her nephew, the officer and I left the house to enter the carriage, the street was completely crowded with people attracted by curiosity to see an unfortunate emigrant lady

carried off by the orders of the government. I was pleased with the universal expression of sympathy displayed towards me by the multitude. As the officer did not know a word of French, his presence was no restraint upon our conversation: at the end of the first stage I parted with Mademoiselle Bocquet with heartfelt emotion, and I could not be otherwise than sincerely grateful for the numberless proofs of friendship she had shown me: her nephew still accompanied me. The police officer was a very good kind of man; he had orders to pay his own expenses, which I would not suffer, but made him always sit down to table with us, and this conduct he considered *very gracious;* he took a liking for me, and told me that he did not know why I was sent away, but that it was certainly not for *evil intentions*. I had orders to travel to the frontiers without stopping, except for meals. We were forced to spend one night on the road, and as it was now the end of autumn, the weather was cold, and the carriage was completely open. On setting out I had been lent a thick cloth great coat and an umbrella; but at night-fall a heavy shower of rain came on, and though I could have kept it off with the umbrella, the sides of the road were bordered with hedges and high bushes, that we were continually brushing against, so that

we were completely soaked with the rain that poured from the branches. I was so completely wet and benumbed at twelve at night, that I persuaded the officer to stop half an hour at a woodman's hut we came to in passing through a forest. In this hut there was a small stove, and a strong smell of tobacco; but as it was warm, I felt quite comfortable, dried myself as well as I could, and yielded to the officer's entreaties by drinking a few drops of brandy which warmed me completely: we again set out, and early next morning reached the frontiers. The officer felt such good-will for me, that he wished to conduct me to Hamburgh: I thanked him for his kind offer, which, as may well be imagined, I did not accept. He had given me notice that he had orders on leaving me at the frontiers, to show me a paper on which I was to promise never to return back to Prussia. I told him, that as I could not write German, I would write it in French, and I have already stated that he did not understand a word of that language. On the paper he handed to me I wrote as follows:

Malgré mon goût pour les voyages,
Je promets, avec grand plaisir,
D'éviter, et même de fuir
Ce royaume dont les usages
N' invitent pas à revenir.

These verses the officer received with great simplicity, thinking I had written as he desired me, and gave them to the minister of state, who laughed greatly at the idea. The lines became known, and were inserted in several newspapers. The nephew of Mademoiselle Bocquet did not leave me till I reached Hamburgh, and even staid there two days; at his departure I gave him a letter of eight pages for his aunt, informing her that I was received with open arms at Hamburgh, notwithstanding my unlucky adventure at Berlin. I went to board with a widow, who charged me rather high, as I had no time to make my choice. Three weeks afterwards, Mademoiselle Bocquet sent me by coach all my manuscripts, and a trunk with the rest of the baggage in the charge of her niece, a girl of sixteen, named Jenny Riguet, whom I have already spoken of, and whom she desired me to keep with me as my attendant and companion as long as I liked, under the sole condition of not speaking to her about religious topics, as she was a Protestant. This promise I made and faithfully kept. Jenny had a fine face, a clear complexion, and a handsome shape, with all the innocence of her age; a mild disposition, unaffected talents, and a feeling heart. She possessed a peculiar charm to my regard from the first mo-

ment, that of a delightful tone of voice, a thing very rare of itself, but more particularly so with her countrymen; in her mouth I thought the German language sweet and harmonious. She knew French pretty well, and wrote it tolerably, with the exception of a few errors in grammar. She was the daughter of a merchant of Magdeburgh, and had been brought up in the bosom of opulence till the age of sixteen, when she was left destitute and an orphan.

I was very happy at seeing my niece Henriette again. She led a charming life at Hamburgh, by the fortune of her husband, and the estimation in which he was held, and the elegant manner in which she did the honours of her house. No where could be seen more politeness, grace, or dignified manners; she was beneficent without display, and extremely kind to the emigrants: in addition to these excellent qualities, she was well informed and highly accomplished; she was excellent in more than one kind of painting, had a delightful voice, sung well, knew English, Italian, and German; performed whatever she undertook with miraculous cleverness and skill, and lastly, was distinguished for the elegant style of her composition. During her education, I had given her subjects to write on, as I did to my other pupils; but

as she remained a much longer time with me, she surpassed them all in this accomplishment. She was aided in acquiring a proper style of composition by an ingenious idea of her own. When she was copying my works, she desired me to make only one stroke across the words I erased, that she might be able to read them and inquire the causes of their alteration; and for a short time I explained to her why I had altered such and such a phrase, but I soon told her to find out for herself the reason of the alterations, which she could almost always do correctly, and the assistance which the practice afforded in forming her mind and her style can scarcely be imagined. During the whole of the time I resided at *Brevel* and *Berlin*, she wrote me regular letters, written on large paper with a wide margin, and at her request I wrote my answers on the same paper, correcting and criticising her letters, which I sent back to her, and this formed my answer. What is most worthy of admiration in this conduct of hers, is the modesty that taught her that she was in want of lessons, at the time she was universally admired for her talent and style of composition. At this period she made me three presents that pleased me greatly; a collection of medicines in a beautiful mahogany chest, which I afterwards gave to

Mademoiselle Bocquet ; a box of English colours, and a beautiful English writing-desk, full of instruments of the finest workmanship. All the different instruments I gave away one by one, but I kept the writing-desk, which I still have, and on which I wrote almost all the works I have composed since it was given me.* At Hamburgh, I became acquainted with a charming lady, at that time only twenty years of age, named the Comtesse Cordelie de Wédercop ; she was beautiful, highly accomplished, graceful, and good-natured. As I had formed a wish to reside in a cottage in Holstein, she engaged to choose me one in the neighbourhood of her country-seat. She left Hamburgh before me, and wrote me in a few days after, that she had found exactly what I wished for. I had scarcely any money remaining, and the *Vœux Téméraires* were so far from being finished, that I had three-fourths of the work to write, so that I had nothing to sell to the booksellers. The conditional bargain I had made at Berlin was broken by my departure. In this difficulty, I thought of selling *Les Vœux Téméraires* to Henriette ; I could have sold them at Berlin for three hundred livres, but asked no more than one

* M. de Valence asked me for this writing-desk, and I gave it to him.—(*Author.*)

hundred from my niece, and only fifty in ready money, with an agreement that she should pay me the balance when I gave her the manuscript, and that she should get it published at her own expense and for her own account. She considered this bargain as extremely disadvantageous to me, and wished to give me more; but I would not agree to it. During my stay at Hamburgh I saw Pamela and her husband, who came thither on purpose to see me. I perceived that Lord Edward Fitzgerald had imbibed very exaggerated opinions concerning political liberty, and was very hostile to his own government. I was afraid that he was embarking in hazardous enterprizes, and spoke to Pamela to advise her to use her influence over him to dissuade him from them, when she made me an answer worthy of remembrance. She told me that she had resolved never to ask him a single question relative to his affairs, for two different reasons; the first, because she would have no influence over him on such a subject; and secondly, that if his enterprizes were unfortunate, and she was examined before a court of justice, she might be able to swear on the gospel, that she knew nothing about his affairs, and should therefore be exposed to neither of the shocking alternatives, of bearing evidence against him, or of swearing a false oath. I admired this answer, which was, in

fact, beyond her experience and her age. This visit increased, if possible, the affection I felt for her. Amidst all the gaiety of youth and the splendour of beauty, she had acted with the most exemplary propriety; she had been four years married, and was adored by her family, by her husband, and even by one of his uncles, who had made her personally a present of a fine country seat. She had one boy, whom she nursed herself; she was eight months *enceinte* on her arrival at Hamburgh, where she was delivered of a daughter, whom she likewise nursed, and this event detained me six weeks longer in Hamburgh. She had shown me the strongest proof of friendship, by hastening to Hamburgh in the state she was in, I thought her more charming than ever, so that I parted from her with great sorrow, particularly when I reflected that her husband was about to engage in dangerous enterprizes.

M. de Valence had the goodness to take me into Holstein. We went to Dolrott, the country seat of Madame de Wédercop, where he stayed three days, but I was kept for five weeks, which I spent very agreeably. Madame de Wédercop was charming in every respect, and displayed towards me the care and attention of the most affectionate daughter. Of this the following is an instance:

I was astonished on my arrival at the country seat, with the apartment assigned to me. It was of uncommon size and beauty, and there was a toilet in it that was silver mounted and of singular magnificence; and next day I discovered that Madame de Wédercop had thought proper to give me up her own apartment. It may well be imagined that I did not retain it, though I had a strong contest to sustain to persuade her to take her own room. To feel the full value of such kindness, a person must have been exposed to the sudden loss of fortune, rank, and country, and all the desolateness of emigration. M. de Wédercop was young, agreeable, well-informed, and very agreeable company: although they were both Protestants, they had received into their house a worthy emigrant priest, the Abbé Marie, who was a man of superior merit. In this country seat I saw the most eminent persons in the neighbourhood, whose company was highly agreeable. The mansion was very fine, and very elegantly fitted up. We performed a great deal of music; I played almost daily on the harp in the drawing-room, where I likewise composed several romances I have since published, the music of which I likewise composed, but have since lost.

During my stay at Dolrott, Madame de Wé-

dercop celebrated the nuptials of one of her cousins, and this gave us a succession of balls, fêtes, and all kinds of amusements during eight days, that particularly delighted Jenny. At length, Madame de Wédercop took me to my cottage, two short leagues from her country seat, at a place called *Brevel.* It was a real cottage of romance, and the inhabitants were the heroes of pastoral poetry. The house was thatched, but the interior was charming; besides, Madame de Wédercop had thought proper to fit up my apartment with all the care and nicety imaginable. I had two bed rooms, a charming little parlour with a stove in it, and a large dining room, which was also used by the owners of the house, who dined at a different hour from us. In all the cottages of this country there is always an apartment kept for a certain time for the use of strangers. The head of the family rents it till he becomes of an age suitable for leaving off personal labour, when he retires from business with a small annuity, takes possession of this apartment, and devotes the remainder of his days to ease and tranquillity; the farm and all his property he gives up to his heir, who works in his turn till he reaches a healthy old age. When I went to inhabit this cottage, the master of the

farm, called M. Péterson, was in all the vigour of life; his property was worth more than two hundred thousand francs; his family consisted of his wife, a daughter nineteen years of age, named Léna, the most beautiful shepherdess I ever saw; and a son twenty-two years of age, who was also a true shepherd of poetry. The latter knew music well, played very agreeably on the flute, wrote very fine German poetry, and was as handsome as an angel. There was a servant at the farm who took care of the stables, and two servant girls to look after a large herd of cows. M. Péterson and his son took care of the garden and the cultivation of the farm; Madame Péterson and Léna managed the household affairs, while the beautiful Léna did not disdain to delve in the garden for more than an hour every day, but in a very singular manner, which I was told was invented by young peasant girls, who were not obliged to work in the fields. Léna sat and delved with a small and rather broad spade, with scarcely any handle, and thus did a great deal of work very quickly, and without being tired. I was fond of seeing her brother go past the house when he was going to the fields on his *stuhlwagen;* he had a noble Grecian countenance, like the idea

we form of Apollo; and in fact, all the peasants of the country are the true shepherds of the finest pastorals.

Besides the ordinary occupations of the household, Léna and her mother performed many other kinds of work, such as making all the candles used in the house, and all the cloth required by M. Péterson and his son. They hired women to do their washing, but they alone made all the butter used in the house, and all that was sent to market, which formed the principal part of the business of the farm; but they did not make the butter in our way, for by the aid of a large machine, they made a very large quantity every day without being fatigued; and, in fact, the machine required so little application of strength, that Jenny and I amused ourselves by making butter every evening.

At Brevel I had an opportunity of learning a singular superstition, which I have never seen any where else. One morning, shortly after our arrival at the farm, I perceived a bird's nest on the top of the cottage, which surprised me by its shape and size. I was told that it was a stork's nest; and as I felt an inclination to take a drawing of it, I desired M. Péterson to bring it to me, when he exclaimed against such a deed, and told me

that these birds were held in such high estimation through the whole country that a tumult would arise in the village if one of their nests was destroyed, and that, at any rate, it was believed that they always brought good luck to the houses on which they built their nests. In this province we again see the existence of a feeling once universal among the ancient Greeks, who had such a great respect for storks, on account of the sublime instinct attributed to the species. It is confidently said, that when the old birds lose their feathers, and suffer from the cold of winter, the young storks carry them into their nests, pluck out their own feathers to cover them from the cold, and bring them regular supplies of food. These birds thus unite the double instinct of paternal and of filial affection. It was from these causes (which are said to be well authenticated) that the Greeks put into their code the *law of the stork*, which obliged children to maintain their parents when they were in misfortune. A similar law was never known among Christians, for natural affection, strengthened in all its purest feelings by the precepts of the gospel, renders it wholly unnecessary.

Holstein belongs to Denmark, and under this purely despotic government live the happiest peasants on the face of the earth; they have all the

right of hunting on their property, and my board at M. Péterson's consisted often of the most delicious red partridges I ever ate in my life. These peasants are highly respected; the wealthy proprietors of the neighbourhood often go to visit them, and when they arrive, the farmers offer them tea, which they take along with them, and the whole is served up with great elegance in plate and china. I paid for my board three gold Fredericks, lodging and fire included. M. Péterson made an arbour for me in the garden, covered with creeping plants, and he called it my arbour. He had two *stuhlwagen* horses with fine harness, and these he called my horses, because he was continually lending them to me to ride out. Léna attended me in the most obliging manner. She taught us to make lace, and I taught her and Jenny to make artificial flowers. Whenever I wanted any materials for work of any kind, I wrote to Henriette, and she sent them to me immediately, and never failed to send along with them all kinds of sweetmeats. The following winter was extremely severe, and as Henriette was alarmed for my health she sent me a cloak so warm and well-lined, that with it any one could safely encounter the most rigorous blasts of the north. Mademoiselle Bocquet had felt the same fear, and

sent me four such pairs of stockings as I never saw since: they were fine and smooth outside, excessively furred within, and nothing could be lighter, warmer, or more agreeable to wear, and Madame de Wédercop sent me pastry, cordials, and wine for Jenny, who had said she did not like to drink any thing but water. I mention these little incidents, because it can scarcely be imagined how agreeable they are felt to be in the situation I was in; I remember them as real benefits.

Speaking of presents, I ought to mention one that was offered in a very pleasing manner, and highly delighted me. The last time I was at Hamburgh I again saw M. de Talleyrand-Perigord,* who had just returned from America, and was on his way to Paris. I had been very intimate with him in London, whither he had fled at the beginning of the reign of terror, to escape from persecution, because he would not participate in any of the sanguinary transactions of that day. We remembered with great pleasure the evenings we had spent together, along with Mademoiselle and my niece, without any other person ever being admitted to our party. I never heard any one express himself more forcibly than he did against the excesses committed in France; it was he who

* Now Prince [illegible]d.—*(Author.)*

related to us the tragical end of the virtuous Madame Duchâtelet, and the heroic courage displayed by the Duchess of Grammont in attempting to save her life. These melancholy accounts were sometimes enlivened by agreeable subjects of conversation, the charm of which arose from the pre-eminent talents of M. de Talleyrand. He was generally present at our little supper parties, *the praiseworthy economy* of which he was wont to praise with good humoured irony. One evening I gave a grand formal supper, to which all our friends were invited: when he saw the splendid array, he approached me and whispered into my ear, *I promise you that I shall not seem astonished.* No one could be more agreeable during the supper. He had written me several letters from America, requesting me always to insert *a great many proper names* in my answers. We were both of us delighted at meeting each other. I asked him if he was going to take any share in public affairs, to which he replied, that he was disgusted with them for the remainder of his life, and that nothing could possibly make him engage in them again. I am certain that he was sincere in what he said; but no men in this world know themselves so little as the votaries of ambition; they resemble Israel's, who continually

mistake discontent and vexation for impartiality and unbiassed judgment. Some days before his departure, M. de Talleyrand asked me what orders I had for Paris, when I requested him to send me the work called *La Sagesse de Charron;* next morning I received a charming note from him, with the book I was desirous of, most elegantly bound, and of an *Elzevir* edition. It happened accidentally that he had this very book, which he kept at the sale of his fine library in London, and took always along with him, as he was very fond of it. I was very grateful for the sacrifice he made me; but this was not the first proof of friendship I had received from him, for he was in London at the beginning of the emigration, and having heard that I was in a convent at Bremgarten, he wrote to me to offer me *twelve thousand francs.* I declined his generous offer, but I shall never forget it.

To return to my cottage at Brevel; I was every day more and more pleased with the farmer and his family, whose attentions and kindness to me were unwearied. It depended on myself alone to spend all my time with Madame de Wédercop, at her château of Dolrott; but I was fond of my solitude, and nothing could withdraw me from it. Monsieur and Madame de Wédercop came to see me once a week, and after conversing for half an

hour I gave them a lesson of English. I taught them to read the English newspapers with ease, and that was all they wished to know. Madame de Wédercop came five or six times to take me in her carriage to see the environs of Brevel, several of which are charmingly situated, amongst the rest, Pageroe, which I have mentioned in my tale of the *Malencontreux*,* it was there that I saw roses grafted on an apple tree, and mingled with the apples. We likewise went to see several country-seats in the neighbourhood, one of which was inhabited by a widow lady, who, fifteen years before had received a challenge intended for her husband in his absence, had dressed herself in men's clothes, gone to the place of meeting, where she represented herself as her husband's brother, fought with pistols against his enemy, and killed him on the spot. The conversation and manners of this lady were very mild and unaffected. In this same province of Holstein there is a district called the Upper Marches, where the peasants are

* "This little district is very populous. The stranger meets at every step, large farms inhabited by wealthy peasants, magnificent woods and picturesque situations. The beauty of the landscape is altogether wonderful; nothing more delightful can be found in Switzerland or England."—(*Contes Moraux, Le Malencontreux.*)

so wealthy, that all their wives wear jewels, have diamond marriage rings, and gold cups in their buffets. I was five leagues distant from Sleswig, to which Madame de Wédercop took me two or three times; in that town there was a viceroy, the Prince of Hesse, who had married the King of Denmark's sister. This prince was then about forty-five years of age, and was kind, pleasing, and well-informed. As he wished to see me, I went to dine at his court, where he received me with the most distinguished attention. He had a very beautiful library, the keeper of which received orders to lend me all the French and English books I asked for; and he sent me all the English newspapers, lent me splendid herbals, and beautiful drawings of flowers to copy, and was incessantly sending me oranges and excellent wine, with which I made presents to my neighbours. His children received a most excellent education; one of his daughters married the present King of Denmark. I might have received a great deal of company in my cottage, but with the exception of my friend Madame de Wédercop, and two or three persons she brought to see me occasionally, I declined every kind of visit whatever. I never was so busy in my life, as during these eighteen months. I performed music every day, painted

during two hours, and read for three hours, including the time Jenny read aloud to me, whilst I was painting. I read over for the second time the whole of the *Encyclopedie*, with the exception of the articles on mathematics and astronomy, and made farther extracts from it which I kept, as I did the former. I spent the rest of the day in writing, except an hour and a half, when I went out to walk. I felt no inconvenience with my residence but my distance from a Catholic church. There was one at Sleswig, but that was five leagues off; and as I had no other horses than those the farmers lent me, I could not go thither to hear mass more than once or twice a month. Jenny always went with me; but faithful to the promise I had given, I said nothing to her on religious topics, and gave her all the time she wanted to go to the Protestant church at Brevel, every Sunday, along with the farmer's family. At the end of six months, I perceived that she did not go so regularly to church as heretofore, and that she asked me a great many questions about the Catholic religion, which I endeavoured to avoid answering. For fifteen years I had a copy of the small Sacy Bible, which I have always carried with me since I left the Palais Royal. Jenny was much surprized a seeing me reading a portion of it every day, and

told me that the Protestants believed that we were not allowed to read the Bible, which was only permitted to our priests, and by the questions she put to me I saw that the Protestants report a great many falsehoods respecting the Catholics. This discovery made a great impression on her open and ingenuous mind. The farmer's son became violently in love with Jenny, who, contrary to my opinion, refused to marry him, for which he soothed his mind by writing innumerable pieces of poetry in her praise.

I there performed a literary effort that greatly fatigued me; I was busy every morning in writing the *Petits Emigrés*, which I began and finished at Brevel, and every evening, I was occupied with the *Vœux Téméraires*, which I likewise finished, and these two works were copied by Jenny in proportion as they were written. Besides this, I wrote all the fables of my *Herbier Moral*. I never sat down to a writing-desk to compose verses, but made them either in my walks, or in bed when unable to sleep. I was so much subject to want of rest at Brevel that I dictated those fables to Jenny every morning before I rose. When the *Vœux Téméraires* were finished, Jenny came to say that she had a particular favour to ask of me that depended solely on myself to grant, and which

she held of great consequence; she hesitated long when I desired her to speak out, and at last she threw herself at my feet in tears, and entreated me to change the catastrophe of the *Vœux Téméraires*, and not to make Constance die. It is strange that her proposal affected me instead of exciting my laughter, and after talking to her long on the necessity for the death of Constance, which I could not make her perceive, I yielded to her entreaties, and sincerely promised that I would bring her to life again. That very evening I attempted to alter the *denôuement*, but never made it supportable. I told Jenny so next day, and showed her the alterations I had made; I talked to her for two hours, and finally, persuaded her to give up the promise I had made, and to allow the death of Constance, by showing her that if I left her alive, she would be the most unhappy of human beings.

Meanwhile, the progress of time brought along with it so many sorrows and anxieties, that my health was undergoing a visible alteration. I learned by the newspapers the intrigues in which Lord Edward Fitzgerald was entering into in Ireland, and I soon ascertained that he was arrested, and that his wife had acted during these trying scenes in the most admirable manner. On the other hand, the situation of my brother gave

me the greatest alarm. I endeavoured to drive these thoughts from my mind as much as possible by giving up none of my occupations, for to them I could add nothing. I had the constant habit of speaking aloud when alone, and I carried this extravagance to such a pitch that my nerves were affected by the illusion. Before I asked for candles every evening I sent Jenny to her room, then opened the door of my little drawing room, as if I were receiving two or three visitors; sometimes, in my fancy, it was my daughter and Mademoiselle d'Orleans; sometimes Pamela, my brother, nephew, or niece, and at other times it was an imaginary friend whose character I depicted in my own mind for more than fifteen years before. I embraced these persons as they entered, took them by the hand, made them sit down beside my stove, round which I placed chairs, and conversed *with* them; I spoke to them of my feelings, my situations, my fears, plans, and hopes; when they replied by relating to me adventures much more surprizing than mine, all connected with the fortunate chance that had given them a safe asylum in the neighbourhood of my cottage.

In this ideal scene, I never received more than two persons at a time, and often not more than one; and it often occurred that I cried at these

conversations, which at last did me great harm by the excessive emotions they raised in my mind. Towards the end of my stay at Brevel I read in the newspapers that a vessel going to Copenhagen had been shipwrecked, and that two Frenchmen, whose names were not mentioned, had been lost in it; I knew that my brother and nephew were on their way to Denmark by sea, and I had no doubt that it was they who were lost. This idea completed my dejection of mind, and though I was undeceived in a few days, the dangerous shock had affected me. My nervous attacks became so violent that I was obliged to go to Sleswig to consult a physician. At this moment I did not enjoy the assistance of Madame de Wédercop's friendship, for that lady was herself overwhelmed with the most harassing anxiety; the total ruin of her husband came suddenly upon her, at the moment she had not the least idea of it, but thought his affairs in the most prosperous state. All at once a troop of sheriff's officers and followers of the law pounced upon her country seat, to seize all the property, and to take M. de Wédercop. She had a fortune of her own, and was not bound by any of his engagements, yet she became answerable for every debt, and thus saved her husband; she was thus involved in embarrassing cares of the

most troublesome nature, and was forced to undertake a long journey immediately, so that I saw her no more. She has written me several times since. I learned afterwards that this kind, feeling, and generous lady, had succeeded by means of enormous sacrifices in paying every one of her husband's debts. When she became a widow a few years afterwards, she married again. She is now at Stockholm, as happy as she deserves to be.

My nervous attacks became every day worse, and a slow fever likewise attacking me, I determined on removing to Sleswig, to stay at an inn, that I might have the assistance of the physician to the court of Prince Charles of Hesse. I unfortunately arrived at Sleswig at the very moment that a celebrated fair was held there, and could get nothing but a most uncomfortable apartment, separated only by a partition from a room inhabited by a young woman and her husband, who made a shocking noise at all times, and never returned to the house till two in the morning, when they produced an uproar scarcely to be conceived. It was all in vain that they were told that a dying person was in the next room, they paid no attention, and this increased my fever and other ills. M. Licht found this part of the house so dangerous to me, that he made me be taken on a mat-

trass to another chamber that had become vacant, and which was quieter. The Prince of Hesse had the goodness to send me a bathing-tub, and every thing he fancied I could be in want of. I had a nervous fever succeeded by a putrid one, which kept me in a most dangerous state for six days, though I constantly retained my recollection. Jenny would not allow me to have a nurse, for she acted instead of one with all the zeal and affection that she could have shown to the most beloved mother. She sat up eighteen nights with me without going to bed. The servants of the inn were very uncivil, and in critical moments when M. Licht had to be sent for, they could not be persuaded to go till they were paid very dearly for it, and that beforehand; once, in the middle of the night, one of the servant girls asked a ducat to go for the doctor, and it was necessary to give it to her.

I was not mistaken as to my situation, but saw all its impending dangers, and thought of the means of getting a priest sent for. There was at the distance of four leagues from Sleswig a worthy ecclesiastic, who had formerly been chaplain to the Duke of Deux Ponts, and who had five or six thousand livres a year. He had settled there solely for the purpose of affording spiritual assistance to the Catholic inhabitants of the province,

who are pretty numerous; and he kept horses that he might be able to attend them without delay. Jenny wrote to him, upon which he came immediately, gave me all the sacraments, and remained a whole day with me. I cannot express how much consolation I felt in his charitable visit; but I was fully resigned to die, and had all the courage that can be inspired by religious hopes and a long course of misfortune. What gave me most sorrow was the idea of dying a stranger in a foreign land, in a remote inn, without the consoling cares of my niece, nephew, brother, pupils, or friends. This separation from all that I loved seemed to me the most deplorable desolation. Jenny sent to my niece and M. de Valence a daily report of my health written by M. Licht, and these reports were by no means flattering, but indicated a most dangerous disease and a most alarming crisis, and yet no one came to my assistance! . . . . . But Henriette was not her own mistress, for she depended on the will of her husband. Yet I looked for her constantly, not only during the six days I was in the utmost danger, but during the whole three weeks my life was in the most precarious state. I had so much need of consolation and support, that I would have received with the kindest

friendship the merest acquaintance, who would have visited me during my illness. How dear did Jenny then become to me!—how grateful I felt for her tender cares! I desired her to call me her mother, that that soothing name might be heard by me at my last moments. The day on which I was at the worst, M. Licht did not leave me till nine o'clock in the evening. As usual, Jenny accompanied him to the staircase, and asked him at what hour he would return in the morning. He answered that he should not return at all, as I should not be alive at five o'clock; and he added, that a crisis could not even save me, for I had not the strength to contend with it. The state of Jenny, on returning to my room, may be easily imagined. I was suffering greatly, and though I restrained my complaints, to prevent alarming her, I could not altogether prevent them escaping from time to time. She gave me some draughts to take every quarter of an hour, and I shall never forget the uneasy and frightened looks she cast towards me. Notwithstanding my profound affliction, I was greatly affected by it; in fact, she thought every moment I was about to breathe my last In an interval of quiet, I heard her sobbing, and opening the curtain that hid her from my view, I saw her in the middle of the room, with

her back turned towards me, on her knees, with her hair dishevelled, her hands stretched out, and her head raised towards heaven. She was praying with the fervour of an angel, and I was surprised at seeing her kneeling, for the members of her sect do not pray in this posture; when I called her to me, she came in the utmost confusion, and threw herself on my bed, exclaiming: "I have vowed to God to become a Catholic if he preserves your life!" I pressed her in my arms, and burst into tears; it seemed to me that she had ransomed me from the powers of death, and restored me to life—the feelings of that moment can neither be described nor conceived!—— . . .

One hour afterwards a crisis came on, which I bore perfectly well; and when M. Licht was called in by Jenny, at seven in the morning, he declared that I was out of danger, and that my recovery was altogether miraculous. It was so in reality. Jenny is alive, and can testify to the scrupulous correctness of this statement. My convalescence was very long and tedious, for I was unable to leave my bed for more than two months. My niece came to see me, and to take me to Hamburgh; the road we took was very agreeable, as we passed by Kiel, and I had the pleasure of seeing the Baltic sea, which I was delighted at being

enabled to mingle with my recollections of the Mediterranean. At Hamburgh I again went to live with the worthy widow, but I only remained a fortnight. The King of Prussia died, and I knew that the prince royal during his life-time had publicly blamed the treatment I had received. I had kept up a constant correspondence with Mademoiselle Bocquet, and she now entreated me earnestly to return to her house at Berlin, and advised me to write to the king in person. I followed her advice, and received, by the return of post, an answer from the king of the most gracious kind, authorizing me to return to Berlin, where *I should always find peace and safety*, and adding, that if I found any obstruction on the road, I might use his letter, which would serve instead of a passport. This letter I retain. Though still extremely weak, I immediately set out with my dear Jenny, and arrived at Berlin in safety, where Mademoiselle Bocquet received me with delight. She had prepared for me a charming apartment, immediately adjoining her own. I had a handsome chamber, and a large fine parlour, fitted up with all the attention of kind friendship.

My parlour had two doors, one leading into my chamber, the other leading to a private staircase that led to the court, so that I had two ways of

leaving my apartment. On the landing-place was a door, exactly opposite mine, leading to an apartment inhabited by an emigrant, who, as Mademoiselle Bocquet said, was of a solitary disposition, and knew none of the inmates of the house. I had received a present of two pots of fine hyacinths, and as I was afraid of the smell of flowers by night, and wished to leave my parlour door open to admit the fresh air, I took it into my head on going to bed, to place them on the landing-place between my neighbour's door and mine. Next morning I went to take in the flowers, and was disagreeably surprised at seeing my beautiful hyacinths cut in pieces, and scattered round the pots. I could easily guess that my emigrant neighbour was the author of this deed, which doubtless, in spite of French gallantry, the libels published against me had incited him to commit. As I did not wish to tell the incident that had occurred, I did not ask for any more hyacinths from the person who had given me the former, but I told a servant to buy me some; she could not find any, but brought me some other flowers with which I filled the pots, and pasted on one of them a slip of paper, with this notice: *Déstroy my works, if you will, but respect those of God.* I put the pot in the landing-place, immediately before going to

bed, and was anxious next morning to ascertain the fate of my flowers; I hurried thither, and was highly pleased that the stranger had been satisfied with watering them. I took them into the parlour, and in placing them on a table, I perceived hanging from two of the flowers two green silk threads, each bearing a beautiful cornelian ring. The emigrant had been desirous of repairing the wrong he had done, and evidently knew that at this time I was forming a collection of little cornelian trinkets; I had rings of cornelian, seals, hearts, little boxes, &c. All my resentment was removed by this demeanour. The most singular thing was, that the emigrant went not a step farther, never wrote to me, did not ask to see me, sent no communication of any kind; I imitated his discretion and prudence, and this adventure formed the first and the sole connexion we ever had together.

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